



Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

SONGS AND BALLADS

OF

CUMBERLAND.



W. H. Mason sc.

Susanna Blamire

Thackwood, April, 1786.

THE
SONGS AND BALLADS
OF
CUMBERLAND,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
DIALECT AND OTHER POEMS;
WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY.

EDITED BY SIDNEY GILPIN,
OF DERWENT COTTAGE.

And at request would sing
Old songs, the product of his native hills.
WORDSWORTH.

LONDON: GEO. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS;
EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES;
CARLISLE: GEO. COWARD.

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MDCCCLXVI.



P R E F A C E .

THIS work was undertaken with the object of laying before the public a general collection of the Songs and Ballads of Cumberland, beginning with Relph of Sebergham—the first writer in the dialect—and endeavouring to gather up everything worthy of note down to the present time. The want of such a collection has been long felt and acknowledged by many. That it has not been supplied before must occasion surprise to all who are acquainted with the abundant stores of lyrical poetry possessed by this county.

It is not too much to say that a full collection of Cumberland songs presents such a picture of the actual life lived by our sturdy forefathers as cannot be found elsewhere. No single county within the British Isles has produced a volume of ballad literature so peculiarly its own—so illustrative of the manners and customs of its people. Let it not be understood, however, that this work consists *exclusively* of pieces in the dialect. On the contrary, a broader principle has been followed throughout; and due attention paid to all productions left us by Cumberland writers, whether written in a more northern Doric or in ordinary English. We can

now claim for "canny auld Cummerlan'" one of the best hunting songs in our language, *D'ye ken John Peel*; and one of the best sea-songs, *The Old Commodore*; whilst some of our finest love-songs are among those left us by Miss Blamire of Thackwood. Then, again, we have Anderson's ballads and Stagg's poems, many of which stand unrivalled as specimens of dialect-writing; whilst Relph's pastorals and Ewan Clark's poems will be found to contain much truthful painting of rural life and character. And, finally, there has fallen to the lot of Cumberland a rich treasury of old border ballads, which would in themselves form a volume at once rare and unique.

In the preparation of this work, all known sources have been ransacked, some of which have yielded considerable results. The Scaleby Castle manuscripts of Miss Blamire's poetry—written expressly for her friend Miss Gilpin—contained no less than seven unpublished pieces, (five of which we print;) and so important are the songs which have been traced to the pen of Mark Lonsdale, that they will ultimately entitle him to take a fair stand among the song-writers of England. Mr. Chappell, the greatest authority we have in song-literature, has kindly sent us a couple of very old and very good songs; and through his valuable work, "*The Popular Music of the Olden Times*," we have recovered other Cumberland songs from the British Museum and the Bodleian Library.

No biographical notice has hitherto been published of Miss Gilpin of Scaleby Castle, Ewan Clark, Stagg, Mark Lonsdale, or John Woodcock Graves. Sufficient material, however, for short sketches of these writers has been obtained from various reliable sources; and much information has

been thus gathered together which a few more years would have swept away.

The songs and ballads in this collection have been carefully collated with the various copies known to the Editor, both printed and MS.; and in all cases where "different readings" existed that which appeared to be the best has been followed.

Maxwell's edition of Miss Blamire's Poetical Works, which had the disadvantage of not appearing till half a century after her death, contains a considerable mass of information, and has been of great service to us. The biographical part of our notice of that lady is a mere turning over of old materials; for, meagre as is the life by Maxwell, he left behind him no incidents or anecdotes for others to record. The copy of Anderson's ballads published in 1808, when the author's intellect was free and unclouded, has been principally followed as containing the purest and best text of any edition extant. The articles in this work on Miss Blamire and Anderson were originally contributed to the "Border City," a monthly publication which was very creditably conducted by the working men of Carlisle during the years 1863 and 1864. The Editor has to thank an intimate friend for the sketch of Mark Lonsdale's life; and also for the old MS. copy of the *Raffles Merry Neet*. The article on Rayson is printed, by permission, from one which appeared in the "Carlisle Journal" soon after Rayson's death. Of Wordsworth it was designedly intended that the reader should only obtain a passing glance.

The Editor expresses his grateful acknowledgements to Mr. John Woodcock Graves of Hobart Town, Tasmania, for his contributions to this volume, and also for much generous and gentlemanly

conduct connected therewith; to the Author of "Joe and the Geologist" for his original songs in the dialect, and an admirable imitation of the old border ballad; to Thomas Young, Esq., of Londesborough, Yorkshire, for permission to copy the portrait of Miss Blamire; to James Fawcett, Esq. of Scaleby Castle, for the use of the valuable MSS. in his possession; to Mrs. Thomas Lonsdale of Stanwix, and Mrs. Hetherington of Carlisle, for MSS. and volumes containing contributions by Mark Lonsdale; to the two gentlemen who kindly volunteered to revise the proof-sheets as they passed through the press; and to the Editors of the various newspapers who noticed the work as it appeared in a monthly form.

Much of the labour bestowed upon this volume is very inadequately represented by its appearance. Before a single ballad could be recovered—*The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall*—innumerable collections had to be waded through, and enquiries made in all directions, during the last four or five years; whilst more than fifty letters were written before the few particulars of John Stagg's life could be gathered and properly authenticated. However, the work has been to the Editor a labour of love; and whatever may be its defects or shortcomings, neither time nor expense has been spared to render it worthy of one object—AN HONOURABLE TESTIMONIAL TO THE GENIUS OF CUMBERLAND.

December, 1865.

NOTE.—Many of the contributions to this volume are Copyright, including the hunting song of *John Peel*, and the songs and ballads by the author of "Joe and the Geologist."

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Mote, from the original Painting.

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LIFE OF THE REV. JOSIAH RELPH.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE Rev. Josiah Relph was born in 1712, at Sebergham Church-town, a beautiful village, ten miles from Carlisle, on the banks of the river Caldew. He was the son of a Cumberland *statesman*, who, on a paternal inheritance which could not exceed, if it even amounted to, thirty pounds a year, brought up a family of three sons and one daughter, one of whom he educated for a learned profession. Josiah was sent first to Appleby school,*—one of the many excellent schools of this country; and then to Glasgow. He afterwards engaged in a grammar school in his native place, and succeeded to the perpetual curacy there; but there is no reason to believe that his income was ever more than fifty pounds.

It appears from his Diary that his stepmother was harsh and unkind to him and to his sister, whom he

[* The teacher at that time was Richard Yates, one of the best schoolmasters of his age, who has justly been called the Northern Busby.]

dearly loved, the father siding with his wife; an injury which he felt the more poignantly from his having either entirely, or very near, made up to him all the expense he had been at in his education. "In a lonely dell," says Mr. Boucher, "by a murmuring stream, under the canopy of heaven, he had provided himself with a table and a stool, and a little raised seat or altar of sods; hither, in all his difficulties and distresses, in imitation of his Saviour, he retired and prayed; rising from his knees, he generally committed to paper the meditation on which he had been employed, or the resolves he had then formed. On business and emergencies which he deemed still more momentous, he withdrew into the church, and there walking in the aisles, in that awful solitude, poured out his soul in prayer and praise to his Maker. His sermons were usually meditated in the church-yard, after the evening had closed. The awe which his footsteps excited at that unusual hour is not yet forgotten by the villagers."

He continued his school when his constitution was visibly giving way to that disorder which at length proved mortal, being accelerated by his ascetic mode of living. A few days before his death, he sent for all his pupils, one by one, into his chamber—a more affecting interview it is not possible to conceive. One of them, acknowledged that he never thought of it without awe; it reminded him, he said, of the last judgment. Relph

was perfectly composed, collected, and serene. His valedictory admonitions were not very long, but they were earnest and pathetic. He addressed each of them in terms somewhat different, adapted to their different tempers and circumstances ; but in one charge he was uniform,—lead a good life that your death may be easy, and you everlastingly happy. He died of a consumption in 1743, before he had completed his thirty-second year. After many years a monument was erected to his memory by Mr. Boucher, in Sebergham church.

The characters as well as imagery of the Cumbrian Pastorals, were taken from real life ; there was hardly a person in the village who could not point out those who had sate for his Cursty and Peggy. The amorous maiden was well known, and died at a very advanced age.—*Southey's Later English Poets.*

“Relph’s merit as a poet,” says Boucher, “has long been felt and acknowledged. We do not indeed presume to recommend him to those who affect to be pleased with nothing but the *vivida vis*, the energy and majestic grandeur of poetry. His verses aspire only to the character of being natural, terse, and easy : and that character they certainly merit in an extraordinary degree. But it is on his Pastorals in the Cumberland dialect that we would found his pretensions to poetical fame. That our opinion is perfectly right, it might be presumptuous

in us to suppose ; but we certainly have persuaded ourselves, that a dialect is highly advantageous, if not essential to pastoral poetry : and that the rich, strong, Doric dialect of this county is, of all dialects, the most proper. On this ground, Relph's Pastorals have transcendent merit. With but a little more of sentiment in them, and perhaps tenderness, they would very nearly come up to Allan Ramsey's beautiful pastoral, *The Gentle Shepherd*. In short, these Cumberland eclogues are, in English, what we suppose those of Theocritus to have been in Greek. The ideas, as well as the language, are perfectly rural ; yet neither the one nor the other are either vulgar or coarse. Pope's Pastorals, (and perhaps Gay's too in an inferior degree) are so trim and courtly, that the language of his shepherds and shepherdesses is as polished, and their ideas as refined, as if 'all their lives in courts had been : ' whilst Philips's damsels and swains, notwithstanding the uncouth rusticity of their names, are so affected, as to be quite unnatural.

"The character of Relph's muse was a natural elegant ease and simplicity. He loved indeed to survey the sublimities of Carrock and Skiddaw and Saddleback : but was more generally contented to cull a few simple wild flowers that bloomed spontaneously in neglected dells on the banks of the Caldew."

Relph's poems were not published during his lifetime ; but were left by him to Mrs. Nicholson of

Hawkesdale, with no other remark than that he hoped the perusal of them would pass away a leisure hour or two of hers as agreeably as the writing of them had done several of his. The first edition of his poems was edited by his pupil the Rev. T. Denton, and published at Glasgow in 1747. Two editions were afterwards published in Carlisle : one in 1797, edited by Sanderson; and the other in 1798, illustrated with wood-engravings by the celebrated Thomas Bewick. An interesting sketch of his life by the Rev. J. Boucher will be found in Hufchinson's History of Cumberland.



RELPH'S SONGS.

BONNY SMURKIN' SALLY.

A BRAND NEW BALLAT.

["Relph was never married," says Sanderson, "though it cannot be said that he was altogether insensible to the charms of beauty. His *Bonny smurkin' Sally*, whose praises he so sweetly celebrates, was, if village-chronicles may be credited, a Miss Sally Holmes, a young nymph of a neighbouring valley, who, at a period of life when the heart is most susceptible of tender impressions, had engaged his attentions and affections." The copy here given is slightly altered from the one in the edition of 1747.]



what a deal of beauties rare,
Leeve down in Caldew valley ;
Yet theer's not yen that can compare
Wi' bonny smurkin' Sally.

O fortune's great, my dad oft tells,
But I cry shally-wally :
I mind nae fortune, nor ought else,
My heart's sae set on Sally.

Let others round the teable sit
At fairs, and drink and rally ;
While to a corner snug I git,
And kiss and lark wi' Sally.

Some lads court fearful hard, yet still
Put off and drive and dally ;
The priest neest Sunday—if she will—
May publish me and Sally.

O how my heart wad lowp for joy,
To lead her up the alley ;
And with what courage cou'd I cry—
I tak thee bonny Sally.

Now, sud not we a bargain strike ?—
I's seer our tempers tally ;
For deuce a thing can e'er I like
But just what likes my Sally.

I's sick, and know not what to do ;
And nevermore may rally !—
What signify sec things a flea ?—
O, send off-hand for Sally.

ITS WRANG INDEED NOW, JENNY.

(HORACE.)

It's wrang indeed now, Jenny, quite,
To spoil a lad sae rare ;
The games that yence were his delight,
Peer Jacky minds nae mair.
Nae mair he cracks the leave o' th' green,
The cleverest far abuin ;
But lakes at wait-not-whats within,
Aw Sunday efter-nuin.

Nae mair i' th' nights thro' woods he leads,
 To treace the wand'ring brock ;
 But sits i' th' nuik and nought else heeds,
 But Jenny and her rock.

Thus Hercules, that ballats say,
 Made parlish monsters stoop ;
 Flang his great mickle club away,
 And tuik a spinnel up.

WHEN JOCKEY FIRST TO JENNY SPOKE.

[Relph, though simple and natural as a child at heart, fell into the prevailing custom of his age by introducing such imaginary names as Strephon and Chloe into some of his songs ; but, with this exception, he had nothing in common with the artificial school of pastoral poetry. In two or three instances, names more in keeping with the rustic characters of his sketches have been substituted.]

When Jockey first to Jenny spoke,
 And made his passion known ;
 So free her air ! so kind her look !
 He thought the nymph his own.

Poor Jockey ! all thy hopes are vain,
 Success no longer boast :
 Such Jenny *is* to every swain,
 But catch—and Jenny's lost.

Thus oft we see at close of eye,
 When all is calm and fair,
 An idle wand'ring feather wave,
 And saunter here and there.

Tempting the grasp of every clown
Around the trifle plays :
He catches ! full of hopes—'tis gone,—
And Simon's left to gaze.

ONE SUNDAY MORN IN CHEERFUL MAY

One Sunday morn in cheerful May,
When all was clad in best array,
Young Lizzy tripp'd the garden gay
With robes of various dye :
The choicest flow'rs the virgin chose,
The lily pale, the blushing rose
With all that most delights the nose
Or tempts the wand'ring eye.

In artful rank when each was plac'd,
She fix'd the favourites on her breast,
O happy, happy flow'rs posses'd
Of such a heavenly seat !
But they with envy view the fair,
And (vain attempts !) presumptuous dare
With Lizzy's beauties to compare,
And rival charms so great.

The rose displays its purple dyes,
Ten thousand sweets at once surprize ;
Ungrateful sight to Lizzy's eyes !
Her cheeks a blush disclose !

So much the glowing blush became,
Superior sweets so graced the dame,
The rose sunk down its head for shame,
And durst no more oppose.

The lily next resists the maid
In robes of purest white array'd
It's beauties gracefully display'd
Her finest charms defy'd ;
The blood forsook the fair one's face,
A sudden paleness took its place,
But paleness mix'd with such a grace
As check'd the lily's pride.

The flow'rs thus foil'd in single fight
Their force with utmost speed invite,
With lavished odours all unite
And scent the neighbouring air.
She sighs — such balmy breezes fly,
Such fragrant sweets perfume the sky,
The flowers drop down their heads and die
Oppress'd with deep despair.

COME, DEAR NELLY, COME AWAY.

Come, dear Nelly, come away,
Who can brook such dull delay ?
Come and glad my longing eye ;
Could I now my Nelly spy !

Envious hill, O why wilt thou
Intercept a lover's view !

Haste, dear Nelly, haste away
Every minute seems a day.

Once lov'd plains no longer please,
There's no pleasure, but where she is,
I'd with her to town resort,
I'd with her endure a court ;
Wilds are gardens with my dear,
All's a wild, if she's not there.

Haste, dear Nelly, haste away
Ev'ry minute seems a day.

See she comes—ye swains prepare
To entertain the lovely fair ;
Let blythe jokes and rustic rhyme,
Songs and dances cheat the time,
All your gambols, all be play'd
To divert the charming maid ;
May her hours unheeded flow,
And the clock ne'er seem too slow.

See she comes—ye maidens haste,
Sweep the hearth, nay do it fast ;
Mind that nought offend the sight,
Be the table wondrous bright ;
Rub the cupboard, rub it clean
Till your shadow's to be seen ;
Let clean pinnars grace each head,
Each her lily apron spread.

Now she's near—I burn, I glow,
Short my breath, my voice grows low !
Thus the lark with cheerful lay
Hails th' approaching god of day,
But when nearer he displays
Brighter beams and warmer rays ;
Then her little bosom heaves,
And its gentle warbling leaves.

TELL ME, FAIR ONE.

(HORACE.)

Tell me, my fair one, why so fast
From a fond lover's arms you run ?
Why, with that tim'rous cruel haste
His tenderest endearments shun !
So flies the fawn, perplexed with fear,
When from its anxious parent stray'd ;
It starts at every breath of air,
And trembles with the trembling shade.
So flies the fawn ; my fair one so ;
But think what different causes move ;
It wisely dreads a mortal foe ;
You fondly are afraid of love.
Cease then, dear trifler, cease to toy ;
Those silly childish airs resign ;
Now fit to taste substantial joy,
Quit mamma's cold embrace for mine.

SEE, HOW THE WINE BLUSHES.

(HORACE.)

Sit down—'tis a scandal for Christians to fight ;
See, how the wine blushes asham'd at the sight !
Come, lay by your logic, let each take his glass ;
In vino (the proverb affirms) veritas.

Is mine the first bumper ?—then Roger your toast,
Say, what pretty charmer your soul has engross'd !
What a-deuce do you scruple ! unless you'll comply,
I'll not touch a drop on't, no marry, not I.

Make haste then—good gods ! is it she ? O the quean !
A pert little tyrant as ever was seen !
What magic can loose thee ! alas, thou must hope,
No freedom from chains—till releas'd by a rope !

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO TOOK IT ILL
TO HAVE ME CALLED HER LOVER.

Lord ! Miss, how folks can frame a lie !
Love you, say they ?—by Jove not I.
Both Jove and you may witness bring
I never dreamt of such a thing.

Henceforth bid jealousy be gone ;
Thy dear, dear self is thine alone ;
From fear of rivals thou art free :
—O ! were I half so blest as thee.

ALL FEMALE CHARMS, I OWN MY FAIR.

All female charms, I own my fair,
In your accomplished form combine ;
Yet, why this proud, assuming air ?
The praise is Nature's, none of thine.
Wouldst thou, with just pretensions, claim
Of our applause an equal share ;
Be thy desert, my dear, the same ;
And prove as kind as thou art fair.

WHAT CHARMS HAS FAIR CHLOE.

What charms has fair Chloe !
Her bosom's like snow !
Each feature
Is sweeter
Proud Venus than thine !
Her mind like her face is
Adorned with all graces,
Not Pallas possesses
A wit so divine.

What crowds are a-bleeding
While Chloe's ne'er heeding :
All lying
A dying

Thro' cruel disdain :
Ye gods deign to warm her
Or quickly disarm her ;
While Chloe's a charmer
Your temples are vain.

OLD AGE THOSE BEAUTIES WILL IMPAIR.

(HORACE.)

O think my too, too cruel fair,
Old age those beauties will impair ;
A few, short-pleasing triumphs past,
Themselves shall fall a prey at last.

That cheek, where fairest red and white,
The lily and the rose unite ;
That cheek its every charm shall lose,
Like a brown leaf at autumn's close.

Then shall the glass thy change betray,
Then shalt thou fetch a sigh and say,
Why came not these kind thoughts before,
Or why return my charms no more ?

FALSE OR TRUE.


Pensive Stephen, cease repining,
Give thy injured stars their due ;
There's no room for all this whining,
Be young Dora false or true.

If she feeds a faithful passion,
Canst thou call thy fortune cross ?
And if sway'd by whim and fashion,
Let her leave thee—where's the loss ?

RELPH'S POEMS.

HARVEST; OR THE BASHFUL SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL.

HEN welcome rain the weary reapers drove
Beneath the shelter of a neighbouring grove ;
Robin, a love-sick swain, lagg'd far behind,
Nor seem'd the weight of falling showers to mind ;
A distant solitary shade he sought,
And thus disclos'd the troubles of his thought.

Ay, ay, thur drops may cool my out-side heat ;
Thur caller blasts may wear the boiling sweat ;
But my hot bluid, my heart aw in a broil,
Nor caller blasts can wear, nor drops can cool.

Here, here it was (a wae light on the pleace)
That first I gat a gliff o' Betty's feace :
Blythe on this trod the smurker tripp'd, and theer
At the deale-head unluckily we shear :
Heedless I glym'd, nor could my een command,
Till gash the sickle went into my hand :
Down hell'd the bluid ; the shearers aw brast out
In sweets of laughter ; Betty luik'd about ;

Reed grew my fingers, reeder far my feace :
What cou'd I do in sec a despart kease ?

Away I sleeng'd, to granny meade my mean ;
My granny, (God be with her, now she's geane,)
Skilfu' the gushing bluid wi' cockwebs staid ;
Then on the sair an healing plaister laid ;
The healing plaister eas'd the painful sair,
The scar indeed remains, but naething mair.

Not sae that other wound, that inward smart,
My granny cou'd not cure a bleeding heart ;
I've bworn the bitter torment three lang year,
And aw my life-time mun be fworc'd to bear,
'Less Betty will a kind physician pruve ;
For nin but she has skill to med'cine luive.
But how should honest Betty give relief ?
Betty's a perfect stranger to my grief :
Oft I've resolved my ailment to explain ;
Oft I've resolved indeed—but all in vain.

Can I forget that night !—I never can !—
When on the clean sweep'd hearth the spinnels ran.
The lasses drew their line wi' busy speed ;
The lads as busy minded every thread ;
When, sad ! the line sae slender Betty drew,
Snap went the thread and down the spinnel flew.
To me it meade—the lads began to glope—
What cou'd I do ? I mud, mud tak it up ;
I tuik it up, and (what gangs pleaguy hard)
E'en reached it back without the sweet reward.

O lasting stain ! e'en yet the eye may treace
A guilty conscience in my blushing feace :

I fain wou'd wesh it out, but never can ;
Still fair it bides like bluid of sackless man.

Nought sae was Wully bashfu'—Wully spy'd
A pair of scissors at the lass's side ;
Thar lows'd, he sleely dropped the spinnel doun.
And what said Betty !—Betty struive to frown ;
Up flew her hand to souse the cow'ring lad,
But ah, I thought it fell not down owre sad ;
What follow'd I think mickle to repeat,
My teeth aw watter'd then, and watter yet.

E'en weel is he that ever he was bwarn !
He's free frae aw this bitterment and seworn :
What, mun I still be fashed wi' straggling sheep,
Wi' far-fetched sighs, and things I said a-sleep ;
Still shamefully left snafflen by mysell
And still, still dogg'd wi' the damn'd neame o' mell !

Where's now the pith (this luive ! the deuce ga' wi't !)
The pith I show'd whene'er we struive, to beat ;
When a lang lwonin' through the cworn I meade,
And bustlin' far behind, the lave survey'd.

Dear heart ! that pith is geane and comes nae mair
Till Betty's kindness shall the loss repair :
And she's not like (how sud she !) to be kind,
Till I have freely spoken out my mind,
Till I have learned to feace the maiden clean,
Oil'd my slow tongue, and eidg'd my sheepish een.

A buik theer is—a buik—the neame—shem fa't
Some thing o' compliments I think they ca't :
That meakes a clownish lad a clever spark,
O hed I this ! this buik wad do my wark ;

And I's resolved to hav't whatever't cost :
My flute—for what's my flute if Betty's lost ?
And if sae bonny a lass but be my bride,
I need not any comfort lair beside.

Farewell my flute then yet or Carlile fair ;
When to the stationer's I'll straight repair,
And boldly for thur compliments enquear ;
Care I a farding ?—let the 'prentice jeer.

That duin, a handsome letter I'll indite,
Handsome as ever country lad did write ;
A letter that shall tell her aw I feel,
And aw my wants without a blush reveal.

But now the clouds brek off and sineways run ;
Out frae his shelter lively luiks the sun,
Brave hearty blasts the droopin' barley dry,
The lads are gaun to shear—and sae mun I.

HAY-TIME ; OR THE CONSTANT LOVERS.

A PASTORAL.

CURSTY AND PEGGY.

Warm shone the Sun, the wind as warmly blew,
No longer cooled by draughts of morning-dew ;
When in the field a faithful pair appeared,
A faithful pair full happily endeared :
Hasty in rows they raked the meadow's pride,
Then sank amidst the softness side by side,
To wait the withering force of wind and sun ;
And thus their artless tale of love begun.

CURSTY.

A finer hay-day seer was never seen ;
The greenish sops already luik less green ;
As weel the greenish sop will suin be dry'd
As Sawney's 'bacco spred by th' ingle side.

PEGGY.

And see how finely strip'd the fields appear,
Strip'd like the gown that I on Sundays wear ;
White shows the rye, the big of blaker hue,
The blooming pezz green mix'd wi' reed and blue.

CURSTY.

Let other lads to spworts and pastimes run,
And spoil their Sunday clease and clash their shoon ;
If Peggy in the field my partner be,
To work at hay is better spwort to me.

PEGGY.

Let other lasses ride to Rosley-fair ;
And mazle up and down the market there,
I envy not their happy treats and them,
Happier mysell, if Roger bides at heame.

CURSTY.

It's hard aw day the heavy scythe to swing ;
But if my lass a halesome breakfast bring,
Even mowing-time is better far I swear,
Than Curs'mas and aw its dainty cheer.

PEGGY.

Far is the Gursin off, topful the kits,
But if my Cursty bears the milk by fits,
For galloping to wakes I ne'er gang wood,*
For every night's a wake, or full as good.

CURSTY.

Can thou remember?—I remember't weel,—
Sin lall wee things we claver'd owre yon steel;
Lang willy-wands for hoops I us'd to bay,
To meake my canny lass a lady gay.

PEGGY.

Then dadg'd we to the bog owre meadows dree,
To plet a sword and seevy cap for thee;
Set off with seevy cap and seevy sword
My Cursty luik'd as great as onie lword.

CURSTY.

Beneath a dyke full monie a langsome day,
We sat and beelded houses fine o' clay;
For dishes acorn cups stuid dessed in rows,
And broken pots for dubblers mens'd the wa's.

PEGGY.

O may we better houses get than thar,
Far larger dishes, dubblers brighter far;
And ever-mair delighted may we be,
I to meake Cursty fine, and Cursty me.

* *Wood*—Mad (used by Spenser and other old writers).

CURSTY.

Right oft at schuil I've spelder'd owre thy rows,
Full monie a time I've foughten in thy cause ;
And when in winter miry ways let in,
I bore thee on my back thro' thick and thin.

PEGGY.

As suin as e'er I learn'd to kest a loup,
Warm mittens wapp'd thy fingers warmly up ;
And when at heels I spied thy stockings out,
I darned them suin, or suin set on a clout.

CURSTY.

O how I lik'd to see thee on the flier ;
At spworts, if I was trier to be seer,
I reach'd the fancy readily to thee
For nin danc'd hawf sae weel in Cursty's e'e.

PEGGY.

O how I swet, when for the costly prize,
Thou gripp'd some lusty lad of greater size ;
But when I saw him sprawling on the plain,
My heart aw flacker'd for't, I was sae fain.

CURSTY.

See! owre the field the whurlin' sunshine whiews,
The shadow fast the sunshine fair pursues ;
From Cursty thus oft Peggy seemed to hast,
As fair she fled, he after her as fast.

PEGGY.

Ay, laddie, seemed indeed ! for truth to tell,
Oft wittingly I stummer'd, oft I fell,
Pretending some unlucky wramp or strean
For Cursty's kind guid-natur'd heart to mean.

CURSTY.

Sweet is this kiss as smell of dwallowed hay,
Or the fresh primrose on the first of May ;
Sweet to the teaste as pears or apples moam,
Nay, sweeter than the sweetest honey-comb.

PEGGY.

But let us rise—the sun's owre Carrock fell,
And luik—whae's yon that's walking to the well ?
Up, Cursty, up ; for God's sake let me gang,
For fear the maister put us in a sang.

ST. AGNES FAST; OR THE AMOROUS
MAIDEN.

A PASTORAL.

How lang I've fasted and 'tis hardly four ;
This day I doubt will ne'er be gitten owre :
And theer's as lang a night, alas ! beside ;
I lall thought Fast's sec fearful things to bide.

Fie, Roger, fie—a sairy lass to wrang,
And let her all this trouble undergang :
What gars thee stay ?—indeed it's badly duin :
Come, come thy ways—thou mud as weel come suin ;

For come thou mun, aw mothers wise agree ;
And mothers wise can never seer aw lee.

As I was poven pezz to scawd ae night ;
On ane wi' neen it was my luck to light :
This fain I underneath my bouster laid,
And gat as fast as e'er I cou'd to bed :
I dreamt—the pleasant dream I'll ne'er forgit :
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

A pippin frae an apple fair I cut,
And clwose atween my thoom and finger put :
Then cry'd, where wons my luive, come tell me true :
And even forret straight away it flew ;
It flew as Roger's house it wad hev hit,
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

I laited last aw Hallow-even lang
For growin' nuts the busses neak'd amang :
Wi' twea at last I met : to aither nut
I gave a neame, and baith i' th' ingle put :
Right bonnily he burnt nor flinch'd a bit :
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

Turnips, ae Saturday, I pair'd and yell
A pairing seav'd, my sweetheart's neame to tell :
Slap fell it on the fleer ; aw ran to view,
And ca't it like a C, but ca't not true ;
For nought, I's seer, but *R* the scawl wad fit :
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

A Fortune-teller leately com about,
And my twea guid King-Gworges I powt out.
Baith, baith, (and was not that a pity) went,
And yet I cannot ca' them badly spent.

She sign'd a bonny lad and a large kit ;
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

When t'other night the bride was put to bed,
And we wad try whea's turn was neest to wed :
Oft owre the shou'der flung the stockin' fell,
But not yen hit the mark except mysell.
I on her feace directly meade it bit ;
And, ah ! this cruel Roger comes not yet.

But what need I fash me any mair,
He'll be obleeg'd, avoid it ne'er sae sair,
To come at last ; it's own'd, it seems to be,
And weel I know what's own'd yen cannot flee.
Or sud he never come and thur fulfil ;
Sud cruel Roger pruive sae cruel still,
I mun not like a fuil gang fast aw day,
And kest mysell just wittenly away.

She said, and softly slipping 'cross the floor
With easy fingers op'd the silent door ;
Thrice to her head she rais'd the luncheon brown,
Thrice lick'd her lips, and three times laid it down ;
Purpos'd at length the very worst to prove :
'Twas easier sure to die of ought than love.

THE SNAW HAS LEFT THE FELLS.

(HORACE.)

The snaw has left the fells and fled
Their tops i' green the trees hev cled,
The grund wi' sundry flowers is sown ;
And to their stint the becks are fa'n :

Nor fear the nymphs and graces mair
 To dance it in the meadows bare.
 The year, that slips sae fast away,
 Whispers we mun not think to stay :
 The spring suin thaws the winter frost,
 To meet the spring does simmer post ;
 Frae simmer autumn cleeks the hauld,
 And back at yence is winter cauld.
 Yit moons off-hand meake up their loss :
 But suin as we the watter cross,
 To Tullus great, Æneas guid,
 We're dust and shadows without bluid.
 And wha, Torquatus, can be sworn
 That thame abuin will grant to-mworn ?
 Leeve than ; what's war't i' merry cheer
 Frae thankless heirs is gitten clear.
 When death, my friend, yence ligs you fast,
 And Minus just your doom has past,
 Your reace, and wit and worth will mak
 But a peer shift to bring you back.
 Diana, (she's a Goddess tee)
 Gets not Hippolytus set free ;
 And, Theseus aw that strength o' thine
 Can never brek Pirithous' chain.

AE DAY AS CUPID.

(THEOCRITUS.)

Ae time as Cupid sweet-tooth'd fairy
 A hive, owre ventersome, wad herry ;

A bee was nettled at the wrang,
And gave his hand a despart stang ;
It stoundit sair, and sair it swell'd,
He puff'd and stamp'd and flang and yell'd ;
Then 'way full drive to mammy scow'r't,
And held her't up to blow't and cur't,
Wondrin' sae feckless-like a varment
Could have sae fearfu' mickle harm in't.

She smurk'd—and pra' tha' says his mudder,
Is not lile Cupid sec anudder ?
Just sec anudder varment's he ;
A feckless-like—but fearfu' bee.

THE FAVOURITE FOUNTAIN.

[Relph often shunned and never sought company. His walks were solitary and generally by moonlight, along the margins of rivers, in woods, dells, and valleys. His evenings in summer were usually spent at a place called Crag-top, a romantic eminence, overshadowed with trees, and commanding a most beautiful view of the vale of the Caldew. At this place he had his "Favourite Fountain," and a table and chair cut out of the natural rock ; and in this sweet retreat he wrote his Pastorals.—SANDERSON.]

Hail ! sweet solace of my care,
As the Sabine fountain fair :
And were mine the Sabine's lays
Thou shou'dst rival it in praise.
Boast old springs a sacred train
Of their Nymphs and Satyrs vain ;
Frequent to thy streams repair
Swains as merry, maids as fair.

Boast old poets in their bowers
To converse with Heavenly powers;
Often here at evening walk,
With the power Supreme I talk.
Softly hurls the stream along;
O how gentle, yet how strong!
Sweetly murmuring in its flow,
Not too loud nor yet too low:
Touch'd with cold nor heat extreme,
Pierce the frost or beat the beam:
Knowing nor to grow, nor fail,
Rage of storms nor draughts prevail.
Rise the mud, or fall the shower,
Spotless ever, ever pure:
May my life be like my theme,
Such a little cheerful stream;
Nor in hurry wildly spent,
Nor quite flat and indolent:
Thus resistless let me lay
Every ear attentive stay,
And each care-distracted breast
Soothe enchantingly to rest.

Let not fortune's smile or frown
Raise me up or cast me down.
Still the same, unalter'd still,
Change she fickle as she will:
May I always be inclin'd
To advantage human-kind,
But most ready to dispense
Benefits on indigence.

Thro' this world, and its vain toys,
Sully'ing pleasures, soiling joys,
Let me wander without blame,
Pure returning as I came.

ON A LITTLE CHILD BURSTING
INTO TEARS UPON READING THE BAL-
LAD OF "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

As the sad tale with accents sweet,
The little ruby lips repeat,
Soft pity feels the tender breast,
For infant innocence distress'd.
The bosom heaves with rising woe,
Short and confus'd the pauses grow,
Brimful the pretty eye appears,
And—bursts at last a flood of tears :
Sweet softness ! still, O still retain
This social heart, this sense humane :
Still kindly for the wretched bleed,
And no returns of pity need.

In plenty flow thy days and ease,
Soft pleasures all conspire to please ;
Long may a sire's affection bless,
And long a mother's tenderness.

And thou, O bard, whose artless tongue,
The sadly pleasing story sung,
With pride a power of moving own,
No tragic muse has ever known.

Complete is thy success at last ;
The throng admir'd in ages past ;
The wise and great have lov'd thy lays,
And Nature's self now deigns to praise.

THE POET'S WISH.

As in a vale thro' silent groves,
A little pleasing riv'let roves ;
Now here now there delights to stray,
And cheats with murm'ring songs the way ;
'Till weary with the wand'ring race,
It sinks into its sire's embrace.
In some lone place thus pass my life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares and strife :
And when my clear, unclouded light,
Gives way to gloomy shades of night ;
Weary with sport, with sleep oppress'd,
I'd gently sink to endless rest.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND AT OXFORD.

When country beaux at some great fair
Strut up the street with clumsy air,
What peals of laughter fill the shops,
Rais'd by more fashionable fops :
So fares it with my rustic strain,
(Tho' prais'd by critics of the plain)

When I, rough bard ! to Oxford write,
The seat of muses more polite ;
But if, my friend, I pleasure you,
'Tis not a farthing matter how.

Say, shall I draw some rural scene,
A shady grove, a verdant green,
Or show how sweet the thrushes sing,
Or speak the bubbling of a spring ?
Or I shall tell (if you think meet)
How snug I live in this retreat :
How close I conjure every care,
Without a wish—I wish I were—
Ah me ! 'tis all an empty boast,
There's one—I find it to my cost,
There's one rebellious wish in arms
In spite of verse and all its charms.

Thrice happy, who by Isis stream
Enjoys the muses—in a dream ;
In classic grottoes melts away
In visions of poetic day.
Oh, waft me gentle gale of air !
Oh ! quickly, quickly waft me there ;
And place me underneath a shade
Where Addison and Tickell laid !
Nay, tho' I'm penn'd in garret vile,
Tho' duns be rapping all the while ;
Ev'n tho' without (which still is worse)
One splendid shilling in my purse :
All this I willingly could bear,
'Tis nothing all—since thou art there.

ON A WRANGLING COUPLE.

(MARTIAL.)

Alike in temper and in life,
The crossest husband, crossest wife;
It looks exceeding odd to me,
This well-matched pair can disagree.

WOMAN'S VOWS.

(CATULLUS.)

My Jenny swears by all that's good,
She'll never marry man but me ;—
But female protestations should
Be written on the wind or sea.



LIFE OF MISS BLAMIRE OF THACKWOOD.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The Poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.

WORDSWORTH.

RAUGHTON-HEAD village is seated upon a gentle eminence, overlooking the valley of the Caldew, about seven miles from Carlisle. The scene from the churchyard, when viewed under the full splendour of a July summer evening, is one not easily to be forgotten. Beneath, on the southern side, the blue smoke ascending reveals the neighbouring village of Stockdalewath, and at short distances Thackwood-nook and High-head Castle. To the south-west are caught glimpses of the straggling dwellings of Sebergham; and on the northern side rise the venerable towers of Rose Castle. This pleasant interchange of hill and dale is bounded by the majestic Skiddaw and his companions, now seen in the azure of softened distance. Immediately in front, the look out is over a richly cultivated country, variegated with enclosures and scattered woodlands, forming at one glance a bright contrast to the dense mass of forest trees which darken the banks on both sides of the Caldew.

There is a picturesqueness, too, about the manner in which these quaint old-fashioned homesteads are scattered; and profound peace appears to rest in that sloping valley beneath, save now and then when the stillness is broken by the lowing kine or tinkling sheep-bell near yonder narrow streamlet, at this moment suddenly revealed in the sunshine. The prospect is at once full of animation and quiet sylvan beauties; and the whole landscape, to use a painter's phrase, is touched in with the broad free pencil which nature always uses wisely when left to work out her own designs.

Following the footpath by the side of the Caldew from Rose Castle to Carlisle, the variety of landscape scenery which presents itself—ever changing, ever new—is almost endless. Beauties unfold themselves on all sides. You pass quiet shaded pools overhung with masses of silver leaved willows—the favourite haunts of speckled trouts—where the white-breasted ouzel, and the kingfisher with its long bill and bright plumage, sometimes sit perched upon mossy stones, unconscious of the presence of the patient angler. Presently you reach a bleak bit of moorland scenery—such as John Linnell can so truthfully depict—with a rich corn-field lying in the adjoining valley, now golden in the sunlight, now sombre in the shadow of a passing cloud, as it ripens day by day for the reaper's sickle: while high overhead the lark at heaven's gate sings. These passed, the green footpath winds its way

under the overarching umbrage of a woodland glade, through which the sunbeams can only penetrate in fitful gleams ; where, if a student of landscape art, you may pitch your tent, as Sam Bough has often done, under the shadow of some giant oak—the ancient monarch of the forest. There you may amuse yourself with the antics of the playful squirrel as it leaps merrily from branch to branch of neighbouring trees. The plaintive notes of stock-doves fall softly upon the ear as you approach ; but now the coo-cooing is heard no more ; that crackling noise immediately overhead is occasioned by a couple of startled birds beating their way through the close branches of those dark tree tops. Ever and anon, too, we skirt the wide-spreading boundaries of low-lying meadow-lands, in which groups of many colored cattle are quietly grazing, sometimes with a sturdy-fronted bull, the lord of the herd, as leader—sometimes seen almost motionless standing knee deep in water ; with here and there a clean white-washed farm-stead and snug cottage—pleasant English homes of contentment and peace—peeping out from beneath their shaded coverts of tall sycamores or graceful ashes.

We have thus endeavoured to sketch a few of the leading features of this beautiful stream-scenery—and for why !—simply because it has long been associated in our mind as *Susanna Blamire's country*—and because this same woman possessed the most original and most reflective mind that Cumberland

has produced—always excepting the revered name of William Wordsworth. Her childhood's days were passed not far from where the Caldew is but a narrow streamlet, almost lost among the mountains, and her years were numbered near where the same stream falls into the broader waters of the Eden at Carlisle.

Our knowledge of Susanna Blamire is slight and imperfect. She was born in January 1747, at Cardew-hall, near Dalston. Her father was a fine specimen of an English yeoman of the period—generous and hospitable to a remarkable degree. Susanna lost her mother in childhood. Some time after she was removed from the family residence at the Oaks, and placed under the charge of her aunt Mrs. Simpson of Thackwood. This Mrs. Simpson was in many respects a remarkable woman—a woman of a “stirring life, whose heart was in her household.” She possessed great force of character, blended with amiable manners and warm-hearted benevolence—qualities rarely found combined in one individual—and consequently exercised considerable influence in moulding the girlish mind of Susanna. From Thackwood the girl went daily to the village school at Raughton-head, accompanied by her brothers and sister. She has left us a pleasant sketch of their school-day life in her longest poem, entitled *Stocklewath*.

Susanna Blamire grew to be “a bonnie and varra lish young lass,” as a countryman once quaintly

remarked. About her twentieth year "she had a graceful form, somewhat above the middle size, and a countenance—though slightly marked with the small-pox—beaming with good nature." Such was the even tenor of her kindly nature that joy and happiness were diffused around her wherever she went. Did suffering or silent tears shroud the poor man's daily life? Then was she often found under the threshold of his humble roof; ever ready with sympathetic word and act to relieve the lorn and sorrowing heart, and happy only in creating happiness around her. Was there a "merrie-neet" or social gathering held within moderate distance of Thackwood? There was her tall graceful figure to be seen, joining in the cheerful dance—the merriest of the merry—enjoying to the utmost the happiness of rustic farm-servant and humble village lass, and "marking with keen eye the various shades of character around her." The anecdote recorded of the honest-hearted farmer shows how much she had endeared herself to all classes. "Well, well," exclaimed he to one of her relatives, soon after her death, "I could find neither rest nor comfort till I had some talk with you about her. The merrie-neets won't be worth going to since she is no more!"

In 1764 her eldest sister, Sarah, married Colonel Graham of Gartmore, after which period she spent some portion of her life in Scotland. One of the Grahams of Gartmore was the author of the song entitled, *O tell me how to woo thee*. In her biography

we also obtain passing glimpses of visits paid to London, Ireland, and Chillingham Castle; and learn, that while staying at the latter place, she wrote at the request of the Earl of Tankerville, her clever Cumberland song commencing, *Wey, Ned, man! thou luiks sae down-hearted.*

Many of Miss Blamire's songs were composed in woodland glades—her favorite resorts for study—while she played an air on the guitar, plaintive or mirthful as the subject might call forth. She has sometimes been known to stop a wandering musician on the highway, dismount from her pony, and request him to strike up a jig or hornpipe, while she, like bonnie *Maggy Lauder*,

“Did shake her foot wi’ right good will
When he blew up his chanter.”

Her friendship with Miss Gilpin, a descendant of Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North, forms one of the most delightful chapters in her biography. They were kindred spirits. They lived together; visited together; wrote lyrics together; and in their deaths were not long divided. *The Cumberland Scold* and the *Sailer Lad's Return*, were their joint productions. We are thus pleasantly reminded of Beaumont and Fletcher working friendly together at their dramas; of Wordsworth and Coleridge issuing conjointly their lyrical ballads; of Sidney Cooper and Creswick touching in with skilful pencils sunny pictures of cattle grazing on the banks of quiet-gliding rivers.

Miss Blamire, after suffering much from infirm health, died at No. 14, Finkle Street, Carlisle, April, 1794, in the forty-seventh year of her age, and was buried in Raughton-head churchyard. It is stated that between eighty and ninety persons, who had not received formal invitations, attended her funeral, a distance of seven miles. This incident speaks much for the manner in which her memory was held by those among whom she had lived and moved.* A plain headstone marks her resting place. She lived contemporary with Robert Burns, being born exactly twelve years before the great peasant poet, and died some two years before he was cut off in the full flush of manhood.

Miss Blamire's poetical works were first collected by Dr. Lonsdale of Carlisle, and Mr. Patrick Maxwell of Edinburgh; and were issued in 1842 with notes and a somewhat lumbering and egotistic memoir by Mr. Maxwell. Every Cumberland man, who values the literature of his county, must feel himself under great obligations to those gentlemen for what was then so carefully gathered together. A few years more and much would have perished; and the name of Miss Blamire could only have been

* Miss Blamire was aunt to the late William Blamire, Esq., M.P., of Thackwood, who for twenty-four years was chief Tithe Commissioner for England and Wales. He represented East Cumberland in parliament from 1831, and was in many respects a remarkable man. Blamire did much for his native county and the country at large, and will be long remembered for his manly qualities and courteous disposition. He died in 1862, aged 72 years.

known in connexion with her *Traveller's Return*, *What ails this heart o' mine*, and probably some half-dozen others. Certain it is that the authorship of one of the finest songs in our language, *And ye shall walk in silk attire*—hanging as it then did upon a single thread—could never afterwards have been satisfactorily traced.

Her songs may be found in all Scottish collections of any extent or merit; sometimes with her name attached, but oftener without. Most of her poems and songs were distributed in MS. among her friends and relatives; but not a single one, printed during her life-time, was acknowledged by her signature. She courted not the applause of the world, but wrote simply to give utterance to feelings which could not otherwise be controlled. "Her poetry," says her biographer, "is characterized by ease, a happy gaiety, great earnestness, and often displays considerable imagination, vigour, and exuberance of thought. She was unquestionably the best female writer of the age." Nothing more need be added to this summary. It conveys, in a few brief words, a just estimate of her poetry. And now, what of her lyrical powers? "Many of her songs," he continues, "would have made the reputation of any writer of lyric poetry *in her day*; that, however, is a species of composition which has been much and successfully cultivated since her time." Indeed, Mr. Patrick Maxwell, how so? Are you not caught tripping here? We can't for the life of us believe

that your own convictions were truthfully recorded when this unfortunate paragraph was penned. After almost every line of these songs had rooted themselves in your very being, and were treasured up in your thoughts as pearls of beauty, was this all the commendation you could mete out? Why, verily, only think for one moment of a reputation being gained *in her day!* If ever there has been a golden age of song-writing, this was the one. There *were* giants in those days. The age of Burns—for its lyrical literature—stands out in as bold relief, and rises as much above all others, as the Shaksperian age does in that of dramatic literature.

Song-writing was pre-eminently Miss Blamire's forte. Nor is it too much to say that she takes her place but a few links in the chain below the best lyrical writers our sea-girt isle has produced. The genius of Scotland has been essentially of the lyrical order. The most gifted of her sons have put forth their greatest strength in that class of composition. The Scottish people undoubtedly possess a nobler collection of songs than any other country—songs which body forth the deepest feelings and emotions of all classes and conditions of men; yet we question if they can lay claim to a score of finer songs than some three or four left us by Miss Blamire. It may be urged that her powers of invention were not great or varied; that the rush and energy which characterize the writings of Burns are almost entirely absent; that she had little sarcasm and no tragic

power. Let this be freely admitted. Yet we love to read and enjoy her lyrics without a thought or care about comparison or contrast ; and are thus made to feel that she possessed an exquisite play of fancy, a depth of pathos which has seldom been equalled, and a womanly tenderness of feeling, teaching us reverence for the universal sympathies and affections of the human heart. Her writings are pervaded by a spirit of purity, and breathe forth an intense love for what is true, and real, and earnest. The flashes of genius which ever and anon light up her songs, and the truthfulness of coloring thrown into all her pictures, prove that she knew how to reject the base metal, and give forth only the finest gold.

Her mind was indeed imbued with the spirit of the great masters of melody, who have left us heir-looms above all price—"old songs, the precious music of the heart"—and her soul was quickened and enlarged by the communion. Their very tones filled her ears, and became key-notes to her finest productions. Nor must it be said that she became an imitator, or in any sense a copyist, of these bird-like warblings of the olden times. Rather let us say, that she followed with a child-like simplicity, and was led by them through peaceful bowers to the same well-spring of truth and beauty.

When the sacred finger of sorrow has pressed heavily upon our struggling and depressed spirits—when we have passed through the fire of affliction—

we are gainers in the truest and deepest sense of the word, and not losers, as our self-encrusted natures would lead us to suppose. By affliction are we made perfect: by its blessed influence are we raised above that which is of the world, the flesh, and the devil—that which is of the earth, earthy. Sorrow is our greatest teacher. Who can tell “how rich a dowry, how firm a faith it gives the soul?” Miss Blamire learned much in the school of affliction. Her spirit was bowed down by its chastening rod: she drank deeply of its cup of bitterness. At one time of her life, too, she had felt—with all the intensity of a sensitive nature—the bitter pangs of disappointed love.

She held it true whate'er befel,
She felt it when she sorrowed most;
'Twas better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Hence most of her songs are marked by a plaintive feeling of grief, and have been part and parcel of her own existence before they were reproduced and thrown off to relieve the beatings of a lonely heart.

We have spoken this in no mere spirit of apology. Miss Blamire needs no apologist. Her songs have already stood the test of time, which is after all the only real touchstone of vitality. Had they not indeed been stamped with the unmistakeable stamp of genius; had they not possessed the ring of true metal, we might long ere this have sung—

But they are dead and gone, lady,
 They are dead and gone ;
 And at their head a grass-green turf,
 And at their feet a stone.


Her writings deserve to be better known throughout this Cumberland of ours—and indeed throughout *all* counties—than they are at present. How exquisitely true to nature, for instance, is the feeling of sadness which runs through the words of her simple song, *The Traveller's Return*. Pathos of the deepest and tenderest kind is its chief characteristic. The imagery and thoughts are conceived and expressed with the utmost simplicity, and the writing is beautiful throughout. “I have heard it sung,” says Maxwell, “in the South of Scotland when both singer and auditors were weeping.”

Then again her song, *And ye shall walk in silk attire*, speaks to us of a love stronger than life; and reveals to our inward vision “two souls with but a single thought : two hearts that beat as one.” It tells, in language at once chaste, beautiful, and tender, of a maiden—virtuous, though exceeding poor—bravely withstanding the temptations of the tempter; not in the voice of scorn or reproach, but in gentle words spoken in the pride of her purity. Taking this song all in all, we are inclined to pronounce it Miss Blamire's masterpiece. Does any one object and say that it is but a fragment? Well, truly, it is even so—and yet what a GLORIOUS FRAGMENT!

A careful study of Miss Blamire's poetry will

assist us much in cultivating the powers of the imagination, and will prepare our minds to feel the influence of whatever is beautiful and love whatever is good. For, if we ignore the imagination and cultivate fully the other gifts of the understanding, we may become acute materialists, and so make fragments of our minds—isolated pillars—but can never build up massive towers of strength such as all fully developed minds become, with faculties keenly alive to seize upon all beauty and all truth. The human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life. To think cheerfully, healthily, and clearly on the subject of poetry ; to begin to comprehend some of the mystic powers it exercises over the souls of mankind, is to learn that it can call forth ‘thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.’ “The words of the wise and their dark sayings,” writes a man living in our midst, “are amongst the greatest treasures mankind possess. No wealth could purchase from us our mighty Shakespere. The Germans rejoice that they have had a Goethe ; the Italians a Dante ; and the Scotch a Burns. He who neglects these teachers and their peers is neglecting the true wealth of nations, whilst he who gathers riches from these mental mines is prepared to read the poetry of heaven and earth.”

MISS GILPIN OF SCALEBY CASTLE.

F the question were asked, which family in the North of England has been the most remarkable—which family, taken collectively, stands out in the clearest relief from the dim past—we would at once point to the GILPINS of Scaleby Castle. In that family group, no fewer than *five* figures have distinguished themselves in one attainment or other. And first, as the central figure, we have the bluff old Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North, than whom a manlier, braver man never lived. We read at one time that this homely country parson of the sixteenth century boldly confronted his own bishop, a Right Reverend Father of Durham; and at another time that he refused the bishopric of Carlisle, owing to the vast amount of intrigue and priest-craft then carried on in the diocese. We learn that his retired parsonage at Houghton-le-Spring was like a monastery, where hospitality and economy went hand in hand, and that his doors were always open to the poor and needy. We learn how he wandered over vast moorlands and heaths, with his Bible in his hand, to fulfil the mission of his Master; how he boldly rebuked the fierce borderer of Rothbury, among the wilds of Northumberland, for hanging up a glove in the church as a challenge to any man who dared to take it down. “I hear,” thundered Gilpin from the pulpit, “that one among you

hath hanged up a glove even in this sacred place. See, I have taken it down! and who dare meddle with me?"

In 1724, a century and a half after this brave man had been gathered to his fathers, a descendant of his was born at Scaleby Castle. This was the Rev. William Gilpin, who first appeared as an author in 1753, with a life of his great ancestor, old Bernard. He was one of our first and best writers on the picturesque. His *Forest Scenery*, and other works on kindred subjects, have now become scarce and valuable books.—A brother of the foregoing distinguished himself as an artist, and was patronized by the Duke of Cumberland and other nobleman. This was Sawrey Gilpin, R.A., who etched the cattle subjects which illustrate his brother's writings. His pictures may be found in the Royal galleries, and in the collections of many eminent connoisseurs.—Another brother, Sir J. D. A. Gilpin, rose to such eminence in his profession that he was deemed worthy of knighthood. As a medical officer in the army he experienced long and active service in Gibraltar, America, and the West Indies; and was a great favorite with William the Fourth and General Washington.

And now we come to the subject of this brief sketch, Miss Catherine Gilpin, a worthy sister of the three worthy brothers just named. She was born at Scaleby Castle, near Carlisle, in the year 1738, and was the daughter of the last of the Gilpins of that ancient stronghold. Her father had formerly

48 *Miss Gilpin of Scaleby Castle.*

served as a captain in the army, and had the command of the two companies of invalid soldiers who formed a great portion of the garrison of Carlisle when the city surrendered to Prince Charlie in 1745.

Miss Gilpin and Miss Blamire lived together for some time at No. 14, Finkle Street ; and it is more than probable that we are indebted to the friendship which existed between these two ladies for the few songs which the former has left us. It is a pity, however, that one who has written so well should have written so little. Her most conspicuous characteristic is a natural flow of quiet humour. If she was deficient in pathos, in tenderness of feeling, and in the overflowing fancy possessed by her friend ; she wrote with greater force and energy, and her diction is generally as pure and appropriate. In private life, though somewhat eccentric, she was full of anecdotes, loved a good joke, and was always fond of bringing out in company the favorite songs of Miss Blamire. A gentleman tells us that he has a vivid recollection of Miss Gilpin's figure as she moved about the streets of Carlisle at the end of the last century. Though then more than threescore years old, she was full of life and vigour ; her manner was lively and cheerful, and her step firm and elastic.


Miss Gilpin died April 29th, 1811, aged seventy-three, and was buried in Scaleby churchyard, where a plain headstone has been erected to her memory.*

* Miss Gilpin was grand-aunt to James Fawcett, Esq., of Scaleby Castle, who has kindly rendered us much valuable assistance for this work.

MISS BLAMIRE'S SONGS.

THE TOILING DAY HIS TASK HAS DUIN.

AIR—Jockie's Grey Breeks.

 HE toiling day his task has duin,
And neet sits on yon mountain's brow,
She's luikt her last luik o' the sun,
An' muffl'd up the vales below.
The weary ploughman seeks his heame,
His blythesome ingle far he sees ;
An' oft peeps out his winsome deame,
While the wee things rin aroun' the bleeze.
At last he comes, and on his knee
The wee tots a'thegether cling,
An' ilk yen strives to catch his ee,
Syne tugs his cwoat an' bids him sing.
An' when the halesome supper's duin,
An' noisy prattlers laid asleep,
A lad you spy by blink o' muin,
Wha says he seeks a strayand sheep.
The father bids the chiel come in,
Sweet Bessy blushes rosy red ;
She ne'er luiks up, for she mun spin,
An' fine she draws the slender thread.

But the sly dad aft blinks his ee,
 An' her flush'd cheek the redder grows ;
 "Come, Bess, fling by the wheel," says he,
 "An' gie's the Broom o' Cowdenknowes."

And now the sang an' teale gae round,
 An' the pint smiles wi' heartsome ale ;
 An' mony a glance, sweet Bessy's found,
 Has power to tell a flattering tale.
 The stranger rises to be geane,
 Treads Bessy's gown, and whispers low,
 "O when, sweet lassie, ye're your leane,
 This heart o' mine wad joy to know."

BARLEY BROTH.

AIR—Crowdy.

If tempers were put up to seale,
 Our Jwohn's wad bear a deuced preyce ;
 He vow'd 'twas barley i' the broth,—
 Upon my word, says I, it's reyce.

"I mek nea faut," our Jwohnny says,
 "The broth is guid and varra neyce ;
 I only say—it's barley broth."

Tou says what's wrang, says I, its reyce.

"Did ever mortal hear the leyke !
 As if I hadn't sense to tell !
 Tou may think reyce the better thing,
 But barley broth dis just as well."

“And sae it mud, if it was there ;
The deil a grain is i’ the pot ;
But tou mun ayways threep yen down,—
I’ve drawn the deevil of a lot !”

“And what’s the lot that I have drawn ?
Perversion is a woman’s neame !
Sae fares-t’e-weel ! I’ll sarve my king,
And never, never mair come heame.”

Now Jenny frets frae mworn to neet ;
The Sunday cap’s nae langer neyce ;
She aye puts barley i’ the broth,
And hates the varra neame o’ reyce.

Thus treyfls vex, and treyfls please,
And treyfls mek the sum o’ leyfe ;
And treyfls mek a bonny lass
A wretched or a happy weyfe !

WEY, NED, MAN !

AIR—Ranting, roaring Willie.

[This song was written at the request of the Earl of Tankerville of Chillingham Castle. The subject of discussion was actually overheard by Miss Blamire.]

Wey, Ned, man ! thou luiks sae down-hearted,
Yen wad swear aw thy kindred were dead ;
For sixpence, thy Jean and thee’s parted,—
What then, man, ne’er bodder thy head.

There's lasses enow, I'll uphod t'e,
 And tou may be suin as weel match'd ;
 For there's as guid fish i' the river
 As onie that ever were catch'd.

Nay, Joe ! tou kens nought o' the matter,
 Sae let's hae nae mair o' thy jeer ;
 Auld England's gown's worn till a tatter,
 And they'll nit new don her, I fear.
 True liberty never can flourish,
 Till man in his reets is a king,—
 Till we tek a tithe pig frae the bishop,
 As he's duin frae us, is the thing.

What, Ned ! and is this aw that ails thee ?
 Mess, lad ! tou deserves maist to hang !
 What ! tek a bit land frae its owner !—
 Is this, then, thy fine *Reets o' Man* ?
 Tou ploughs, and tou sows, and tou reaps, man,
 Tou comes, and tou gangs, where tou will ;
 Nowther king, lword, nor bishop, dar touch thee,
 Sae lang as tou dis fwok nae ill !

How can tou say sae, Joe ! tou kens, now,
 If hares were as plenty as hops,
 I durstn't fell yen for my life, man,
 Nor tek't out o' auld Cwoley's chops :
 While girt fwok they ride down my hedges,
 And spang o'er my fields o' new wheat,
 Nought but ill words I get for my damage ;—
 Can onie man tell me *that's reet* ?

Why, there I mun own the shoe pinches,
Just there to fin' faut is nae shame ;
Ne'er ak ! there's nae hard laws in England,
Except this bit thing about game :
Man, were we aw equal at mwornin,
We couldn't remain sae till neet ;
Some arms are far stronger than others,
And some heads will tek in mair leet.
Tou couldn't mend laws an' tou wad, man ;
'Tis for other-guess noddles than thine ;
Lord help t'e ! sud beggars yence rule us,
They'd tek off baith thy cwoat an' mine.
What is't then but law that stands by us,
While we stand by our country an' king ?
As to being parfet and parfet,
I tell thee, there is nae sec thing.

AULD ROBIN FORBES.

AIR—The Lads o' Dunse.

[Miss Mitford, after quoting *The Traveller's Return*, says of this song :—"I now add an example of a still bolder effort ; an attempt to make tender sentiment felt under the rude dialect of Cumberland. Perhaps it may be the effect of 'Auld lang syne' on myself, but I think it eminently successful." This song has sometimes been erroneously attributed to Miss Gilpin.]

And auld Robin Forbes has gien tem a dance,
I put on my speckets to see them aw prance ;
I thought o' the days when I was but fifteen,
And skipp'd wi' the best upon Forbes's green.

Of aw things that is I think thought is meast queer,
 It brings that that's by-past and sets it down here;
 I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
 When he tuik his cwoatlappet and deeghted his feace.

The lasses aw wonder'd what Willy could see
 In yen that was dark and hard featur'd leyke me;
 And they wonder'd ay mair when they talk'd o' my wit,
 And slily telt Willy that couldn't be it:
 But Willy he laugh'd, and he meade me his weyfe,
 And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang leyfe?
 It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
 That he offen said—nea pleace was leyke his awn
 heame.

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
 Where Willy was deykin, the time to beguile,
 He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
 And I hammer'd my noddle to mek out a jest.
 But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
 There was nin o' the lave that was leyke my awn sel;
 And he spak what he thought, for I'd hardly a plack
 When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight I expected him heame
 And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
 Of aw hours it telt *eight* was dearest to me,
 But now when it streykes there's a tear i' my ee.
 O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
 That age, time, or death, can divide thee and me!
 For the yen spot on earth that's aye dearest to me,
 Is the turf that has cover'd my Willy frae me!

THE MEETING.

AIR—Merrily danc'd the Quaker.

If I hae been a week away,
My Jenny rins to meet me ;
Wi' aw the chat o' this bit pleace
My Jenny's fain to treat me :—
“ There's Rob has married Mary Gray,
And Bella's past aw tellin !
And Greace has fun' the little cat,
And Dick can say his spellin.

Peer Dick has broken deddy's dish,
And durstn't come to meet ye ;
But he has sent ye this bit cake,
He thought that he mud treat ye.
Our butter tells to fourteen pun' ;
Our cheese has fill'd the rimmer ;
And uncle Megs has sent us beef
Will sarra us aw at dinner.

And uncle Megs hes heard frae Gworge ;
He's gane to——I've forgittin ;
But it's some hard-word pleace owre seas,
I'll hae the neame on't written ;
I think they caw'd it Jemmycaw,¹
Or else it is St Christit ;²
And if it isn't yen o' they,
I' faikins, I hae miss'd it !

¹ Jamaica.—² St Christopher's ; called by the sailors St Kit's

And peer auld Wully's telt his teale ;

He'll niver tell anudder !

And they've been up wi' uncle Megs,

To wreyte it till his brudder :

For he was varra nwotishin'

Of ought that Wully wanted ;

And mony time wad wreyte and tell

They wadn't see him scanted.

They brought him varra canny up,—

He had the best o' linen,

And kept it just to mense his death,—

'Twas peer auld Marget's spinnin.

The house, and aw the bits o' things,

Will just be for the brudder ;

I only wish he'd meade t'em owre

To Mary and her mudder ! ”

WE'VE HED SEC A DURDUM.

AIR—Come under my plaidie.

We've hed sec a durdum at Gobbleston parish,

For twenty lang years there's nit been sec a fair ;

We'd slack reape, and tight reape, and dogs that
wer dancin,

Wi' leytle roun' hats on to gar the fwok stare :

A leytle black messet danc'd sae leyke auld Jenny,

I thought it wad niver rin out o' my head ;

It was last thing at neet, and the first i' the mworning,

And I rwoar'd like a fuil as I laid i' my bed.

And we hed stage playing, and actors frae Lunnon,
That hed sec a canny and bonny leyke say ;
I forgat the black messet, and gowl'd leyke a ninny,
Tho' I said to mysel, " Wey, it's nobbet a play !"
But aw that was naething, for mony were blinded,
And Jemmy, that brags aw the town for a feight,
He twisted and twirl'd—it was just for an off-put,
But aw wadn't dui, for he gowl'd half the neet.

And Betty Mac Nippen, and five of her dowters,
As feyne as May garlans, were clwose at my back ;
I was flayte they wad hinder fwok hear aw the
speeching,
But they gowl'd sec a guid'n, 'that nin o' them spak :
And Betty hes heard frae her sister in Lunnon,
And she's sent the bairns sec a mwort o' feyne
things,
That if Betty Mac Nippen wad mek tem stage
players.
She could fit tem out, ay leyke queens or leyke
kings.

Then down-the-brow Wully tuik up his cwoat lappet,
And held't till his een, for he's given to jeer ;
But I had it frae yen that was even fornenst him,
'Twas weel for his-sel his cwoat lappet was near.
Oh—*Venus preserv'd* was the neame o' the actin,
And *Jaffer* was him hed the beautiful weyfe ;
Tho' I gowl'd aw the teyme, it's a wonder to tell on't,
I niver was half sae weel pleas'd i' my leyfe !

THE CUMBERLAND SCOLD.

BY MISS BLAMIRE AND MISS GILPIN.

[AIR: Jack o' Latten.—This picture was sketched from real life. The two ladies were witnesses of the "fratch" described. Miss Gilpin contributed the greater part of the song.]

Our Dick's sae cross—but what o' that !

I'll tell ye aw the matter ;

Pou up your heads ; ay, deil may care,

Say, women-fwok mun chatter.

And sae they may ; they've much to say,

But little are they meynded ;

OBEY ! is sec a fearfu' word,

An' that the married find it.

Our Dick came in, and said it rain'd,

Says I it meks nae matter ;

"Ay, but it dis, tou silly fuil !—

But women-fwok mun chatter :

They're here an' there, an' ev'ry where,

And meakin sec a rumble,

Wi' te-te-te, an' te-te-te,

An' grumble, grumble, grumble !"

"Says I to Dick, to Dick, says I,

There's nought i' life can match thee !

Thy temper's ayways bursting out,

And nought I say can patch thee.

I's ass, and fuil, and silly snuil,

I's naething but a noodle ;

I's ayways wrang, and never reet,

And doodle, doodle, doodle."

“Deil bin!” says Dick, “if what I say
Is nit as true as Beyble!
And gin I put t’e into print,
The fwok wad caw’t a reyble:
For deil a clout can tou set on,
In onie form or fashion,
Or dui or say a single thing
To keep yen out o’ passion.”

“Tou is a bonny guest, indeed!
Tou is a toppin fellow!
I think thy breast is meade o’ brass,
Tou dis sae rwoar and bellow:
I nobbet wish that I were deef,
There’s ayways sec a dingin;
I never ken what I’s about,
There’s sec a ring, ring, ringing.”

“Whea ever kens what tou’s about?
Tou’s ayways in a ponder;
Ay geavin wi’ thy open mouth,
And wonder, wonder, wonder!
But of aw the wonders i’ this warl,
I wonder we e’er married;
It wad hae been a bonny thing
Had that breet thought miscarried.”

“But, hark ye, Dick! I’ll tell ye what,—
’Twas I that meade the blunder;
That I tuik up wi’ leyke o’ thee,
Was far the greatest wonder!

60 *Miss Blamire and Miss Gilpin.*

For thou was nowther guid nor rich,
And temper'd leyke auld Scratchum !
The deil a day gangs owre my head,
But fratchum, fratchum, fratchum !”

THE SAILOR LAD'S RETURN.

BY MISS BLAMIRE AND MISS GILPIN.

[AIR: O'er Bogie.—Maxwell says of this fine song that “it is generally thought to be Miss Blamire’s in Carlisle; but in *Dialogues, Poems, Songs, &c.*, London, 1839, it is said to be the production of Miss Gilpin.” Is it not more likely to be a joint production than otherwise? Both of the ladies left MS. copies of it.]

And is it thee, my Harry, lad ?
And seafe return'd frae war ;
Thou'rt dearer to thy mother's heart
Sin' thou hast been so far.
But tell me aw that's happen'd thee—
The neet is wearing fast—
'There's nought I like sae weel to hear
As dangers that are past.

O mother ! I's reet fain to see
Your guid-like feace the seame ;
To monie a pleace you follow'd me
When I was far frae heame ;
And as I walk'd the deck at neet,
And watch'd the rippling tide,
My thoughts flew back to this lov'd spot,
And set me by your side.

O Harry ! monie a sleepless neet
I pass'd, and aw for thee,
I peyn'd, and turn'd just skin and beane,
Fwok aw thought I wad dee ;
Then when the wicked war brok' out,
The news I durs'n't read,
For fear thy neame, my only lad,
Sud be amang the dead.

Ay mother ! freetfu' seets I've seen,
When bullets round me flew ;
But in the feight or threatnin' storm
Still, still, I thought o' you.
Our neighbours aw, baith auld and young,
Please God, to-mworn I'll see ;
O tell me is the oak uncut
That us'd to shelter me ?

Aye, that it is, my bonny bairn,
And I's reet fain to tell,
Tho' oft the axe was busy there,
Thy tree they ne'er durst fell ;
Oft as I wander'd near its shade
My eye wad drop a tear,
And monie a time to heav'n I pray'd,
“ O that my lad were here ! ”

Now, mother, age has chang'd your hair,
We never mair will part,
To leave you, tho' for India's wealth,
Wad break my varra heart.

62 *Miss Gilpin of Scaleby Castle.*

You say my sweetheart, Sally's weel—
To leave you baith was wrang—
O mother, give but your consent,
We'll marry 'or its lang.

God speed ye weel ! a cannier pair
Ne'er kneel'd afwore a priest ;
For me, I've suffer'd lang and sair,
The grave 'll get me neist.
Suin, Harry, bring her frae the town,
And happy let us be ;
This house, the field, the cow, the sow,
Now aw belang to thee.

TRAFALGAR SEA-FIGHT. 1805.

BY MISS GILPIN.

[AIR: "Mrs. Casey."—We have only been able to meet with one printed copy of this spirited song, which will be found in Anderson's *Cumberland Ballads*, Wigton, 1808. It is there said to be "By a Lady;" but there can be no doubt that it was written by Miss Gilpin.]

O lass ! I's fit to brust wi' news !
There's letters frae the fleet ;
We've bang'd the French, aye, out and out,
And duin the thing complete :
There was sec show'rs o' shell grenades,
Bunch'd out wi' shot, like grapes ;
And bullets, big as beath our heads,
Chain'd twea and twea wi' reapes.

Our Jwohn was perch'd abuin their heads,
To keep a sharp luik out ;
And tell them, gin he kent his-sel,
What they were aw about :
'They skimm'd the skin of Jwohnnny's cheek,
He niver heeded that,
But rwoar'd, tho' he was main-mast height,
We'll pay them weel for that !

It was a seet ! our Jwohnnny says,
A seet nit often seen ;
And aw their colours flifty flaff—
Some reed, some blue, some green :
The French rang'd up in aw their preyde,
Afwore our thunder brast ;
But lang afwore it ceas'd to rwoar,
It hardly left a mast.

But we ha'e paid a fearfu' preyce ;
For NELSON is no more !
That soul o' fire has breath'd his last,
Far frae his native shore !
"O waes in me !" our Jwohnnny says,
"That I sud ha'e to tell ;
"For nit a man aboard the fleet,
"But wish'd 't had been his-sel."

Our British tars hev kindly hearts,
Tho' you wad hardly ken ;
They'll shout, when ships are gangin down,
But try to seave the men :

64 *Miss Gilpin of Scaleby Castle.*

They'll risk the life that's hardly won,
To bring them to the shore ;
And sorrow dashes owre their een,
When they can do no more.

THE VILLAGE CLUB.

BY MISS GILPIN.

I lives in a neat little cottage ;
I rents me a neyce little farm ;
On Sundays I dresses me handsome ;
On Mondays I dresses me warm.

I goes to the sign of the Anchor ;
I sits myself quietly down,
To wait till the lads are all ready,
For we hev a club i' the town.

O lozes o' me ! we are merry,
I nobbet but wish ye could hear ;
Dick Spriggins he acts sae leyke players,
Ye niver heard naething sae queer.

And first he comes in for King Richard,
And stamps wid his fit on the ground ;
He wad part wid his kingdom for horses ;
O lozes o' me ! what a sound.

And then he comes in for young Roma,
And spreads out his leetle black fist ;
I's just fit to drop whilst he's talking ;
Ye niver seed yen sae distrest.

O lozes o' me ! it is moving,—

I hates for to hear a man cry ;
And then he luiks up at a window,
To see if lal Juliet be by.

And then he lets wi't that she's talking,
And speaks that ye hardly can hear ;
But I think she ca's out on Squire Roma,
And owther says Hinney or Dear.

Then up wi' Dick Spriggins for ever !
May he leeve a' the days of his life ;
May his bairns be as honest as he's been,
And may he aye maister his wife.

MISS BLAMIRE'S MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

[AIR: "Traveller's Return."—This beautiful, simple ballad—sometimes called *The Nabob*—may be found in almost every Scottish song book published during the last fifty years. It is supposed to have been written about 1788. Many copies of it exist, but the one here given is decidedly the best. It will be found set to music in R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," vol. vi.]



WHEN silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' mony hopes and fears :
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine ?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne ?
As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way ;
Ilk place I pass'd seem'd yet to speak
O' some dear former day ;
Those days that follow'd me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

The ivy'd tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blow ;
Nae friend stepp'd forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenn'd face I saw ;
Till Donald totter'd to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair ;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I clos'd the door, and sobb'd aloud,
To think on auld langsyne !

Some pensy chiels, a new sprung race
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shudder'd at my Gothic wa's,
And wish'd my groves away :
“Cut, cut,” they cried, “those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine :”
Na ! na ! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town ;
But sair on ilka weel-kenn'd face
I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.

At balls they pointed to a nymph
 Wham a' declar'd divine ;
 But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
 Were fairer far langsyne !

In vain I sought in music's sound
 To find that magic art,
 Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
 Has thrill'd through a' my heart :
 'The sang had mony an artfu' turn ;
 My ear confess'd 'twas fine ;
 But miss'd the simple melody
 I listen'd to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
 Forgie an auld man's spleen,
 Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
 'The days he ance has seen :
 When time has past, and seasons fled,
 Your hearts will feel like mine ;
 And aye the sang will maist delight
 That minds ye o' langsyne !

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

AIR—Fy, gae rub her o'er wi' strae.

The wars for many a month were o'er
 Ere I could reach my native shed,
 My friends ne'er hoped to see me more,
 But wept for me as for the dead.

As I drew near, the cottage blaz'd,
The evening fire was clear and bright ;
And through the window long I gaz'd,
And saw each friend with dear delight.

My father in his corner sat ;
My mother drew her useful thread ;
My brothers strove to make them chat ;
My sisters bak'd the household bread :
And Jean oft whisper'd to a friend,
Who still let fall a silent tear ;
But soon my Jessy's griefs shall end,
She little thinks her Harry's near.

My mother heard her catching sighs,
And hid her face behind her rock ;
While tears swam round in all their eyes,
And not a single word they spoke.
What could I do ! if in I went,
Surprise might chill each tender heart ;
Some story, then, I must invent,
And act the poor maim'd soldier's part.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,
And crooked up a lying knee,
And soon I found in that blest place
Not one dear friend knew ought of me.
I ventur'd in ; Tray wagg'd his tail,
And fawning to my mother ran ;
"Come here," they cry, "what can he ail!"
While my feign'd story I began.

I changed my voice to that of age,
 “A poor old soldier lodging craves,”—
The name and form their loves engage;—
 “A soldier ! aye, the best we have !”
My father then drew in a seat,
 “You’re welcome,” with a sigh, he said ;
My mother fried her best hung meat,
 And curds and cream the table spread.

“I had a son,” my father sigh’d,
 “A soldier too, but he is gone :”
“Have you heard from him ?” I replied,
 “I left behind me many a one ;
And many a message I have brought
 To families I cannot find ;
Long for John Goodman’s I have sought
 To tell them Hal’s not far behind.”

“And does he live !” my father cried,
 My mother did not try to speak ;
My Jessy now I silent ey’d,
 Who sobb’d as if her heart would break.
“He lives indeed ; this ’kerchief see,
 At parting his dear Jessy gave ;
He sent it her, with love, by me,
 To show he yet escapes the grave.”

No arrow darting from a bow
 More quickly could the token reach ;
The patch from off my face I threw,
 And gave my voice its well-known speech.

My Jessy dear ! I softly said ;
She gaz'd, and answer'd with a sigh ;
My sisters look'd as half afraid,
My mother fainted quite with joy.

My father danc'd around his son,
My brothers shook my hand away,
My mother said her glass might run,
She cared not now how soon the day.
Hout ! woman, cried my father dear,
A wedding first I'm sure we'll have ;
I warrant us live these hundred years,
Nay, may-be, Meg, escape the grave.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

[AIR : "The Siller Croun."—Stenhouse writes about 1820 : "This fine song was originally published by Napier as a single sheet song, from which it was copied into the Museum ; but neither the author nor the composer are yet known." Maxwell claimed it as Miss Blamire's on the authority of her neice, who perfectly remembered her mother saying that it was written by her aunt Susanna. But previous to this, Miss Blamire's name had been attached to the song, for the first time, in the "National Minstrel," published by D. Weir of Glasgow or Greenock. It forms the 240th song in Johnston's "Scots Musical Library," vol. iii., first published in Edinburgh in 1790 ; and it may also be found in R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," vol. ii.]

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair."

O wha wad buy a silken gown
 Wi' a poor broken heart !
 Or what's to me a siller croun,
 Gin frae my love I part !

The mind wha's every wish is pure
 Far dearer is to me ;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith
 I'll lay me doun an' dee !
 For I hae pledg'd my virgin troth
 Brave Donald's fate to share ;
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift ;
 Could I but think to seek it back—
 It wad be waur than theft !
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me ;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my troth
 I'll lay me doun an' dee.

O JENNY DEAR, I'VE COURTED LANG.

AIR—Lucy Campbell.

O Jenny dear, I've courted lang
 I've telt my tale and sung my sang,
 And yet I fear I'm i' the wrang,
 For ye'll no mak a wedding o't.

In winter, when the frost and snaw
Wi' bitter blast around wad blaw,
I'd o'er the moor, nor mind it a',
 In hopes ye'd mak a wedding o't.
And gin ye smil'd or kindly spak,
It smooth'd the road, and help'd me back;
I thought nae answer I wad tak,
 For we wad mak a wedding o't.

Now, when I gae to kirk or fair,
The laddies scoff, the lassies jeer;—
“Is this poor Jock?—the good be here;
 For sure he's made a wedding o't.
What has become of a' his fun?
Alak! his joyfu' days are done;
Or else he's pawn'd his dancing shoon,
 Sin he has made a wedding o't.
Sure marriage is a dreadful thing!
Ye mind 'tis only i' the spring
That little birdies chirp and sing,
 Or, till they've made a wedding o't.”

Then up spak honest Johnny Bell:
“My bairns, I ance was young mysell;
I've mony a blithsome tale to tell
 Sin first I made a wedding o't.
My Tibby was a winsome bride,—
Nay, yet she is her auld man's pride!
Nae faut i' her I ever spyed
 Sin first we made a wedding o't:

Ilk day we live we fonder grow,
 Though buckl'd fifty years ago ;
 Here's comfort for ye, young ones a',
 Then haste ye, mak a wedding o't."

THE WAEFU' HEART.

[AIR : "The Waefu' Heart."—Both the words and music of this elegant and pathetic song were taken from a single sheet, printed in London about the year 1788, and sold by Joseph Dale, 19, Cornhill, "sung by Master Knyvett." From this circumstance I am led to conclude that it is a modern Anglo-Saxon production, especially as it does not appear in any of the old collection of songs. If it be an imitation of the Scottish style however, it is a very successful one.—STENHOUSE.]

Gin living worth could win my heart,
 You would nae speak in vain ;
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,
 Never to rise again.
 My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
 Whose heart was only mine ;
 And, O ! what a heart was that to lose,—
 But I maun no repine.
 Yet, O ! gin heaven in mercy soon
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And take this life, now naething worth,
 Since Jamie's in his grave.
 And see ! his gentle spirit comes
 To show me on my way ;
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,—
 Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear ;
And O ! wi' what good will
I follow wheresoe'er ye lead !
Ye canna lead to ill,
She said ; and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possess'd ;
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,—
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

I'M TIBBY FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

I'm Tibby Fowler o' the glen,
And nae great sight to see ;
But 'cause I'm rich, these plaguy men
Will never let me be.

There's bonny Maggy o' the brae
As gude as lass can be ;
But 'cause I'm rich, these plaguy men
Hae a' run wud for me.

There's Nabob Jock comes strutting ben,
He think's the day's his ain ;
But were he a' hung round wi' goud,
He'd find himsel mista'en.

There's Wat aye tries to glowre and sigh
That I may guess the cause ;
But, Jenny-like, I hate to spell
Dumb Roger's hums and ha's.

76 *Miss Blamire of Thackwood.*

There's grinning Pate laughs a' day through,
The blithest lad you'll see ;
But troth he laughs sae out o' place,
He'd laugh gin I did dee.

There's Sandy, he's sae fou o' lear,
To talk wi' him is vain ;
For gin we a' should say 'twas fair,
He'd prove that it did rain.

Then Jamie frets for good and ill,
'Bout sma' things maks a phrase ;
And fears and frets, and things o' nought
Ding o'er his joyfu' days.

The priests and lawyers ding me dead,
But gude kens wha's the best ;
And then comes in the soldier brave,
And drums out a' the rest .

The country squire and city beau,
I've had them on their knee ;
But weel I ken to goud they bow,
And no downright to me.

Should like o' them come ilka day,
They may wear out the knee ;
And grow to the groun' as fast as stane,
But they shall ne'er get me.

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

[AIR: "Sir James Baird."—This is one of the few songs left us by Miss Blamire which received her final corrections. Several copies of it were found among her papers. It has long enjoyed great popularity; and will be found set to music in "The Scots Musical Museum," vol. vi. The air is also given in Neil Gow's First Collection of Reels, &c., 3rd edition.]

What ails this heart o' mine?

What ails this watery ee?

What gars me a' turn cauld as death

When I take leave o' thee?

When thou art far awa

Thou'lt dearer grow to me;

But change o' place and change o' folk

May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at een,

Or walk at morning air,

Ilk rustling bush will seem to say

I us'd to meet thee there,

Then I'll sit down and cry,

And live aneath the tree,

And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,

I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower

That thou wi' roses tied,

And where, wi' mony a blushing bud,

I strove mysell to hide.

I'll doat on ilka spot

Where I hae been wi' thee;

And ca' to mind some kindly word

By ilka burn and tree.

Wi' sic thoughts i' my mind,
Time through the world may gae,
And find my heart in twenty years
The same as 'tis to-day.
'Tis thoughts that bind the soul,
And keep friends i' the ee ;
And gin I think I see thee aye,
What can part thee and me !

I'VE GOTTEN A ROCK, I'VE GOTTEN A
REEL.

I've gotten a rock, I've gotten a reel,
I've gotten a wee bit spinning wheel ;
And by the whirling rim I've found
How the weary, weary warl gaes round,
'Tis roun' an' roun' the spokes they go,
Now ane is up, an' ane is low ;
'Tis by ups and downs in Fortune's wheel,
That mony a ane gets a rock to reel,

I've seen a lassie barefoot gae,
Look dash'd and blate, wi' nought to say ;
But as the wheel turn'd round again,
She chirp'd and talk'd, nor seem'd the same :
Sae fine she goes, sae far alee,
That folk she kenn'd she canna see ;
An' fleeching chiels around her thrang,
Till she miskens them a' day lang.

There's Jock, when the bit lass was poor,
Ne'er trudg'd o'er the lang mossy moor,
Though now to the knees he wades, I trow,
Through winter's weet and winter's snow :
An' Pate declar'd the ither morn,
She was like a lily amang the corn ;
Though ance he swore her dazzling een
Were bits o' glass that black'd had been.

Now, lassies, I hae found it out,
What men make a' this phrase about ;
For when they praise your blinking ee,
'Tis certain that your goud they see :
And when they talk o' roses bland,
They think o' the roses o' your land ;
But should dame fortune turn her wheel,
They'd aff in a dance of a threesome reel.

FOR THE CARLISLE HUNT. 1788.

AIR—In Country Quarters close confined.

When the last leaf forsook the tree,
And languid suns were seen,
And winter whistl'd o'er the lea,
And call'd the sportsmen keen ;
The goddess of the silver bow
Stept forth, her sandals tipp'd with snow.
Fal, lall, &c.

Her beauteous tangles ring'd by her side,

While horrids surround her horn,

Stop here, my woodland train, she cried,

Till welcomed by the moon;

See, yonder comes the blushing fair,

Who soon hunt down her kneeling star

Fal, lall, &c.

A stag for long kept up the chase,

But now at bay he stood ;

A nymph, of more than mortal race,

Rush'd eager from the wood

"I come to set the prisoner free !"

Then waved the cap of liberty

Fal, lall, &c.

Diana, smiling, took her hand :

"Where has my sister stand ?"

What hapless souls in forests lur'd

Demond her countless and !"

"A city, once well known to fame,

Has struggled hard to keep my name

Fal, lall, &c.

"A few brave souls protect it now,

The bulwark of the laws ;

While I come here to ask of you

To end the glorious strife

My daughter's fate, like mourning's veils on,

All dress'd in white and mourning, I with green."

Fal, lall, &c.

They hasten to the social ball,
Good humour met them there,
Diana's arrows Cupid stole
And aim'd them at the fair
"Her train has yet escap'd my arts,
But now I shoot with Diana's darts.
Fal, lall, &c.

"Yon lured eye shall drop a tear—
That haughty heart shall bleed—
And many moons shall round the year
Ere I repent the deed."
But Hymen heard, and with a smile,
Declared he'd hover round Carlisle.
Fal, lall, &c.

WHEN SEVEREST FOES IMPENDING.

When severest foes impending
Seem to threaten dangers near,
Unexpected joys attending
Ease your mind and banish care,
Though to tortures' frowns subjected,
And depress'd by anxious care,
Sorrowful souls are soon dejected,
Noble minds will ne'er despair.
Prudence, friend, why then so earnest
Naught is got by grief or care,
Melancholy grows impetuous
When it comes to domineer,

Be it business, love, or sorrow,
 That does now distress thy mind,
 Bid them call again to-morrow,
 We to mirth are more inclin'd.

O WHY SHOULD MORTALS SUFFER CARE.

Act. — Come round the wood the mountain

O why should mortals suffer care
 To rob them of their present joy !
 The moments that frail life can spare
 Why should we not in mirth employ ?
 Then come, my friends, this very hour
 Let us devote to social glee ;
 To-morrow is a day unseen,

That may destroy the fairest flower,
 And bring dull care to you and me,
 Though so gay as we have been.

The wretch who money makes his god
 Will feel his heart ache when 'tis gone ;
 Were this my lot I'd kiss the rod,
 I ne'er had much, and care for none.
 . . . Then come, &c.

The great had never charms for me,
 I follow not their chariot's wheel,
 Their faults I just as plain can see
 As Paris did Achilles' heel
 . . . Then come, &c.

And Love, with all its softening powers,
Could ne'er my hardy soul subdue ;
So I'll devote my social hours
To mirth, to happiness, and you.
Then come, &c.

Should I dread of future ills molest,
I'd charm them from my careless heart ;
See, Hope steps in, all gaily drest,
And vows such souls should never part.
Then come, &c.

Yet part we must, — Hope, thou'rt a cheat !
The viscount fled — the friends are gone ;
Yet we may shak' those words repeat,
And fondler prove in every case.
But still in absence let us try
To think of all the pleasure past,
And stop the tear, and check the sigh ;
For though such pleasure cannot last,
Yet time may still renew the scene
Where so gay we oft have been.

AGAIN MAUN ABSENCE CHILL MY SOUL.

Att—Jockey's Grey Brecks.

Again maun absence chill my soul,
And bar me from the friend so dear !
Maun sad despair her torments toll,
And trace my eyelids' lone the tear !

Maun restless sorrow wander far,
Now seek the sun, and now the shade ;
Now by the lamp of yon pale star
Dart quick into the thickest glade !

When morning sleeping nature wakes,
And cheery hearts wi' lay-rocks sing,
And glittering dew a jewel makes,
That shines in many a sparkling ring ;
Her saffron robe is nought to me,
Though wi' the woodhaze's fringes tied ;
Things a' look dull i' the watery ee
If what we fondly love's denied.

I've seen when Evening on yon hill
Wad sit an' see the sun gae down,
And, as the air grew damp and chill,
Draw on her cloak of russet brown :
Her hamely garb was mair to me
Than a' the Morning's eastern pride ;
A' things look beauteous i' the e'e
When by a dear, lo'd favourite's side.

Take these away, what else remain !
A voice of sad and mournful strain,—
A memory that longs in vain,
For joys that ne'er return again !
E'en books o'er me hae lost their power,
And wi' them fancy winna stay ;
Heavy and sad creeps on the hour
When absence sakens through the day

I've tried to break her potent spells,
I've paid unequal to and fro,
I've flown to where her name yet dwells,
But wander'd back again full slow ;
And to forget how oft I've strove -
How oft to send sad thoughts away !
But still they meet me in the grove,
And haunt me wheresoe'er I stray.

Affection pulls the heart's soft cords,
And draws the eye from cheerful scenes,
And, pondering o'er a favourite's words,
Bids fond Remembrance tell her dreams
But weary dreams through life must stray,
And weary hours that life attend,
And heavily man moves ilk day
That keeps us free a darling friend

TWAS WHEN THE SUN SLID DOWN
YON HILL.

AIR—*Enrick Banks.*

'Twas when the sun slid down yon hill,
And Evening wander'd through the dale,
When busy life was growing still,
And homeward swam the milking pail
'Twas then I sought the murmuring stream,
That seem'd like me to talk of woes,
And lengthen out life's weary dream,
Which on like its dull current flows.

Why dwells the soul on pleasures past ?
 Why think I Marion once was true ?
 Those fleeting joys that fled so fast,
 Why should fond fancy still renew ?
 When fortune drove me far away,
 My heart, dear Marion, dwelt with thee .
 E'en now methinks I hear thee say,
 Wilt thou, dear youth, remember me ?

O yes ! I cried , no change of place,
 Nor favouring fortune's better day,
 Can e'er erase thy lovely face,
 Or wear thy heart stamp'd form away,
 Though mountains rise, and oceans roar,
 They'll prove but feeble bars to me .
 In soul I'll seek my native shore,
 And wander everywhere with thee

And still, dull absence to deceive,
 My thoughts fled to each former scene ;
 And fancy fondly made believe
 I was again where once I'd been !
 I traced Marion's evening walk ;
 We sat beneath the trysting tree ;
 I saw her smile, and heard her talk,
 And vow to love and live for me !

But time and absence both conquer'd,
 And Marion's truth forgot its vow ;
 And Fashion many a wish acquir'd,
 That turns to wants—ye know not how

O Marion ! could I e'er have thought
That splendour would have rival'd me,
This foolish heart I ne'er had taught
To think, as it still thinks, on thee !

Still through my heart thy image strays,
Thy breath is in each breeze that blows,
Thy smile, thy song, in by-gone days
In Memory's page more vivid glows !
So long my thoughts with thee have dwelt,
They're far the dearest part of me ;
For, O ! this heart too long has felt
It loves and only lives for thee !

THE AULD CARLE WAD TAK ME FAIN.

The auld carle wad tak me fain,
And thou's my dad will gaur me hae him,
But troth he'll noo himself musta'en,
When wrang, is't duty to obey him !
I tell him but the other night
How sweet I was to cross his passion ;
That age and youth had different sight,
And saw things in another fashion.

Quo' he, "Now Meg, it canna be
But that ye think the carle handsome ;
He's younger by a year than me,
And goud has for a kingdom's ransom.

Come, take advice, and be his wife,
 'Tis fine to be an auld man's deary ;
 I's warrant ye'll lead a happy life,
 And aye be mistress, never fear ye."

My mither then laid by her wheel,
 And said " Dear Joe, why will ye tease her ?
 I ken ye lo'e our lassie weel,
 For a' your joy has been to please her.
 Nae, come now, think up-o' the time,
 When ye were just o' the same fancy,
 When I was young and i' my prime,
 Ye cried—Ne'er tak an auld man, Nancy."

Then father like a tempest rose,
 And swore the carle should be the man ;
 That wives were certain to oppose,
 Whatever was the husband's plan ;
 " But Monday, Miss, shall be the day ;
 And, hark ye, gin ye dare refuse me,
 One shilling never shall ye hae,
 Practise what arts ye like t' abuse me."

" To lo'e the carle that is sae auld,
 Alak ! it is na i' my nature ;
 Save but three hairs he wad be lald,
 And wears nae wig to look the better ;
 The staff he's used this twenty year
 I saw him burn it i' the fire ;
 Sae young the gowk tries to appear,
 And lam wad mak ilk wrinkle liar.

“ My Sandy has na muckle gear,
But then he has an air sae genty ;
He’s aye sae canty, ye wad swear
That he had goud and silver plenty.
He says he cares na for my wealth ;
And though we get naught frae my daddie,
He’ll cater for me while he’s health, —
Goodnight — I’m off then wi’ my laddie.”

AT NIGHT IN DARK DECEMBER

AIR—Hap me wi’ thy petticoat,

As night in dark December, when wintry blasts
blew high,
Poor Jenny sat her i’ the nook and wish’d her
Jockey by :
Lang time thou’st promis’d me to come frae yonder
busy town,
And gin ye dinna haste I fear the wrinkles will
come soon ;
For I hae lost mysel wi’ care, thy face I canna see,
And when ilk lass is wi’ her lad I sigh and wish
for thee.

What signifies a mint o’ gear when we are bairns
grown auld,
And when December i’ the heart keeps turning a’
things cauld ?

Thou'lt grow sae cross, and I sae stiff, my will I
 winna bend,
 For time aye hardens little faults until they canna
 mend:
 Men never will gie up their way, and I'll think mair
 the best,
 And as sae long we've courting been we'll be the
 younker's jest.
 I'd have thee in an April morn, when birds begin
 to sing,
 Like them to choose thyself a mate, and haud the
 cheerfu' spring;
 O haste to me while a'er thy way she strews the
 fairest flowers,
 Nor satter these poor een again to add to April
 showers;
 I'll aye be gay, and ever smile, gin thou'lt make
 haste to me,
 If no, I'll quickly change my mood, and think nae
 mair o' thee!

HAD MY DADDIE LEFT ME GEAR ENOUGH.

Air. My daddie left me gear enough
 Had my daddie left me gear enough,
 Where'er I'd gae, to look or lug,
 Ilk mither had held out her hand,
 And led me to her son, and her

Now, gin a canker'd mummy comes
And sees her dusty set by me,
She looks as sour as Gith's plums,
And wonders what the fool can see.
Hout 'a man, come here, ye're surely blund,
Do ye no see Miss Bonnet there?
A bonnet lass ye canna find;
I wat there's nae sic dancer here,
Tioth ' some folk might hae stand away,
And nae ane wad hae miss'd them yet,
For fient a chiel I've seen the day
Hae spear'd gin she can dance a fit.
Then honest Jack loup't on the thair,
And cried, ' We'll a' be canny yet '
And if some grudging, souls be here,
O may they never dance a fit!
And let them ken, if goods then penly,
It's no won gear that's counted yet,
They're here wad take a poundless load; '
Rise up, my lass, let's dance a fit.

O JENNY DEAR.

ARK—The Mason Laddie.

' O Jenny dear, lay by your park,
Or else I plainly see
Your wrinkles ye'll be tam to hae,
May-be at sixty-three.

But, take my word, 'twas then o'er late
To gain a wayward man ;
A maiden auld her hooks may bait
But catch us gin you can ! ”

“ An unco prize forsooth ye are ;
For, when the bait is tane,
Ye fill our hearts sae fu' o' care,
We wish them back again.
To witch our faith, ye tell a tale
O' love that ne'er will end ;
Nae hinny'd words wi' me prevail,
For men will never mend.”

“ But Jenny, look at aunty Kate,
Wha is a maiden auld,
I's warrant she repented late
When wooers' hearts grew cauld.
An ape to lead's a silly thing
When ye step down below,
Or here to sit wi' chittering sang
Like birdies i' the snow.”

“ That's better than to sit at hame
Wi' saut tears i' my ee ;
An ape I think's an harmless thing
To sic a thing as ye.
Good men are chang'd frae wooers sair,
And naething do but slight ;
A wife becomes a drudge o' care,
And never's in the right.

"There's bonny Tibby o' the glen,
And Annie o' the hill,
Their beauty crazed haith their men,
And naught delight them still;
But now they watch their lordies' frowns,
Their sauls they daurna own;
'Tis tyranny that wedlock crowns,
And woman's joys are flown."

O JENNY DEAR, THE WORD IS GANE.

Ann—Cudd and Raw.

O Jenny dear, the word is gane,
That ye are unco saucy,
And that ye think this race o' men
Deserves na sic a lassie.
Troth! gin ye wait till men are made
O' something like perfection,
I fear ye'll wait till it be said—
Ye're late for your election.
The men agree to gie ye choice,—
What think ye o' young Harry?
"He ne'er shall hae my hand or voice!"
Wha wad a monkey marry?
He plays his pranks, he curls his hair,
And acts by imitation;
A dawted monkey does nae mair
Than ape the tricks o' fashion.

Now Sandy he affects the bear,
 And growls at a' that's pleasing.
 Can ye've a soft or jannet air,
 That air provokes his teasing.
 Can ye be cheerful, blithe, and free,
 A' that is unbecoming,
 Can ne'er the heart-sung temper be
 Of any modest woman.

Then Colin, too, although polite,
 Has rare sma' share o' learning;
 Yet stretching out his words sae tight,
 They're sadly spoil'd wi' darning.
 He cuns his speech, he mends his phrase,
 For fear he speaks na grammar;
 When done, ye'd think that a' his days
 He'd only learn'd to hammer.

Now Jockey he has nait at aill,
 He sings, he plays, he dances,
 He's aye sae blithe, he's certain still
 To hit the young ane's fancies;
 His words they flow wi' grace an' ease,
 They speak a heart maist tender;
 Yet underneath these words that please
 There lurks a sad offender.

Not a' the wealth o' rich Peru
 Could keep poor James frae fretting;
 The gentlest gales that ever blew
 His peace wad overbet in.

What can I do, gin apes below
To lead should be my station,—
Although all ape should prove some beam
Once famous in this nation !

O THERE IS NOT A SHARPER DART.

O there is not a sharper dart
Can pierce the mourner's suffering heart,
Than when the friend we love and trust
Triumphs that friendship into dust,—
Forgets the sacred, honour'd claim,
And leaves it but an empty name !

I almost ... a sister lov'd thee,
And thought that nothing could have mov'd thee !
But, like the dewdrops on a spray
That shrinks before the morning ray,—
Like the frail sunshine on the stream,
Thy friendship faded as a dream.

When sickness and when sorrow tried me,
Thy aid—thy friendship was denied me ;
Thy love was but a summer shower,
And could not stand the wintry shower ;
More for thyself than me I grieve
Thou could'st thus cruelly deceive

I AM OF A TEMPER FIXED AS A DECREE.

I am of a temper fixed as a decree,
 Resolv'd with myself to live happy and free ;
 With the cares of this world I am seldom perplex'd,
 I am sometimes uneasy, but never quite vex'd ;
 I am neither too high nor too low in degree ; (me.
 There are more that live worse than live better than

My life thus moves on amid freedom and ease,
 I go where I will, and I come when I please ;
 I am plac'd below envy, and yet above spite ;
 I've judgment enough still to do myself right :
 Some higher, some lower, I own there may be,
 But ambition and want are both strangers to me.

When money comes in, pleas'd I live till 'tis gone,
 I am happy when with it, contented with none ;
 If I spend it 'mong friends I count it but lent,
 It thus goes gently—I never repent :
 With mirth to my labour the hours sweetly pass,
 Though at Saturday night I am just where I was.

I'LL HAE A NEW COATIE.

AIR—We'll a' to Newcastle by Wylam way.

I'll hae a new coatie when Willie comes hame,
 I'll hae a new plaidie an' a' o' the same ;
 An' I'll hae some pearlings to make mysel fine,
 For it's a' to delight this dear laddie o' mine.

Bessy Bell is admir'd by a' sorts o' men,
I'll mind a' her fashions and how she comes ben ;
I'll mind her at kirk and I'll mind her at fair,
An' never ance try to look like mysel mair.

For I'll aye be canty when Willie comes hame,
To like sic a laddie why should I think shame !
Though the laird flytes my mither, and cries, " Do
ye see,
That lassie cares naught for my siller or me ! "
The laird he has money, the laird he has land,
While Willie has naught but the sword in his hand ;
Yet I'd hie upon Chelsea, or even wad beg,
Should my soldier return wi' a poor wooden leg!

For I maun be happy when Willie comes hame,
To like the dear laddie I'll never think shame !
I'll speak up to Maggie, who often would jeer,
And cry, " she's no canty, 'cause Willie's no here."
I own, when I thought I should see him nae mair,
My een they grew red and my heart it grew sair ;
To sing or to dance was nae pleasure to me,
Though often I dane'd wi' the tear i' my e'e.

But I'll get to singing an' dancing again,
An' I'll get the laddie and a' o' my ain ;
We've a' things but siller, then why should I fret ?
If there's riches in love we'll hae gear enough yet ;
For I ken weel that riches can make themselves wings,
That heart-aches hide under brae damocles and
rings ;

An' though love canna happyness always ensure,
It will help us wi' patience our lot to endure.

Sae I'll aye be ranty when Willie comes hame,
To lo'e sa, a larkie why should I think shame ?
Though the land thytes my mither, and cries, " Do
you see,
That lassie cares naught for my siller or me !"
The land he has money, the land he has land,
While Willie has naught but the sword in his hand ;
Yet I'd live upon Chebea, or even wad beg,
Should my soldier return wi' a poor wooden leg "

O DINNA THINK, MY BONNIE LASS.

[This song has received considerable notoriety owing to Hector Murel, the author of *Bill and Ben*, having published one with the same title, which was undoubtedly suggested by Miss Blamire's. The latter is a better copy from the original; and the words throughout are much the same. Murel finally threw up all concern in publishing a poem of the sort, by referring to insert it in the suggested edition of his poetical works.]

O dinna think, my bonnie lass, that I'm gairn to
leave thee !
I'll nobbet gae to yonder town, and then I'll come
and see thee ;
Gin the night be ne'er so dark, and I be ne'er so
weary, O !
I'll tak a staff into my hand, and cooae and see my
dearie, O !

O don't think, my bonnie lass, that ever I'll forsake
thee !

I mean to act an honest part, and loyally to take
thee ;

But thou shalt rue, and I'll be thine, and sure we'll
never weary, O !

I'll meet thee at the kirk gae, my ain kind dearie, O !

" The fairest words o' wooing men they often turn to
marriage strife ;

There's nauch, how he courted Jean, but now he
flytes sin' she's his wife ;

After she was good and true, o' her he'd never
weary, O !

But now, I trow, he cares nae mair for his kind
dearie, O ! "

But Sandy, lass, ye ken fu' weel, car'd naught but
for her siller ;

Two love of goud and glistening shoon that ay lured
him till her ;

But I've nae band but love alone, and that can
never weary, O !

Therefore consent and wear the chain, my ain kind
dearie, O !

NOW SANDY MAUN AWA.

The drum has beat the General,

Now Sandy maun awa,

But first he gae the lasses round

To bid God bless them a' !

Down smirking Sally's dimpl'd cheek
The tear begins to fa :

" O ! Sandy, I am wae to think
That ye maun leave us a'."

Poor Maggy sighs, and sings the sang
He lik'd the best of a',
And hopes by that to ease her heart
When Sandy's far awa.

Ah ! poor silly maiden,
Your skill in love's but sma' ;
We shouldna think o' auld langsyne
When sweethearts are awa.

In llythesome Nancy's open heart
His looks hae made a flou' ;
An' yet she vows the men a' loons,
And Sandy warst of a'.

Now Jenny she affects to scorn,
And sneers at their ill-do,
She reckons a' the wairld thinks
He likes her best of a'.

At gentle Kitty's weel kenn'd door
He ca'd the last of a' ;
Because his heart bade him say mair
To her than to them a' :

My gentle Kate, gin ye'll prove true,
I'll slight the lasses a'
On this alone I'll swear to think
When I am far awa.

You 's much & take his bonnet off,
An' waves farewell to a';
And cries, "Wan'nt I come back,
An' I will kiss ye a'."

THE LOSS OF THE ROEBUCK.

How oft by the lamp of the pale waning moon
Would Kitty stare out from the eye of the town,
On the beach as she stood, when the wild waves
would roll,

Her eye shed a torrent not fresh from the soul,
And, as o'er the ocean the billows would stray,
Her sighs follow after as meaning as they.

I saw, as the ship to the harbor drew near,
Hope is blanch her cheek - then it blanch'd with chill
fear;

She wish'd to enquire of the whispering crew
If they'd spoke with the Roebuck, or aught of her
knew;

For long in conjecture her fate had been toss'd,
Nor knew we for certain the Roebuck was lost.

I pried her feelings, and saw what she'd ask,
For innocence ever looks through a thin mask,
I stopped up to Jack Oakens - his sad head he shook,
And cast on sweet Kitty a side-glance look.

"The Roebuck has foundered - the crew are no
more, —

Not again shall Jack Bowling bewitch our fair shore."

Sweet Kitty, suspecting, laid hold of my arm :
 "O tell me," she cried, "for my soul's in alarm :
 Is she lost?" — I said nothing; whilst Jack gave a sigh,
 Then down dropp'd the curtain that hung o'er her eye,
 Fleeting life for a moment seem'd willing to stay :
 Just flutter'd, and then fled for ever away.

So droops the pale lily, smother'd with a shower, —
 Sunk down as with sorrow, so dies the sweet flower ;
 No sunbeam returning, no spring ever gay,
 Can give back the soft breath once wafted away' —
 The Reeluck has foundered — the crew are mourning
 And Kitty's pure spirit has pass'd from the shore.

WHEN NIGHT'S DARK MANTLE

When night's dark mantle veil'd the seas,
 And nature's self was hush'd to sleep,
 When gently blew the midnight breeze,
 Louisa sought the boundless deep.
 On the lone beach, in wild despair
 She sat, remote from soft repose,
 Her artless sorrows rent the air,
 So sad were fair Louisa's woes.

Three years she nurs'd the pleasing thought
 Her love, her Henry would return,
 But ah! the fatal news were brought,
 The sea was made his watery urn,

Sweet minds, who know the power of love,
Ye best can tell what she must feel,
Who, 'gainst each adverse fortune strove
The tender passion to conceal?

The lovely maid, absorbed in grief,
While madness ran through every vein, —
Poor mourner! sought for death relief,
And frantic plunged into the main.
The heavens with pity saw the deed —
They debt the tar one paid to love,
And bade the angel guard proceed,
To bear Louisa's soul above.

O DONALD! YE ARE JUST THE MAN.

O Donald! ye are just the man
Wha, when he's got a wife,
Begins to fritch — aye, nae notice takin' —
They're strangers a' their life.

The fin'ny drop — she takes it up,
The husb'nd keeps his can,
She hands the kettik — gives his cup
Without e'en — "Thank you, dear!"

Now, truly, these sights are but toys,
But true neglects like these,
The wife may soon a slattern grow,
And strive nae mair to please.

For women say do all they can
 To trifle wi' the mind ;
 They hold the blaze of beauty up,
 And keep the poor things blind.

But wedlock tears away the veil,
 The goddess is man's maid ;
 He thinks his wife a silly thing,
 She thinks her man a bear.

Let then the lover be the friend—
 The loving friend for life ;
 Think but thyself the happiest spouse,
 She'll be the happiest wife.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

[AIR : The Days of Langyue.—This song is beautifully harmonised in R. A. Smith's "Scotch Melodies," vol. i.]

When war had broke in on the peace of auld men,
 And frae Chelsea town they were summoned again ;
 Twa veterans, grown gray, wi' mair strength sair
 soild,

Wi' a sigh were relating how hard they had toild ;
 The drum, it was heard—twaicht they are here,
 But aye they look back to the days o' lang yue

Oh ! Days, man, weel thou remembers the time,
 When twa brisk young collars, and both o' our prime,
 The Duke hadd us conspuer, and show'd us the way,
 And many a braw chace we had hoo on that day.

Yet I'd venture, for' cheerfu', this odd trunk o' mine,
Could I William but lend, and I fight, as lang-syne.

But gunpowder duty is a' we can do,
Tho' our arms are worn weak yet our hearts are
still true ;

We care na for dangers by land or by sea,
For Time is turn'd coward and no thee and me ;
And tho' at the change we should sadly repine,
Youth unna return, nor the strength o' lang-syne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind
How thy Janet caressed thee and my Meg was kind ;
They follow'd our fortunes, tho' never so hard,
And we ca'd na for plunder wi' sae a reward ;
Even now they're resolv'd bath their homes to resign,
And will follow us yet for the sake o' lang-syne.

NAY, NAY, CENSOR TIME.

Nay, nay, Censor Time, I'll be happy to-day,
For I see thou'st grown gray with thy cares ;
Then preach not to me, as my life steals away,
Of the pleasures of far distant years.

The sands in thy glass in soft silence depart,
Yet thy cheek grows the paler the while ;
But the drops there in mine tell the tubes of the heart,
And moan to my lip with a smile.

And thou would'st smile too, if any fair one thou'd
 Nay, sip of my bumper and say : [toast ;
 Her charms will dissolve e'en thy age's chill frost,
 And make thee as youthful as me.

To be young, cried old Time, my own glass I'll
 And freely will sip out of thine : [forego,
 Then tasted, and cried, Let thy Cynthia now know
 She has warm'd the cold bosom of Time.

For this the late rose shall still hang on her cheek,
 Though the blossoms of youth should decay ;
 And the soft eye be left, its own language to speak,
 For a mind far more beautiful than they !

THOUGH BACCHUS MAY BOAST.

Though Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
 And folly on drowsy-dreaming revels delight,
 Such worship, alas ! has no charm for the soul
 When softer passions the senses unite

To the amice of love, or the rapture of song,
 His potent seductions a bolder way to don ;
 But to fancy that crosses the charms of the fair
 The death of reflection : the bane of all joy

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine
 With riot would bid the sweet vision begone ?
 For the tear that bedews sensibility's shame
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun !

The tender excess which enamours the heart
To few is imparted, to millions denied ;
Oh those exquisite feelings, that please tho' we smart,
Let fools make their jest, for these sages have died.
Each change and excess have thro' life been my doom,
And well can I speak of its joy and its doom ;
The bottle amends us a glimpse through the gloom,
But Love's the true verdant that gladdens our life,
Come, then, my Venus, and spread o'er my sight
The magic illusions that ravish the soul !
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my hand !
Then deep will I drink at the nectar divine,
Nor eat, jolly god, from my bumper remove ;
Each throb of my heart shall accord with the wine
That's mellow'd by friendship and sweeten'd by love !
And now, my gay comrades, the myrtle and vine
Shall unite their blessings the choicest apart ;
Let reason, not riot, the garland entwine
The result must be pleasure and peace to the heart.

IN THE DREAM OF THE MOMENT

In the dream of the moment I call thee my love,
And fondly imagined each grief would I depart,
But I found that a bumper can't reach the pure soul,
Nor wine clear the sorrows that weigh down the heart.

Though fancy may sparkle as shines the fair glass,
 And wit, like an bubbles, keep rising the while,
 Or mirth and good humour shake hands as they pass,
 And fond Recollections come back with a smile.

Yet, nigh if I weep, for the joys that are past
 I see a soft tear stealing into hot eye.

We know, gentle soul, that such hours cannot last,
 Though held fast by friendship and brightened by
 joy.

Ah! well do I know, for, since my own's young dawn
 First night her light torch over my sweetest beam shed,
 I have marked the sweet flow ret-adorning the fawn,
 Fade under mine eye, and then mix with the dead.

The light leaves of summer that fan us today,
 And shake their green heads as we frolic around,
 One breath of cold winter shall waft them away,
 And a new winged race the next season be found.
 Since thus it must be—since our summers must fade,
 And autumn and winter succeed in their turn,
 Let us make much of life, and enjoy her green shade,
 Nor long for best pleasures continue to mourn.

WHEN THE SUNBEAMS OF JOY.

When the sunbeams of joy gild the morn of our days,
 And the soft heart is warm'd both with hope and
 with praise,
 New pleasures, new prospects still burst on the view,
 And the phantom of bliss in our walks we pursue.

Miss Blount's of Thankswort. 109

What tho' tangle'd in brakes, or wallow'd by the stream,
Sweet arrows of youth are but pearls of the morn,
As they 'gain the light heat in the fervour of day,
The warmth of the season dissolves them away.

In the calm tide of life, though not redd'nd of the a face,
The warm wash of tears, and the springs retire,
That pictures long glowing give equal delight,
When season past tints them with shades of the night.
Reflection's dim shadow steals down the gay hill,
Though as yet you may shun the soft shade as you will,
An hour lingers by your eye, till the brightness, so clear,
Shall hang on its bed a dim trembling tear.

Next, the shadowed and hushing close gently around,
An hour then a reflection must strike over the ground,
Through her lanterned mind past passions are seen,
And we then only know what our day-dreams have
been :

On the painted illusion we gaze while we can,
Though we often exclaim, What a fumble is man !
In youth but a gewgaw — in age but a toy —
The same empty trifle as man and a boy !

COME, MORTALS, ENLIVEN THE HOUR.

Come, mortals, enliven the hour that is lent,

Not clod with false fear the bright sunshine tinge,
The mists that hang o'er us what sighs can prevent.

We wait from the eye one aged sorrow away !

Though we see from afar, as he travels life's road,
 Old time mowing down both the shrub and the flower,
 Soon or late, we all know, he must sweep our shade,
 But why damp our mirth by inquiring the hour?
 In the span that's allotted then crowd every joy ;
 Let the goblet run high it is deems you delight ,
 Though wine to true pleasure is but an alloy,
 And sober reflection grows sick at the sight.
 Disgusts are our pleasures, as well as our woes .
 On their close must depend both the time of our life,
 With the tint of the mind every circumstance glows,
 And gives to life's trifles their colour and weight.

O BID ME NOT TO WANDER

[*MS. A Rose Tree. This song was written when Miss Blamire was severely afflicted with the Spotted Fever, for the recovery of her health.*]

O urge me not to wander
 And quit my pleasant native shore .
 O let me still meander
 On those sweet banks I loved before .
 The heart when filled with sorrow
 Can find no joy in change of scene,
 Nor can that heart to morrow
 Be taught but what to day has been.
 If pleasure e'er o'ertakes me,
 'Tis when I tread the wonted round
 Where former joy awakes me,
 And strows its relics o'er the ground.

There's not a shrub or flower
But tells some dear love's tale to me,
And paints some happy hour
Which I, alas ! no more shall see.

TO-MORROW.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

[The song has sometimes been attributed to a Miss Parker who died in 1794, when only young. It is a last pathetic effort, and certainly *Miss* is not right, with the ordinary word *was* ; it is certainly ill written. The misapprehension is corrected in *Miss Blamire*, for the the copy I follow, but contains nothing more than the other, and is altogether a more finished production.]

How sweet to the heart is the thought of to-morrow
When Hope's fair pictures bright colours display;
How sweet when we can from beauty borrow
A balm for the griefs which afflict us to-day !

When we some sickness has taught me to languish
For Health, and the blessings it bears on its wing ;
Let me hope (ah ! how soon would it lessen my
anguish),
That to-morrow will ease and serenity bring.

The pilgrim sojourning alone, unbefriended,
Hopes, joyful, to-morrow his wanderings shall
cease ;
That at home, and with care sympathetic attended,
He shall rest unmolested, and slumber in peace.

When six days of labour each other succeeding,
 The husbandman toils with his spirits depress'd;
 What pleasure to think, as the list is receding,
 To-morrow will be a sweet Sabbath of rest!

And when the vain shadows of Time are retreating,
 When life is fast fleeting, and death is in sight,
 The Christian believing, exulting, expiring,
 Beholds a to-morrow of endless delight!

The Infidel then sees no joys to-morrow,
 Yet he knows that his moments must hasten away;
 Poor-wretch! he can befer without heart-rendering sorrow,
 That his joys and his life must expire with to-day!

OLD HARRY'S RETURN.

The wars are all o'er and my Harry's at home,
 What else can I want now I've got him again?
 Yet I kenned how 'tis, for I hugh and I cry,
 And I sigh, and I sob, yet it moun be, for joy,
 My Harry he smiles, and he wipes all the tear,
 An' I'm doubting again gin it can be he's here,
 'Till he takes wee bit Janet to sit on his knee,
 And ca's her his dewy, for oh! 'she's like me.

Then the neighbours come in and they wick him, hame,
 hame,
 And I fa' a greeting, though much I think shame;
 Then I steal ben the house while they talk o' the war,
 For I turn cauld as death when he shows them a scar.

'They tell o' *anz* Elliot, an' brave he main be,
But I ken a poorer soldier is brave yet as he,
For when that the Spaniards were waded on the
 tide— [cried,*
'They are soldiers, my lads, let us save them,' he

The neighbours being gone, and the flames on his
 knee,
He fetch'd a long sigh, and he look'd *an* at me;
Poor woman, quo' he, ye'd hae muckle to do
To get I red I to yourself, on I that we lat things too!
It is true, my dear Harry, I wad vera hard,
Sent Flispie to service, and Jockey to hind,
For I kent nae a wad *trous* an auld soldier's penic
Aye to take frae his King, but frae me ane be-side!

Then guide ye my pension, quo' Harry, my life,
Mang a' the King's troops who can match me a
 wife;
When young she was handsome, they envy'd me sair,
But now when she's auld they may envy me mair!
What's a' the wae world to the joys o' the heart?
What are riches and splendour to those that maun
 part?
And might I this moment an emperer be,
I'd thr *ae* down the crown gin it kept me frae the—'

* At Gibraltar the English soldiers risked their lives in saving the Spaniards when their floating batteries were cut off — *Aut. of Miss Blenheim, the sister of Miss Blenheim*, p.

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

[The authorship of this song is uncertain, as it is almost obsolete. In the *Museum*, it is ascribed to the grandson of Miss Blamire; whilst in the *Scott's Magazine*, for 1804, it is ascribed to Henry Anne Lindsay, the author of "Add Robin Gray."]]

Why tarrys my love ?
 Ah ! where does he rove ?
 My love is long absent from me ;
 Come hither, my dove,
 I'll write to my love,
 And send him a letter by thee.
 To find him, swift fly !
 The letter I'll tie
 Secure to thy leg with a string .
 " Ah ! not to my leg,
 Fair lady, I beg,
 But fasten it under my wing ."
 Her dove she did deck,
 She drew o'er his neck
 A bell and a collar-sungay ;
 She tied to his wing
 The scroll with a string,
 Then kiss'd him and sent him away.
 It blew and it rain'd ;
 The pigeon disdain'd
 To seek shelter, undaunted he flew ,
 Till wet was his wing,
 And painful the string,
 So heavy the letter it grew.

He flew all around
Till Colin he found,
Then perched on his hand with the prize,
Whose heart, while he reads,
With tenderness bleeds
For the pidgeon that flutters and dies.

MISS GILPIN'S SONG.*

[*Air: "Logie o' Baden"*—In the MS. copy Miss Blamire playfully remarks that this is "A song for Miss Gilpin's own singing, when sitting at her wheel."—Here first printed.]

Let larks and fine ladies look round them and see
If e'er one among them be blither than me;
I sit at my wheely and sing thro' the day,
An' I ca't my an' waird that runs rolling away.
Sae twirl thee round, wheely, I'll sing while I may,
I'll try to be happy the hale o' the day—
If we wadna mak griefs o' lat tuffes we sma',
The wairld wad run smoothly roun', roun' wi' us a'
There's ups and downs in it I see very plain,
For the squeak that's at bottom, gets toquest again,
Sae twirl thee round, wheely, I see how things turn,
And I see too 'tis folly for mortals to mourn
Sae twirl thee round, wheely, &c.

*We have much pleasure in thus changing the following letters to unprinted copies of Miss Blamire's song, which, if we might and was permitted, they are printed from a carefully written manuscript in the possession of James Fergusson, Esq., of Beilbuck Castle. As the first song indicates, the manuscript was written by Miss Blamire expressly for her friend Miss Gilpin.

That life is a spinster I often have read,
 And too fine she draws out her spider like thread ;
 A breath can destroy what's so slenderly made.
 And life for her trouble has seldom been paid.
 See twirl thee round, wheely, &c.

'TIS FOR GLORY WE FIGHT.

[Ala : Black Stew—Here first printed.]

Come join us, brave countrymen, now is the time
 For Englishmen's courage and valour to shine ;
 O come, take up arms, 'tis for glory we fight,
 To punish our foes and our freedom to right.

If a soldier in battle should happen to fall,
 He's lov'd, he's lamented, he's honoured by all ;
 Or if he by chance leave a limb in the field
 There's Chelsea and pension mi-fortune to shield.

But come turn your thoughts to the prospect of peace
 Our watchings, our marchings, our dangers shall
 In barracks our wants are all fully supplied [cease,
 Sufficient for nature we care not be-ack.

And when to a town or a village we come
 The lassies all flock to the beat of the drum ;
 Their honest old sweethearts they set them at nought,
 They slight even a land for a bonny red coat.

We range thro' the world and we vary the scene
 We please where we go from four-score to fifteen ;
 And, then, when our locks look respectably gray,
 "There goes an old veteran. O bless him," they say.

THE BANKS OF YARROW.

[*Yarrow, Blount's home, is the seat of Yarrow. Here first printed.*]

Why sighs the heart midst wealth and store !
Why all the anguish of the great !
Sure riches can chide the sigh,
And bid the tear to shun the eye.
It so let's grasp the golden store,
And every moment gather more ;
While milkmaids careless of to-morrow,
Are wandering on the banks of Yarrow.

Yet riches ne'er should be denied
A source of bliss if right applied ,
For misery on her flock woe'n led
May safe be built a warmer shed,
And every ill that woe can bring
'Tis happy wealth's to blunt the sting ;
To help poor love to gain his marrow
And make a paradise on Yarrow.

If happiness you'd keep in view
The paths of splendour ne'er pursue ,
The trons of fortune likewise shun,
Or else you strive to be undone ;
Watch o'er the feelings of the heart
Forbidden yet indulge the smart :
Give much to joy — some tears to sorrow,
And make the mind the banks of Yarrow.

MISS BLAMIRE'S POEMS.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A PLOVER.

[Here first printed.]



Now lend thy head thou waving spray,
Soft drop the dew that falls on thee,
That still the early rising day
A tear on every leaf may see.

Soft may the zephyr whisper thro'
Thy rustling leaves, and seem to sigh,
For here beneath that pensive bough
The tender Plover closed her eye.

Tyrannic man with iron hand
Had snatch'd her from domestic love ;
And in the soft connubial band
Distress her cutting thread had wave.

A harsh, unfeeling, cruel mate
Imperious held the lordly sway,
And seem'd to think the will of fate
Was but to make the weak obey.

The soft communicative hour,
The wish to please, the tender care,
The history of each opening flower
Were sweets of love she ne'er must share.

Contempt her distance threw between,
Unsocial hours their language cast,

Joyless became each flowery scene,
And soon the best of life was past.
Blow soft ye winds, descend ye showers,
Still murmur round this little heap,
That eye may from more gloomy bowers,
Be tempted here to stop and weep.

EXPECTATION.

[Here first printed.]

Sweet expectation ! sister fair
Of soft study and prayer,
Allied to hope, allied to fear,
Thou art my companions of the year,
Whom all the cheer'd scenes must run
That roll beneath the rolling sun,
And light and shade to pictures give
Where men are drawn that really live.
Now lively hope in trade measure
Trips in the silken round of pleasure,
And still with joy shot glance proposes
Sweet walks, misty groves tied up with roses:
Where fancy keeps her glow worm court,
Where wearied wishes all resort,
Who mixing in her tinsel'd train
Still keep their tale light and vain
For now with Fancy's glass they see
That long sought spot in destiny
Which hope had ever in her view
And which her hand keeps pointing to.

Tho' oft her castles rest on air,
 And golden clouds the columns are,
 Till from beneath the furthest mound
 Pale fear—that starts at her own sound—
 A train of vapours brings along,
 Which winding all the scenes among,
 Forms here and there a misty veil
 Now hides the hall and now the dale.
 While Hope to find a purer air
 Strays far from hence we know not where;
 Till expectation wandering near
 Lifts up the veil drawn close by fear.
 'Tis then we see the playful maid
 So busy in the opening glade,
 A tuft of roses scatter here,
 A bed of lilies sprinkle there,
 Along the meads carnations throw,
 And sad seats make where hare-bells grow,
 Where over the stream the poplars bend,
 The sun-flower's little arms extend,
 While climbing up its curls diffuse
 The sweets of long collected dew,
 A thousand knots fond hope will tie
 Entangling oft the wandering eye.
 She, like the sun beam, ever throws
 The loveliest tincture on the rose,
 Hide but a while her gilding ray
 The fleeting colour cannot stay,
 Tho' nature's cunning hand should try
 To mix it for the admiring eye.

In expectation scenes arise
That drop not from the haunter's sky,
The grove becomes a cooler shade,
And softer sounds by streams are made,
More sweetly than the fragrant breeze,
More softly whisper whispering trees;
While every insect adds his sing,
And every bird essays to sing
How blissful is this state of mind
That which such scenes of pleasure bind,
That which lone thought can safely stray,
Delighted, though she lose her way
Still certain that the path will end
Where happiness would seat a friend.
Yet even amidst these sacred bowers
The ill retreat of clerical hours,
The tender heart will sometimes sigh
And the mind will fill up the eye,
Subtly and rather come
Where numerous wishes keep her dumb,
And panting with both hope and fear
Will now retreat, now venture near,
Will sometimes essay to believe
Then doubt again that all deceive;
That promises are shadowy things
Which fly away on airy wings;
That joy will never meet the heart
For those who love must live apart.
Ah! cease, Subtlety to dwell
On ill, alas! we know too well,

Too well we know hope will deceive,
 Yet they're ne'er blest who ne'er believe.
 The present hour is all we boast
 And happiest they who prize it most,
 Who most enjoy the good it brings
 Deserve the best of nature's things,
 And grateful be that heart esteemed
 Who most of happiness has dream'd.

WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

ON SEEING A NUMBER OF CATTLE GRAZING IN IT.

1766.

[This is one of Miss Blamire's earliest poems. It was written in her nineteenth year; and is a remarkable demonstration for so early an age. It may have been suggested by *Gray's Elegy*, to which it bears some resemblance. *The Poet* was published about ten years before.]

Be still my heart, and let this moving sight
 Whisper a moral to each pasture lay,
 Let this convince how like the lightning's flight
 Is earthly pageantry's precarious stay
 Within this place of consecrate I trust
 The neighbouring herds their duty pasture find,
 And idly bounding o'er each hallow'd dust,
 Form a sad prospect to the pensive mind.
 Whilst o'er the graves thus carelessly they tread,
 Allur'd by hunger to the deed profane,
 They crop the verdure rising from the bed
 Of some fond parent, or some love-sick swain,

No more does vengeance to revenge the deed
Lodge in their breasts, or vigour and the blow,
The power to make the sad offenders bleed
The piteous image ne'er again shall know.

Not can the time worn epitaph rehearse
His name or titles which its owner bore;
No more the sorrow lives within the verse,
For memory paints the moving scene no more.

Perhaps 'tis one whose noble deeds attain'd
Honour and fame in time of hostile war; -
Whose arm the Captive's liberty regain'd,
And stamp'd his valour with a glorious scar.

Alas! his widow might attend him here,
And children, too, the slow procession join,
And his fond friends indulge the truckling tear,
Or hush'd honours at the awful shrine.

Perhaps some orphan here might see mark'd
The only guardian of her orphan years;
And, on the precipice of errors turn'd,
Become reclaim'd by sweet repentant tears.

The lover, too, might strain an eager look,
Once more attempting to survey the fair
Who, for his sake, her early friends forsook,
With him her days of joy or grief to share.

What beauty or what charms adorn'd the frame?
On this cold image, now to earth consign'd,
Or what just praise the heart's high worth might claim
The time worn letters now no more remind

Then, what is honour?—what is wealth or fame?

Since the peasant wears the common diadem!

As much revered we find the peasant's name

As the rich lords, when in the hallowed tomb.

To both alike tributes we may send,

The heart-swollen sigh, or the consenting tear,

And without difference, o'er the ashes bend,

For all distinctions fail & level here.

For nought wreath the marble o'er each head,

Nor all the art which sculpture can bestow,

To save the memory of the honoured dead,

Or strike the living with their woe's glow.

Then come, ye van, vain, Fortune dignities, to bless,

This scene at once shall all her hands expose;

And ye who Beauty's loveliest charms possess

From this may find a moral in the rose.

For soon infancy shall fix her seat,

And dissolution closely close the scene;

No more shall youth your journal sets repeat,

Or age relate what graver years have been.

Yet think not death awaits the course of years,

He comes, whilst youth has shed the health-supports;

In every place the potent king appears,

To youth, to age, to every scene resorts.

But why, my heart, that palpitating beat?

Can death's idea cause that pensive gloom?

Since in the world such thorny cares we meet,

And since 'tis peace within the silent tomb.

Yet still the thought of nature's sad decay,
And the reception of the world unknown,
Must cast a cloud over angel's celestial ray,
It is dispell'd by conscious worth alone ;
May this support me in the awful hour
When earth's prospects fade before my view ,
O'er them my friends, into my bosom pour
Some soothing balm at the last adieu.
So, in Heaven we shall meet again,
Not there shall ever fade the enchanting spell,
But freed from earth at once we'll break the chain,
And thus released, shall ne'er offend our God,
Then leave no room to the heathen's doom,
Nor let this scene a pensive mourning raise,
Not a thought more when pondering o'er the tomb,
Though from my grave these wretches here should gaze.

WRITTEN ON A GLOOMY DAY IN
SICKNESS.

THACKWOOD, 4TH JUNE, 1786.

The gloomy lowering of the sky,
The muffled suttow of the air,
The hum of many a busy fly,
Are things the cheerful well can spare ,
But to the pensive, thoughtful mind,
These kindred glooms are truly dear,
When in dark shades such wail notes wind
As woe and woe Reflection's ear,

The birds that warble over head,
The bees that visit every flower,
The stream that murmurs o'er its bed,
All and the melancholy hour.

The weary, weary, wasting frame,
Through which life's pulses slowly beat,
Would fain persuade that nought's the same
As when health glow'd with genial heat.

Where are the sports, light as air,
That self amus'd, would carol loud ?
Would find out pleasure everywhere,
And all her paths with garlands strow'd ?

Nature's the same—the Spring returns,
The leaf again adorns the tree ;
How tasteless this to her who mourns—
To her who droops and fades like me !

No emblem for myself I find,
Save what some dying plant bestows—
Save where its drooping head I bind,
And mark how strong the likeness grows.

No more sweet Eve with drops distill'd
Shall melt o'er thee in tender grief ;
Nor bid Aurora's cup be fill'd
With balmy dew from yonder leaf.

What, though some seasons more had roll'd
Their golden suns to glad thine eye ?
Yet as a flower of mortal mould
'Twas still thy lot—to bloom and die.

EPISTLE TO HER FRIENDS AT
GARTMORE.

[This poem contains a lively and striking picture of some of the errors to which poets in Miss Blamire's life—"It is quite beautiful," says Mr. Cowley, "and gives us a true glimpse, but a sad and unexcusable one, into her life also." The Grahams of Gartmore were made for the Blamires by marriage.]

My Gartmore friends, a blessing on ye,
And all that's good still light upon ye !
Will you allow this hobbling rhyme
To tell you how I spend my time ?
'T is true I write in shortened measure,
Because I scribble but at my leisure,
For why ?—the solidity of style
Takes up a most prodigious while ;
To count with fingers six or seven,
And mind that syllables are even,—
To make the paper as yet fall,
Exerts the very strength of all
Alternate verse, too, makes me think
How to get a other line to link ;
And then your odes with two lines rhyming,
An intermitting sort of clanging,
Just like the bells on birth-days ringing,
Or like your friend S. Blamire's singing,
Which only pleases those whose ears
Ne'er heard the music of the spheres
As for this measure, these true strains
Gave me no sort of thought or pains :
If that the first line ends with head,
Why then the rhyme to that is bad :

And saunter through the whole essay,
 For careless ease makes out my say ;
 And if you'll let me tell you how
 I pass my time, I'll tell you now

First, then, I've brought me up my tea,
 A medicine which I'd order'd me ;
 It's from the coast of Luffa lot,
 Sir Hugh, the gallant Commodore*
 Brought it to me for my rheumatics,
 O girls ! these riches play me sad tricks ; —
 And even in London had you found me,
 You'd found a yard of flannel round me,
 At eight I rise — a decent time ;
 But aunt would say 'tis oftener time.
 I come down stairs, the cocoa ready, —
 For you must know I return'd late lady,
 And fancy tea gives me a pain
 Where 'tis not decent to complain
 When breakfast's done, I take a walk
 Where English girls their secrets talk ;
 But as for you, were modest maids,
 And shun the house to walk i' the shades ;
 Often my circuit's round the garden,
 In which there's no flower worth a tattling.
 I sit me down and work a while, —
 But here, I think, I see you smile,
 At work ? quoth you, — but little's done,
 Thou lik'st too well a bit of fun.

* Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser.

At twelve, I dress my head so smart,
Were there a man—he'd lose his heart ;
My hair is turned the lowliest brown,
I trust no such hair in London town ;
Nor do I use one grain of powder,
I trust the violet or the odier
Nature adopts me for her child,—
I am as her fruit when not run wild.

At one, the cloth is constant laid
By Fide I am, our pretty maid,
Round her such native beauty glows,
You'd take her cheek to be some rose
Tansy-colored, tooth its luscious sweet,
We are red and white in union meet ;
She's prettier than such other young lady,
But that, you know, half easily may be
• Well, I am—do you wish to go
To the dance there in the town below ?'
• Yes, but I dare not ask my mistress.'
• O! I'd relieve you from that distress.'
I ask for her,—away she goes,
And dances a bolle among the beams
Now, my good friends, by this you see,
Rasties have heads as well as we ;
And, as they sit to different stations,
On cotillions in the various nations,
They're more upon an equal par
Than we imagine them, by far,
They love and hate—love just the same
Forsook of pleasure and of pain.

Only our kind of education
 Gives ours a greater elevation,
 I oft have listened to the chat
 Of country folks, 'bout who knows what,
 And yet their wit, though unrefin'd,
 Seems the pure product of the mind.

You'd laugh to see the honest wives
 Telling me how their household thrives ;
 For, you must know, I'm famed for skill
 In the nice compound of a pill.
 " Miss Sukey, here's a little lass,
 She's no sse wuel as what she was ;
 The peer, peer lass, does oft complain,—
 I'd tell you where, but I think shame."

" Nay, speak, good woman,—mind not me ;
 The child is not quite well I see."

" Nea," she says, " her belly aches,
 And Joehne got her some warm cakes ;
 They did nea good—though purg'd her well,—
 What is the matter we can't tell,
 She sadly whets her teeth at next,
 And a' the day does naught but fret ;
 It's eather worms, or wind, or water,
 Something you know mun be the matter."

" My little woman, come to me ;
 Her tongue is very white I see ;
 Come, wrap her hule head up warm,
 And give her this,—'twill do no harm ;
 'Twill give a gentle stool or so."

" Is it a purge ? " " No, Peggy, no ;

Only an easy, gentle lotion,
To give her once a-day a motion ;
For 'Potheecaries late have found
Diseases rise from being bound,
'Gathered which they've physic in their shop,
And many a drag, and useless slop ;
'This here will purify your blood,
And this will do your stomach good ;
'This is for vapours when sydenetic,
And here's a cure for the sciatic ;
But let her take what I have given,
'Twill help to keep your child from heaven."
" Lord grant it may ! and if it do,
Long as I live I'll pray for you."

After I've dined, maybe I read,
Or write to favourites 'cross the Tweed ;
Then work till tea, then walk again
If it does neither snow nor rain.
If e'er my spirits want a flow,
Up stairs I run to my bureau,
And get your letters —read them over
With all the fondness of a lover ;
This never fails to give me pleasure,
For these are Friendship's hoarded treasure,
And never fail to make me gay ;
How oft I bless the happy day
Which made us friends and keeps us so,
Though now almost five years ago !
Trust me, my dear, I would not part
With the share, I hope, I've in your heart,

For any thing that wealth could give ;
 Without a friend, O who would live !
 My favourite motto runs—" He's poor
 Who has a world and nothing more ;
 Exchange it for a friend, 'tis gain,
 A better thing you then obtain."

But stop, my journal's nearly done ;
 Through the whole day 't has almost run.
 I think I've sup'd my tea nigh up,
 O ! yes, I'm sure I drank my cup ;
 I work till supper, after that
 I play or sing, or maybe chat ;
 At ten we always go to bed,
 And thus my life I've calmly led
 Since my return ; —as Prior says
 In some of his satiric lays,
 " I eat, and drink, and sleep,—what then I
 I eat, and drink, and sleep again ;
 Thus idly lolls my time away,
 And just does nothing all the day ! "

THE ADIEU AND RECALL TO LOVE.

Go, idle boy, I quit thy power,
 Thy couch of many a thorn and flower,
 Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,
 Deceitful Beauty's timid mien ;
 The feign'd surprise, the roguish leer,
 The tender smile, the thrilling tear,

Have now no pangs - no joys for me,
So, fare thee well, for I am free !
Then flutter hence on wanton wing,
Or lave thee in yon lucid spring,
Or take thy beverage from the rose,
Or on Louisa's breast repose,
I wish thee well for pleasures past,
Yet bless the hour I'm free at last !

But sure methinks the alter'd day
Scatters around a mournful ray ;
And chilly every zephyr blows,
And every stream untimely flows,
No rapture swells the linnets' voice,
No more the vocal groves rejoice,
And even thy song, sweet bird of eve
With whom I lov'd so oft to grieve,
Now, scarce regarded, meets my ear
Unanswered by a sigh or tear ;
No more with devout steps I choose
To brush the mountain's morning dew,
To drink the spout of the luxuriant,
Or wander midst overhanging trees,
Or woo with undisturb'd delight
The pale-check'd Virgin of the night,
That, peering through the leafy bowers,
Throws on the ground a silver shower.
Alas ! 'tis all this boasted ease
To lose each warm desire to please !
No sweet solitude to know
For other's bliss, for other's woe,

A frozen apathy to find

A sad vacuity of mind !

O ! hasten back, thou heavenly boy,

And with thine anguish bring thy joy ;

Return with all thy torments here,

And let me hope, and doubt, and fear ;

O ! rend my heart with every pain,

But, let me, let me love again !

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

The Rose, I own, has many a charm

To win the partial eye ;

Her sweets remain to glad the sense

E'en when her colours fly :

Just so good humour charms the heart,

After a face once fair

Parts with its bloom, and withering time

Has planted wrinkles there.

But should I ask from beauty's store

A hint to gain the heart,

It should not be the blooming tinge

Which looks so like to art.

No ; spread along the downy cheek

The tender Lily fair,

And soon the eye shall teach the heart

To find an interest there.

The bending form, the drooping head,
Shall dwell upon the mind,
And ever roused the feelings strong
Some soft affection wind.

So Flora, once in pensive mood,
Pronounc'd the fix'd decree,
When passing many a flaunting flower,
She dropped a tear o'er thee ;

"Others," said she, "may charm the eye,
And fasciate joys impart ;
But thou shalt learn the secret way
That wins into the heart.

Within thy bell this pearl shall rest,
Which seems a lucid tear,
The only gem that Psy loves
To tremble in her ear.

Then let Health make the blooming Rose
The favourite of her bower ;—
The eye may woo the flow'et gay,
'The heart shall own thy power."

TO A LADY

WHO WENT INTO THE COUNTRY IN APRIL.

Go, sweet companion of the Spring,
Go, please the little songster's wing ;
And when it steals from every eye,
Place thou the downy feather nigh ;

The softest moss be sure to lay
 Within the little boulder's way ;
 Assist in deep domestic toil,
 And many a labouring hour beguile ;
 Avert from hence unhallow'd feet,
 And guard like Peace the lone retreat :
 Whether in tangling brake conceal'd,
 Or yellow bloom, too much reveal'd,
 In antique thorn, or rocky cleft,
 On waving spray, or mossy dell,
 Midst social woods, or lonely tree,
 Or where the household else shall be,
 So may the snowdrop raise her head,
 So may the pansy leave her bed ;
 So may the breeze refreshment bring
 To every daughter of the Spring ;
 So may the cowslip walk the mead,
 And daisies, rounding at their speed,
 With haste their flowery carpet spread
 Where'er the wandering foot shall tread,
 While the light heart some charm shall see
 In every meadow, hill, and tree,
 Nor yet a shadow cross the lawn
 That's not by her bright pencil drawn.

But, ah ! while Nature courts your eye,
 While genial beams lit over the sky :
 Though pleas'd to view the shifting scene,
 From rage ting'd red, to blue serene,
 Remember that a friend may sigh,
 And the round tear bedim the eye .

That absence throws a deeper shade
Than ever darkened through the glade ;
And that, when heart-lov'd friends appear,
Not all the changes of the year—
Not all the blossoms of the rose—
Nor all the sweets that Summer throws,
Such joy, such life, the heart can lend,
As the return of that dear Friend!

A PETITION TO APRIL.

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS, 1793.

Sweet April! month of all the year
That longs to shed the dewy tear,
And with a soft but chilly hand
The silken leaves of flowers expand ;
Thy tear- wet eye shall I ne'er see
Weep o'er a sickly plant like me !
Thou art the nurse of infant flowers,
The parent of relenting showers ;
Thy tears and smiles when newly born
Hang on the cheek of weeping Morn,
While Evening sighs in seeming grief
O'er frost-nipp'd bud or bursting leaf.
Once Pity held thee in her arms,
And, breathing all her gentle charms,
Bade thy meek smile o'ertake the tear,
And Hope break loose from trembling Fear ;
Bade clouds that load the breast of Day
On melting Twilight weep away ;

She bade thee, when the breezy Morn
 Kiss'd the sweet gem that deck'd the thorn,
 O'er the pale primrose softly pour
 The nectar of a balmy shower ;
 And is the primrose dear to thee ?
 And wilt thou not give health to me ?
 See, how I droop ! my strength decays,
 And life wears out a thousand ways ;
 Supporting friends their cordials give,
 And wish, and hope, and bid me live ;
 With this short breath it may not be,
 Unless thou lend'st a sigh to me.
 O ! fan me with a gentler breeze ;
 Invite me forth with busy bees ;
 And bid me trip the dewy lawn
 Adorn'd with wild flowers newly blown :
 O ! do not sternly bid me try
 The influence of a milder sky :
 I know that May can weave her bower,
 And spot, and paint, a richer flower ;
 Nor is her cheek so wan as thine ;
 Nor is her hand so cold as mine ;
 Nor hears she thy unconstant nunt,
 But ah ! to me she ne'er was kind.
 To thee I'll rear a mossy throne,
 And bring the violet yet unblown ;
 Then teach it just to open its eye,
 And on thy bosom fondly die ;
 Embalm it in thy tears, and see
 If thou hast one more left for me.

In thy pale noon no roses blow,
Nor lilies spread their summer snow ;
Nor would I wish this time-worn cheek
In all the blush of health to break ;
No ; give me ease and cheerful hours,
And take away thy fainter flowers ;
So may the rude gales cease to blow,
And every breeze yet milder grow,
Till I in slumber softly sleep,
Or wake but to grow calm and weep ;
And o'er thy flowers in pity bend,
Like the soft sunbeams of a friend.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S TALE.

(FROM "MUCKLEWATH.")

But hark ! what sounds of mingl'd joy and woe
From yon poor cottage bursting seem to flow.
'Tis honest Neddy's—Sodder Harry's come,
And, after all his toils, got safely home.
"Welcome, old soldier, welcome from the wars."
Honor the man, my lads, scam'd o'er with scars ;
Come give's thy hand, and bring another can,
And tell us all thou'st done, and seen, my man.
Now expectation stites in every eye,
The jaw falls down, and every soul draws nigh,
With ear turn'd up, and head held all awry.
"Why, sir, the papers tell you all that's done,
What battle's lost, and what is hardly won.

But when the eye looks into private woes,
And sees the grief that from one battle flows,
Small cause of triumph can the bravest feel,
For never yet were brave hearts made of steel.

"In a dark and dismal corner once I found
A youth, whose blood was pouring through the wound;
No sister's hand, no tender mother's eye
To staunch that wound was kindly standing by;
Famine had done her work, and low were laid
The loving mother and the blushing maid.
He rais'd his eyes, and bade me strike the blow,
I've nought to lose, he cried, so fear no foe;
No foe is near, I softly made reply,
A soldier, friend, would save and not destroy.
Well; as I dress'd the youth, I found 'twas he
That oft had charm'd the sentinels and me;
From post to post like lightning he would fly,
And pour down thunder from his red-hot sky;
We pleas'd him for't, — so I my captain told,
For well I knew he lik'd the foe that's bold;
So then the surgeon took him in his charge,
And the captain made him prisoner at large."
"Was he a Spaniard, or a Frenchman, whether I
But it's no matter; they're all rogues together!"
"You're much mistaken: Goodness I have found
Springs like the grass that clothes the common ground;
Some more, some less, you know, grows every where;
Some soils are fertile, and some are but bare.
Nay, 'mongst the Indians I've found kindly cheer,
And as much pity as I could do here!"

Once in their woods I stray'd a length of way,
And thought I'd known the path that homeward lay,
We'd gone to to-day, but I lost the rest,
Which, all quite out of hearing, never guess'd.
I talk'd of kind, some voices made reply,
But not my comrades; not one friend was nigh,
None men appear'd, their faces painted o'er,
The war-pump belt, and tomahawk they bore,
Their ears were hung with beads, that largely spread
A breadth of wing, and cover'd half the head
I kiss'd the ground, one older than the rest
Stopp'd forth, and laid his hand upon my breast,
Then seiz'd my arms, and sign'd that I should go,
And learn with them to bend the sturdy bow.
I would not follow'd; sofly did I mourn,
And never more expected to return.
We travel'd on some days through woods alone,
At length we reach'd their happy silent home.

A few green acres the whole plot comprise,
Which woods surround, and fencing rocks enclose,
Skating whose banks, a river fond of play
Sometimes stood still, and sometimes ran away.
The branching deer would drink the dappled tide,
And crop the wild herbs on its flowery side,—
Around the silent hut would sometimes stray,
Then, at the sight of man, bound swift away,
But all in vain; the hunter's flying dart
Springs from the bow, and quivers in the hart.
A mother and four daughters here we found,
With skulls enranked, and with feathers crown'd,

Bright pebbles shone amidst the plated hair,
 While lesser shells surround the moon-like ear,
 With screams at sight of me away they flew
 (For fear or pleasure springs from what is new) ;
 Then, to their brothers, screaming still they ran,
 Thinking my clothes and me the self-same man ;
 When bolder grown, they ventur'd something near,
 Light touch'd my coat, but started back with fear.
 When time and use had shak'd their fears away,
 And I had learned some few short words to say,
 They oft would tell me, that I should allow
 The rampant lion to o'erhang my brow,
 And on my cheek the spotted leopard wear,
 Stretch out my ears, and let my arms go bare.
 Tho' different in their manners, yet their heart
 Was equal mine in every better part.
 Brave to a fault, if courage fault can be ;
 Kind to their fellows, doubly kind to me.
 Some little ants my travell'd judgment taught,
 Which tho' a prize to them, seem'd greater than
 they ought.

" Needless with bows for me the woods to roam,
 I therefore tried to do some good at home.
 The birds, or deer, or boats, were all their food.
 Save the swift salmon of the silver flood ;
 And when the long storms the winter stores would
 drain,
 Hunger might ask the stinted meal in vain.
 Some goats I saw that brows'd the rocks among,
 And oft I thought to trap their playful young ;

But not till fast a fencing hedge surrounds
Their sature fields, and the enclosure bounds ;
For many a father owns a hatchet here,
Which falls descending to his wealthy heir.
The playful kid we from the jostall bring,
Overspread with earth, and many a tempting thing ;
Light lay the branches o'er the treacherous deep,
And favourite herbs among the long grass creep.
The little prisoner soon is taught to stand,
And crop the food from the betrayer's hand,
A winter store now rose up to their view,
And in another field the clover grew ;
But, without scythes or hooks, how could we lay
The milky swath and turn it into hay ?
At last, of stone we form'd a sort of spade,
Broad at the end, and sharp, for cutting made ;
We push'd along, the tender grass gave way,
And soon the sun turn'd every jule to hay,
It was not long before the flocks increased,
And I first gave the unknown milky feast.
Some clay I found, and useful bowls I made,
Tho', I must own, I marr'd the potter's trade ;
Yet use is everything—they did the same
As if from China the rude vessels came.
The curdling cheese I taught them next to press,
And twail'd on strings the roasting meat to dress.
In all the woods the Indian corn was found,
Whose grains I scatter'd in the fruitful ground,
The willing soil leaves little here to do,
Or asks the furrows of the searching plough :

Yet something like one with delight I made,
 For tedious are the labours of the spade,
 The coulter and the sock were pointed stone,
 The eager brothers drew the traces on,
 I stalk'd behind and threw the faithful grain,
 And wooden harrows closed the earth again :
 Soon sprung the seed, and soon 'twas in the ear,
 Not wait the golden sheaves the falling year ;
 In this vast clime two harvests load the field,
 And fifty crops th' exhaustless soil can yield.

“ Some bricks I burnt, and now a house arose,
 Finer than ought the Indian chieftains know,
 A wicker door, with clay like plaster lin'd,
 Serv'd to exclude the piercing wintry wind ;
 A horn glaz'd window gave a scanty light,
 But lamps cheer'd up the gloom of lengthen'd night ;
 The cotton shrub through all the woods had run,
 And plenteous wicks our rocks and spindles spun,
 Around their fields the yarn I taught to grow,
 With all the frays they either love or know.
 The bed I rais'd from the damp earth, and now
 Some little comfort walk'd our dwelling through,
 My fame was spread ; the neighbouring Indians came,
 View'd all our works, and strove to do the same.
 The wampum belt my growing fame records,
 That tells great actions without help of words.
 I gain'd much honour, and each friend would bring
 'Mong various presents many a high priz'd thing,
 And when, with many a prayer, I ask once more
 To seek my friends, and wander to the shore,

They all consent, - but drop a sorrowing tear,
While many a friend's bosom would I ear,
Riches were mine, but fate wold it not so;
They stole the treasure of the Spanish foe;
My Indian friends throw down their fleecy load,
And, like the bounding elk, leap'd back into the wood.

"What though a prisoner ' countrymen I found,
He smil'd on a tongue, and bless'd the cheerful sound.
It seem'd to me as if my home was there,
And every dearest friend would seem appear.

At length a cartel gave us back to share
The wounds and dangers of a bloody war,
Peace down'd at last, and now the sails were spread,
Some climb the ship unhurt, some few half dead,
Not thus afflicts the gallant soldier's mind,
What is't to him tho' limbs are left behind!
Clubs and a scratch and lurch will yet supply,
And be the veteran's dear lost limb and eye."

"When English ground first struck the sailor's
view,

Huzza! for England, roar'd the jovial crew,
The waving clutch leaped up in every hand,
While one poor leg was left alone to stand;
The very name another limb bestows,
As if through the artery the blood now flows,
We reach'd the shore, and kiss'd the much lov'd
ground,

And fondly fancied friends would crowd around;
But sea and watch-bellows a quarantaine claim,
And luck, pack is every way the same.

"In coming down, the veering eye of day
Darken'd around me, and I lost my way
Where'er a light shot glimmering through the trees,
I thither urg'd my weary trembling knees,
Tapp'd at the door, and begg'd in piteous tone,
They'd let a wandering soldier tend his home ;
They barr'd the door, and bade me beg elsewhere,
They'd no spare beds for vagabonds to share.
Thus was the tale where'er I made a halt,
And greater houses grew upon the fault ;
The dog was loos'd to keep me far at bay,
And saucy footmen bade me walk away.
Or else a constable should tend a home
For wandering captains from the wars new come.
Alas ! thought I, is this the soldier's praise
For loss of health, of limb, and length of days ?
And is this England !—England my delight !
For whom I thought it glory but to fight—
That has no covert for the soldier's night !"



EWAN CLARK OF STANDINGSTONE.

EWAN CLARK was born in the year 1734, at Standingstone, near Wigton.* His brother, the Rev. Wilfrid Clark, was Vicar of the parish of Wigton for thirty-nine years. In his youth, Ewan Clark was in the army; but what experience he had of military life, or how long he served there, we have not been able to learn. In his longest poem, *The Rover*, he has left us a clever sketch of an old soldier, tired and worn out with a long day's march, part of which we quote:—

In a close line,
A veteran soldier on his knapsack slept;
His servant trunk, his bed, were left away;
Spoke the fair stature of his perfect day.
On in his old uniform, with the old horse start,
And more a terror of military art;
Gasp close his scratch, and expirations cry,
"Charge, charge, charge, brave comrades—see, the Frenchmen
fly!"

In 1779, he published a volume of Miscellaneous Poems at Whitehaven, which contained his Pastorals in the Cumberland dialect.

* Mr. W. A. Faller, of Standingstone, has kindly furnished us with all our information respecting Ewan Clark. It was mostly gathered from an old gentleman, since dead, who left Clark's school in 1796, when he was twelve years old.

He afterwards kept a school at Standing-stone, where he taught about fifty boys and girls the elements of a plain English education. His wife was a homely frugal dame, who spun her own linen, and gave the girls lessons in sewing during school-hours—a branch of female instruction much neglected in our day. The school became famous for turning out good readers. Ewan Clark took great interest in the progress of his pupils, and was always anxious to promote their happiness by all means in his power. The children had few holidays; but once a year they were given free access to a garden full of gooseberries, behind the cottage, and allowed to frolic and play there as long as they pleased.


His song *I trady'd up to Lannan thro' thick and thro' thin*, first appeared in Hutchinson's History of Cumberland. *The Rustic*, a poem in four cantos, was published in London, 1805, when its author was seventy years old. This poem, though unequal as a whole, contains passages worthy of Bloomfield or Clare.

After passing a life of great retirement at Standing-stone, Ewan Clark died May 26th, 1811, aged seventy-seven years. He was interred in Wigton church-yard, where a plain headstone marks his resting place. The family burial ground is adjoining.

EWAN CLARK'S SONGS.

I TRUDG'D UP TO LUNNON THRO' THICK AND THRO' THIN.

[This clever song, full of playful, harmless satire—was written for the Cumberland Anniversary Society of London, and was sung with great effect at their annual meeting held April 14th, 1785.]

 KEST off my clogs, hung th' kelt ewoat on
a pin,
And trudg'd up to Lunnon thro' thick and
thro' thin,
And hearing the fiddlers—guid fwooks—I've meade
free
To thrust mysel in, your divarshon to see.
Derry down, &c.

Olswänge! this is brave! canny Cummerland, oh!
In aw my luom days sec a seet I ne'er saw;
Sec honest-like faces, sec freedom, and then
Sae feyne,—to be seer ye're aw parliament-men.
Derry down, &c.

Since I's here, if you'll lend your lugs to my sang,
 I'll tell you how aw things in Cumberlond gang:
 How we *are*—I mean *starve*—for, God bless the king!
 His ministers—*dar* them!—are nit quite the thing.
Derry down, &c.

Thur taxes! thur taxes! Lord help us, amen!
 Out of every twel-pence I doubt they'll tek ten.
 We're tax'd when we're bwarn, and we're tax'd
 when we dee;
 Now countrymen these are hard laws, d'ye see.
Derry down, &c.

My honest plain neighbor, John Stoddart, declares
 That the tax upon horses and tax upon mares
 Is cutting and cruel; nay, some of us vow,
 Instead of a horse we'll e'en saddle a cow.
Derry down, &c.

The tax upon mant—*argy*, tax upon drink—
 Wail mek yen red mad only on it to think.
 Then the measure's *sae sma'*! between me and you,
 We may drink till we're brussen before we're hawf fou,
Derry down, &c.

And windows—*ey*, there I can feelingly speak—
 I paid three wheyte shillings this varra last week
 For paper-patch'd leets, that my scholars meeght see
 To spelder their words, and ply A B C.
Derry down, &c.

But dead or alive, I my taxes will pay,
To enjoy every year the delights o' this day.
Success to you aw! and, if it be fair,
I'll meet you next year, and for twenty years mair!
Derry down, &c.

ENGLISH ALE.

Whilst barley grows on British ground,
Ale king of liquor shall be crown'd,
And till we die, or drunk or sober,
Let's sing the sweets of brown October.

Some praise the generous juice of wine,
And cry in raptures, 'tis divine!
But while to wag our tongues are able,
We'll swear 'tis false, and all a fable.

Of nectar, drink of gods we've heard,
With which great Jove oft wet his beard;
But by this tankard, and great Jove,
'Twas ale brew'd from yon fields—above.

Moment then the tankard with full measure,
Ale's the true celestial treasure;
Above—what gods have quaff'd before,
Below—we quaff on Britain's shore.

THE HAPPY BACHELOR.

A Bachelor's life of all lives is the best,
 No cares matrimonial disturb his calm rest ;
 No lectures, call'd *certain*, shake sleep from his eyes,
 When tir'd he can rest, and when tir'd he can rise.

If a ride be propos'd, a walk, or the bowl,
 No tongue dare to thwart him, no wife can controul ;
 What'er be his humour : to sing, snore, or pout,
 That man, sure, is happiest, that freely can do't.

A friend he can visit, or by himself sit,
 Put on just what clothes or what looks he thinks fit :
 Can fondle with Jowler, and give him a kiss,
 And no one to say to him,—Fie ! 'tis amiss.

On beef he can breakfast : with ale wash it down,
 Unenvying muse on the modes of the town ;
 With content in his heart, but no horns on his head,
 Unmarry'd if thus,—*what bewitchment is wed !*

EWAN CLARK'S POEMS.

SEYMON AND JEMMY.

A PASTORAL.

SEYMON.



W^HAT ails ta, Jemmy, thou's sae soon a-fit !
Day wulln't peep thur twa lang hawf-hours
yet ;

I'ae punch'd to ken my thoom afore my cyne,
And not ae lav'rock yet has left the green.

JEMMY.

The self-same question, Seym, I to thee make ;
For, to my thinking, Seymon's wide awake.

SEYMON.

Troo, Jemmy, troo, owre true is what thou says ;
I've not yence wink'd thur seven lang nests and days.
My Nan's the cru'lest lass that e'er was bwoon,
To ae my sighs she answers naught but sworn ;
'Twas this day week we rak'd the meadow's preyde—
And sen that day thur cyne have waken'd weyde,—

The sun shin'd het, we aw wi' ae consent,
 To flee its force, to the deyk-gutter went;
 Each lad tak her he lik'd upon his knee,
 Nin stood unmarrow'd save my Nan and me.
 I set my tongue to luvie, and said, "Sweet Nan!
 When aw the lave are down why sud we stan'!
 Come to thy Seym thy Seymkin's only preyde!—
 If nought thou grant me, aways grace my seyde."
 "Wa whoo-te whoo!" she cried, and swopt away,
 "I wad as soon come to our ear-dog Tray."
 My varra bluid ran cauld within my breast,
 Thus to be liken'd to a dumb brute beast;
 The lads gap'd wide, the lasses glopp'd about,
 I sigh'd and luik'd full sheepishly nae doubt.
 'Twas but yestreen—a waeftu' day, God kens!—
 We loaded hay down in the wide Lang tens;
 The work was pleasant, and shwort seem'd the day,
 For Nan was loader, and I fork'd the hay,
 And could have fork'd a month without a meal;
 Looking at Nan my pith would never fail.
 A cannier loaded car thou never saw;
 Nin loads like Nan—she, nae amang them aw.
 When aw was doun, I crept to the ear seyde,
 And gleymin up, wi' beath my arms spread weyde,
 "Come hune," quo I, "I'll wairly tuk thee down."
 "Stand off, thou gook," she answer'd with a frown,
 Then with a spang leapt down amang the hay.
 I scratch'd my lug; what could I dae or say.
 Waes me! oh, Jemmy, had'st peer Seymon's kease!
 Wad that I ne'er had seen her witchin' fease!

I've aw foan face my coat six inch or mair ;
This wae fu' luive pulls down a body sair.

JEMMY.

O simple Seymon ! that's thy proper name,
Pluck up thy heart and be a man, for shame ;
Leave that wae-me's, sighs, sobs, and see like stuff,
For women mind not whinging-wark a snuff.
I'll tell thee how I sav'd my lassie, man,—
And I luive Rose as weel as thou luives Nan,—
We loaded hay tai in yon three nukkit chaise,
Myself was forker and the loader Rose ;
She smurk'd sae sweetly, luk'd wi' see a grace,
I got lil wrought for gleymin at her face ;
Wi' nuckle-ade the ropes at last were tied,
When " Flower of flowers, my red-cheek'd Rose,"
I cried,
" Skuntle, skuntle thee down—I'll keep thee—come
thy ways—
I'll look behind me—never mind thy chae."
" Nay, Jemmy, nay," she cried, " I'll come myself."
She came, but straight into my arms she fell ;
I cuddled her chaise, and gave her many a smack,
For full five minutes not a word she spak ;
When she gat loose, she luk'd like ane reed-mad,
Up went her take wi' " Tak thee that, my lad !"
Twice mair she rais'd it, " Aye, and that, and that !"
Wainly it fell, I hardlin felt each bat ;
For aw her frowning, I could plainly see
A lovely smile sit lurkin' in her ee.

At meet I met her by her own sweet tell,
And then—but lovers munniet aw things tell.

SEYMOUR.

Oh, Jemmy, thou's deep vers'd in womankind,
Kens aw their feekment, feikment ways I find;
Wad thou but 'vise me how to make Nan mine,
At Rosley Fair I'll treat wi' bluid-reed wine.

JEMMY.

I'll freely do't, and hope 'twill mend thy state,
I've greiv'd to hear thee whinging at this rate.
When neist Nan frumps and frowns, and flisks and
 kicks,
Tell her thou sees through aw her shallow tricks,
And sen she leads thee see a wild-geese chase,
Thou'lt owre the burn off-hand to blinking Bess.
And seem to gang, thou'lt hear her in a crack
Cry "Mayslin gowk! I nobbit jwek'd—come back!"

SEYMOUR.

Thanks, Jemmy, thanks, I find thy council's reet;
When Nan I've strok'd she's pulsk'd me like a peet.
I'll now grow wise, I've been a fool owre lang,
I'll change my awote and sing a different sang.
Whish I yon's their Tray, Nan's ganging to the kye;
I'll follow, and my new-fangled courtship try.

ROGER MADE HAPPY.

A PASTORAL.

One summer morn, at early peep of day,
Ere yet the birds had left the dewy spray,
A faithful couple sought the darksome grove,
And thus, alternate, told their artless love.

ROGER.

Mun I still sigh, and look with a sad face !
Will Susan never pity my peer lease ?
Mun I still grieve, and hing my heartless head,
And look like yen just men frae the dead ?
Walt-a' still wear a heart sae hard, my luve ?
Can sighs ne'er soften't, nor compleasins muive ?
Alas ! my soul is sadly out of tune ;
Thy sworn will send me to the kirk garth soon.

SUSAN.

What have I daun by either word or deed,
To gar thee sigh, look sad, or hing thy head ?

ROGER.

Ah ! mun I tell thee what thou kens owre weel,
The slights I suffer, and the pangs I feel ?
Have I not follow'd thee four years or mair,
In hopes thy favour and thy love to share ?
Treated at fairs with ale, and shewt keakes tee ?—
The keakes thou lik'd, but ah ! thou likes not me ;
When oft I clapp'd, and strok'd thy cheeks sae reed,
Thou sng'd and cried, "Thou's not stroke me indeed !"

When but last night thou smil'd on slav'rin Jack,
 I saw, and heard our weel each hearty smack.
 This is the cause that makes—how sad it fail!—
 My heart aae heartless, and my cheek aae pale.

SUSAN.

Thou wrangs me, Roger; wrangs thy Susan still;
 Jack kiss'd me unawares again my will.
 If I did smile 'twas not the smile of luive,
 For nae but Roger can my heart approve.

ROGER.

Is this a dream to drown poor Roger's care?
 If aae, wad I may never woken mair!
 Am I awake? It, sure, can never be—

SUSAN.

Thy een are open, and, nae doubt, they see.

ROGER.

Nay, then I'm blest! I now believe my ears,
 And to the winds best ae my foolish fears;
 Nae mair of graces, nae mair of greaves I'll tell;
 Roger is richer than King George himself.
 Thus let me clasp thee—kiss thee thus to death—

SUSAN.

Stop!—stop, dear Roger!—or thou'll stop my breath.

ROGER.

Thy lips are sweeter, sweeter far, I vow,
 Than honey made frae sweetest flowers that grow:
 Honey soon surfeits, makes a body seek,
 But I could feast on thur sweet lips a week.

SUSAN.

I'll scave them for thee, then, nia else shall share ;
But O, ne'er leave them for a sweeter pair !

* * * * *

ROGER.

Bless on that tongue !—but hark, my Susan, hark !
Old Esther's chimney has begun to smalk.

A hasty kiss now seal'd their faithful vows,
Roger the scythe, and Susan sought the cows.

—————

COSTARD'S COMPLAINT.

Waes me ! what's this that lags sae at my heart,
And fills my breast with set a depart smart ?
Can 't be that thing ca't luive ! Good folks now tell,
And I've set down just how I find mysel.
When I've wi' Nell my heart keeps such a rout
It loupes, and loupes, as if it wad loup out ;
I've apt to think—judge if my thoughts be rect—
It fain wad hing 't sell at sweet Nelly's feet.
But when I've frae her, oh ! it's fearfu' flat,
My hand can hardly find it gang pit-pat ;
It's aw sae sare, it mun for sartin bleed ;
It seems as heavy as a stean aw leed.
My neighbours jeer me, and cry, "See, cocks dogs !
Costard's reed heels are glowin' oore his clogs !"
It's but oore troe, and I mun beyde their flouts,
For I've nae heart to darn or clap on clouts.

Sleep has forsworn me, as thair een can tell,
 Or if I sleep I dream of naught but Nell.
 A comb's grown quite a stranger to my head,
 My cheeks luik white that us'd to luik sae reed,
 Clouse but my een and you wad swear I've deed;
 If this be luive nae spoor in't can I spy;
 Good Lword deliver us frae luive ! say I.
 I used to sing my sang, and crack my joke,
 And shake my sides at mirth like other folk,
 But I've sare chang'd frae what I used to be;
 Luik i' my feace, and you may fairly see
 I've nowther like to live nor like to dee.
 If I've not eas'd, and soon, of this ill pain,
 I'll burn my sonnets and ne'er sing again.

THE FAITHFUL PAIR.

A PASTORAL.

One summer's evening, when the sun was set,
 Young Dick and Dolly by appointment met,
 Beneath a hedge they squatted side by side,
 When thus Dick spoke, and thus his Doll replied.

DICK.

Let bords and ladies press the downy seat
 And on fine carpets set their mincin' feet,
 I grudge them not their cushions soft—not I,
 This ground seems softer when sweet Dolly's by.

DOLLY.

Let other lasses shine in silken gowns,
And fix fause hair upo' their cockin' crowns,
See fashions I'll ne'er follow while I see whick,
Lang as plain grogram and thar locks please Dick.

DICK.

Till I kent thee I never kent true bliss,
Never, dear Doll, I swear by this sweet kiss;
To fairs and spports and merry noets I've geane,
But like sweet Doll I never yet saw yen.

DOLLY.

Tho' I be but young—just sweet sixteen, no more—
I might have had sweethearts at least a score;
But nîn among them aw could please my ee
Till Dick I saw: right soon I fancied thee.

DICK.

Blest Whussan Tuesday!—best day in the year—
I, on that day first saw my Dolly dear.
My twee shoon keakes were war'd weel worth the
 while,
For Dolly took them—took them with a smile.

DOLLY.

Thar keakes, thar silent keakes, did mair for thee
Than a week's wooing frae some tongues wad dee.
The teane I eat, the other carefu' laid
Beneath my bouster; when I went to bed
I turn'd north, south, I turn'd me east and west,
And thus I cried ere I crap to my nest:

" May luiky dreams lake round my head this night,
And show my true luive to my langing sight."

I dream'd—cockfish! as seer as I've here whick—
The leeve-lang neet of nought but thee, my Dick;
And when I waken—keakes have powerfu' charms—
I fand the bed-claes close row'd in my arms.

DICK.

And m'happen thought 'twas me!

DOLLY.

Nay, that I'll keep;
But never lass, seer, had a sweeter sleep.

DICK.

The case is a clear case; I plainly see
That Dick's ordain'd for Doll and Doll for me.
Why sud we saunter! if my Doll thinks fit,
The nrote this varra mornin' shall be sent,
And gien on Sunday to the parish clerk.
There ne'er comes luck of dilly-dallying wark
Why silent, luive! and why that blue-hang cheek!
I hope 'tis right plum English that I speak.

DOLLY.

Plain as a pike-staff.—But what need I say!
I've ready; and have been this monie a day.

THE SCOTCH PARSON'S ADDRESS

TO THE CULPRIT ON THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE,
AND TO THE REST OF THE DEFAULTERS.

A weel, gud hearers! are ye a' come ben t—
Best rin you owne, syne I shall better ken.
First, there's Kate Thomson—may, ne'er creel you
down—

Fa' weel I ken you by your tartan gown.
Weel may you be asham'd to show your face,
For, troth, I dread it's unco want of grace.
It's nae twa years yet sen you play'd the fool;
I gaird you yet for t on a repentance stool,
And now I hear you're gane the same fool gate,
And that you're half way gane to glumm'um' Pate
I'd trace or trace now Kate t' m' t on I'd spear;
Appen your gah, and tell your maisters'

You woun't speak!—than I maun speak mysel:
It's true, I dread, as th' muckle Deil's in hell,
Weel; sen your silence has your fault confess,
Of a bad bargain you maun mak the best.
I'e na be owre hard on you, honest Kate!
(Our wife yence shippit i' this shodd'ry gate)
When your time comes—as come it will I trow,
Gie your kurn sook, and do as weel's you dow;
Stop not us breath, or I ken whare you'll lowe.

Nexst, Wully Wulson's fire-red nose I see;
Weel aware Wully mon, how's a' wi' ye t

An unco stranger you i' this guid place ;
 It's full twal weeks sen here you shamed your face ;
 I need na speer, whare haeed your deam burnt nose,
 And plinky cheeks to' weel that truth disclose.
 Wa fie mon, Wully mon, wa he for shun !
 Are six lang days onre short to drink and drann ?
 Reserve, at least, yen for a golly use ;
 Let the seventh see thee here i' the wauld haese ;
 Or gif thou winnae truth I needs maun tell —
 The Deil will gar thee drink het drinks in hell.
 Gif my auld een can gang that far areight,
 You's young Gie Ruckle i' the gallry seat —
 —Aye, aye 'tis him—wa wow ! but Gie, my Lad,
 You're unco spruce i' your beaver spung new plaid.
 Is't paid for, Gie ?—for a' your muskly lanks,
 I dread it stands unroast i' th' shapman's lanks,
 Fie, Giddie, he ! afore I'd rin a trust,
 I'd water dunk, and munch a mouldy crust.
 I hear foreby you're vily given to vice,
 To the Deil's lanks and bones, the cards and dice ;
 An' that hale nights you'll do the bagpipes dance,
 In monkey loops, imported first frae France.
 Bat quit thur tracks, or than I'll read your doom,
 You'll dance at last i' the Deil's drawing room.
 —Wha's that siss bend our worthy Lord, dec !
 Excuse my ghinn'in' e'en's ware lang neglect —
 'Tis their foul fault, not want of due respect'.
 I'm unco glad again to see you out,
 You've lang laid up wi' that same wacku' gout.

The goat, I trow, ga' my auld skell be richt,
Runs hae your thrapple quite down to your feet.
Your owre fat flesh, and your high season'd aune,
Your baw, and trashments that gang down your aune,
These are the things, as sure as you are whilk,
That cause you thus to huple awa' a stick.
With a whum partridge wad you break your fast,
Your shanks wad then as lang's your body last.
Sap and sweet milk, kale, cranche, and the like,
And you'll be in to keep the highest chike,
These the best stuff for hules, health's blummin' smile;
Could I, ilk waldhath, else wald say Scotch mile!
But whaur? I hear twal chappit o' the cluck—
Just a short prayer, syne I'll let loose my flock.
Ma' what I've seen, led this day frae hales and haud,
Stick to your hearts, and do your souls much good!
—Now to your croonies— I've a mair to say;
Could I wad? I've take a bite wi' you the day.

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

Here lies—good reason that he should—
A man that never did much good.
He was a Barrister, d'ye see?
And from both sides oft took a fee.
His tongue was with persuasion oil'd,
His client's cause was never foild.

* Rubbing his hands, and bowing to the Land of the Manor.

Cases in point he had by rote;
 He needed neither book nor note.
 He could make out as clear as light,
 That white was black, and black was white;
 And, by like arguments, wellstrung,
 That wrong was right, and right was wrong.
 At last—for Lawyers, friend, must pack—
 Death clapp'd an action on his back;
 Confin'd him here; and here he lies,
 To wait the final grand assize.
 How he'll then plead his rotten case,
 He that knows all things only knows.

CHILDHOOD.

FROM "THE RUSTIC."

Sing we man's life through each progressive stage,
 From lisping infancy to silver'd age.
 But, chief, we paint the manners of the plain,
 Where Joy, and Health, and honest Labour reign.
 Oh, might the poet's vent'rous song succeed!
 His pains how pleasing, if applause their meed!
 Behold the infant mark his earliest days,
 His changeful humours and his wayward ways!
 This moment joy sits laughing in his eyes;
 The next comes laden with his doleful cries.
 An April day his semblance apt appears,
 Sunshine and rain—his smiles are seen through tears.

His motions, in expressive language, sue
For needful aids, for fancies not a few,
Though reason yet beams not its quick'ning ray
To illumine his mind with intellectual day,
Yet, ev'n thus early, may observance scan,
And trace the passions of the future man.

Time flies, the infant's strength and stature grow,
And health has rosd his cheek with vermell glow ;
Behold him now : how worthy to be seen !
The mighty two-foot giant of the green
Boys out of heart, he roams the mead around ;
He trends in air, and scarcely feels the ground.
He springs & lurches off various hues,
The chase begins, it flies, and he pursues ;
Now high in air, now low the trifler flays,
And all its young pursuers ants defies,
Ruffled, not conquer'd, in the ardent chase,
He wipes the traking moisture from his face ;
He tips his hat, untouch'd the darter flew ;
Hes' tal him vast ! - how vast the prize in view !
At length kind Fortune all his hopes befriended,
Th' gold wing'd nard'er near to earth descends ;
The heedful boy, his fit occasion found,
Steads on his prize, and beats it to the ground.

Success in this, his first attempt at fame,
Has fir'd his soul to feats of nobler name.
The humble bee, whose buzzing threats alarm,
Provokes the prowess of his conquering arm :
High rais'd his hand, his heart begins to glow,
Lager to see, and fight the dreadful foe :

He seeks him 'midst the garden's tempting sweets,
 Of bees and butterflies the lov'd retreats ;
 He quack surveys each bush and ev'ry flower,
 Each thymy bank and honeysuckl'd bower ;
 At length he spies him perch'd upon a rose,
 And his heart pants to come to instant blows.
 Trembling with hope, he strikes with all his might ;
 The erring blow but puts the foe to flight.
 Anon, the doughty warrior re-engage ;
 Th' opprobrious blow has roused the bee to rage :
 The lowest repute will at danger spurn,
 When sharp resentments in his bosom burn ;
 The youngster's head he darts around, around,
 And in his ear drums a tremendous sound ;
 Now flies in front, now hangs upon his rear,
 Intent to pierce him with his poisonous spear,
 Whilst the young hero of the hazel wand,
 On the defensive now compell'd to stand,
 With eye alert averts the wheeling foe,
 And now on this, now that side, gives the blow .
 Oft shifts his ground, as circumstance requires,
 Advances now, as quickly now retires ;
 In air his brandish'd weapon now appears,
 And waves it round to guard his threaten'd ears :
 Oft, oft he strikes, but still he strikes in vain ;
 The foe retreats, turns, and attacks again.
 At length a side blow, aim'd with skill discreet,
 Lays dead the mottled monster at his feet.
 The hero's glistering eyes his raptures show ;
 He strides, like Zanga, o'er his prostrate foe.

The unending poet quits th' infantine scene,
And all its gladdening gambols on the green,
For much he loves to see the cherubs glide
In any ring, or amble side by side,
To hear them hiss, to note their artless smiles,
Then gaily laughing, and sweet wailing wiles,
Health to your hearts, joy to your playtime hours!
Your poet's transports equal even yours.

YOUTH.

FROM "THE RUSTIC."

Youth next, its pastimes, pleasures, and its pains,
Demand the poet's tributary strains.

Well pleas'd, the poet prosecutes the page:
Sweet the remembrance to his drooping age.

Behold yon Eden, rais'd by pious hands,
That near the Wens's winding streamlet stands,
Where sit the hamlet's youth, in decent guise,
To reap the lore this sem'inary supplies,
Sensations warm recall the former scene,
Such as these are, we, long time past, have been;
On this dear spot have oft at trap-ball play'd,
And bask'd it out beneath that poplar's shade,
O'er-sought the spring that bubbles from yon hall,
And, stretch'd at ease, guip'd all its sweets at will.
Rush the remembrance of each happy day,
When Time, on tip toe, softly stole away,

The long past scene is present to my view,
And gives to age its youthful joys anew.

But ah ! the momentary dream is o'er !
He, who presided here, presides no more !
He mildly solv'd our ev'ry early doubt,
And taught the young ideas how to shout.
We all the parent in the tutor view ;
Reproof itself fell soft as morning dew :
Such was the man, in classic lore deep read ;
Light rest the turf upon his blameless head !

Now clos'd the letter'd labours of the day,
Arriv'd the school boy's joyous hour of play,
Some to the level green impatient fly,
To drive the buzzing trippet through the sky ;
And some to launch the winged kite prepare,
And bid it mount, and sail sublime in air.
Others their hopes on skill at law confide,
And knuckle, knuckle ! sounds on every side.
But oft will spring the wordy war from play,
And bleeding noses close the dreadful fray.
A group their hour of play at top employ,
And from their hands dash down the whirling toy ;
Awhile it sings, and smoothly spins around,
Then weak, and weaker, tumbles to the ground.

Glad Easter tide, of eggs the annual lane,
Is haud and echo'd by the youthful train.
Eggs are requested ; eggs are not denied,
By doting mothers and fond aunts supplied
Behold them, rang'd in many a lengthen'd row,
Reflecting all the colours of the bow !

Pasch-day is come, each boy transported flies,
Eggs on his hat, and hurry in his eyes;
Flies to the tenderous upon the green;
Time out of mind, the pasch egg trundling scene.
Now is the eager war of eggs begun,
And many a bloodless battle lost and won;
Crash after crash reverberates around,
And shov'rd shells beset the painted ground.
Each egg is crush'd—and see! with stomachs keen,
How the young rogues regale upon the green!
High flavour'd is the feast the yokes supply,
And claws and cheeks partake their saffron dye.

Come, blushing Spring! with thee the school-boy
Rashly won't tith to ponder round the plain, [train
Each take each bash, with eager eye survey,
And ban to beat the speckled spoils away;
Through ten and forest, wet and warmed room,
Till morning evening chase them to their home!
No nest escapes with what'e'er art design'd,
And not a twig is left unscrutin'd.

The rann'd wail their eyes and hands explore,
And tits and red-tails must resign their store.
Some youth, the hero of the daring train,
Risks his young neck the magpie's nest to gain;
With labour vast attains the topmost bough,
And waves a living gibbet to the view.
Then will each youth triumphantly detail
The chequer'd fortune of the hill and vale;
Boast in what bush the blackbird's nest he took;
Or in what tall oak despoil'd the cawing rook;

Beneath what hillock the wild duck betray'd,
 What antic stratagems the dam display'd ;
 From what close repose,—the glory of the day !
 He bore the full-thro'd goldfinches away ;
 What dangers he escap'd, what risks he brav'd,
 And down which precipice his limbs he sav'd.

The school-boy for that day impatient sighs,
 When black-brow'd Winter frowns thro' all the skies,
 When the wing'd warblers cease their cheering lay,
 And droop, dejected, on the leafless spray ;
 When shivering redbreasts to lone cots repair,
 To shun the arrowy north's benumbing air.
 Thou, Winter, worship'd by youth's votive train,
 How sacred's held thy crystallizing reign !
 How pour they forth, unshackled from the school,
 With hasty stride, to seek the glassy pool !
 With pike-staff arm'd, how urge the rapid race !
 How glow for glory in the slippery chase !
 Behold the victor's pleasure-speaking eyes !
 What joys from conquering competition rise !
 They who too young the pleasing sport t' explore,
 In rapturous pace, urge, skurrying on the shore.
 Perchance some boy, to sliding yet unus'd,
 Bumps the mark'd board with heedful sorely lous'd ;
 Loud peals of laughter roar the dire disgrace,
 And the balk'd boy humps off with lengthen'd face.

MANHOOD.

FROM "THE RUSTIC."

Of Manhood next the Muse essays to sing,
And to its shrine her Doric offering bring ;
Nor shall she room to cines, thence to show
Th' unmanly manners of the frobbish beau,
But strive to paint, in unaffected strains,
The man and manners of these humble plains.

Soon as to manhood youth asserts his claim,
Love's soft emotions flutter through his frame.
To catch the attention of the youthful fair,
He talks, walks, dresses with a pumber air ;
At every fest, and merry night is seen,
And every May pole meeting on the green ;
And many a tender, side long look he throws,
On faces tamer than the blushing rose.
Should some bright sample of suit bewitching mien,
The boasted beauty of the crowded green,
Beam appellation from her speaking eye,
Straight is he struck with love-sick lunacy ;
On her he thinks by day, and dreams by night,
And quats has had the most unhappy wight ?
— At crowded fairs the rural lovers meet,
Where nymphs in troops parade in ev'ry street,
Now mirth and mose, joke and joy prevail ;
The reels go round, and eke the cakes and ale ;
Each tune is echoed by each answering toe,
Till ev'ry cheek has gain'd a brighter glow.

Nor thou, O Merry night, unsung remain !
 Thou night of nights to ev'ry nymph and swain ;
 The night long talk'd of, thought of, dreamt of long,
 Sacred to courtship, mirth, and modest song,
 When, in trim Sunday suits, and faces clear,
 The youths and maidens in neat pride appear.
 A clay-eas'd barn receives the bevy train,
 Whose rush thatch'd roof protects from wind and rain ;
 Expectance high holds ev'ry female mute,
 Till the brisk music calls the couples out ;
 Fiddler, strike up ! and smoothly smite the string,
 And ev'ry heel in unison shall ring.
 Now quick, now slow they move with meavur'd grace,
 Till joy shines dewy on each blushing face.
 Jigs, horn pipes, reels, alternately go round,
 And the light toes scarce touch the speaking ground.
 Into a darkling corner some remove,
 And in soft whispers breathe their artless love ;
 And some retire to enjoy the cooler air,
 And with maze free ken all their heart declare,
 They plight their truth behind the barley mow,
 And ev'ry star shines witness to the vow.

The rural youth at various pastimes play,
 To wile a winter evening's hour away.
 Now Blindman's buff lights up the laughing hour ;
 The merry mortals marshall round the floor.
 The damsels seize a swain of slightly mien,
 To act the hood-wink'd Cupid of the scene.
 A napkin tight across his eyes they tie,
 That not a ray can reach his darken'd eye ,

Then swing him round, and cry, in pointed jest,
" View us, and serve the lass thou likest the best." —
The nimble nymphs then fly, with hasty bound,
To hide in corners, or to glide around.
The youth, with ev'ry strenuous effort, tries
To make the light-toed fugitives his prize.
And well he may : for Hulf's soft laws ordain
A kiss, the ransom of each captive ta'en.
He spreads his arms to catch the flying fair,
His arms, alas' embrace the empty air,
Alert, he listens to each tongue that speaks,
And gives hot chase to ev'ry shoe that creaks ;
Out comes his head in contact with the wall,
He claspeth old chairs, o'er stools meets many a fall.
Each awkward tool and bruse he's fain'd to bear,
Though not one prisoner yet falls to his share.
But, oh, ye pow'rs ! a miracle takes place ;
For, sure it was a preternatural case ;
Each agile lass, who lately scudded round,
Stands, like a statue, rooted to the ground ;
Spell bound they seem,—a puzle train —
And, in dark corners, motionless remain ;
Goodness, restore them to their legs again !
Shout, for rich coughs escape from ev'ry breast :
Were e'er poor mortals with such ills oppress'd ?
To ease thus stubborn what shall doctors say ?
They're sure bewitch'd, and cannot bound away,
And blindman gropes upon his powerless prey.
His Pull, belov'd, he seeks with sallow care ;
Her sweeter breath leads to the ambush'd fair.

He, nine times o'er, each nymph has captive made,
 Each nymph, right promptly, has nine ransoms paid.

To manhood more mature is due the strain,
 To the grave, useful tiller of the plain.

Soon as wild daisies glisten through the soil,
 The husbandman prepares for vernal toil,
 Inspects the implements his hands must guide,
 Ploughs, harrows, spades, wains, raggons, side by side,
 And all in order, true and right are found,
 To turn the furrow, or to delve the ground;
 And, ere the lark twins forth his matin lay,
 To the lea upwards points his twilight way,
 Leans to the work with steady arm and strong,
 And cheers his hard hoof'd helpmates with a song;
 Computes the product of the spacious field,
 And what each furrow which he turns will yield,
 Even now reaps all the future waving prize,
 And tow'ring ricks in rich perspective rise.
 Ended the healthful labours of the day,
 To home and happiness he bends his way.
 His faithful partner, in unstudied style,
 Welcomes his entrance with an honest smile,
 Then hastes to serve the plain but wholesome treat,
 Which health and labour join to render sweet.
 The clean swept hearth invites him to his chair,
 A peat form'd fire's retre-firing warmth to share,
 His dame and daughters three the distaff ply;
 The spinning wheels buzz round right merrily;
 His only son, alternate, ples his book,
 And whets a trippit in the chimney nook.

The father's eyes the busy group survey,
And thus he charts the evening hour away.

" Twelve springs, twice told, have now approach'd
Since, dame, I led you to the bridal bed— [and then,
Our worldly wealth was then, indeed, but light ;
But now, praise Heaven ! we be in better plight.
A faithful helpmate to me hast thou been,
As ever basted in the tanning scene.
Our daughters we have school'd with costly care,
And none trip trimmer to the church or fair.
Full well my husky gals besecm their place,
Though I, their father, speak it to their face.
And then our boy, —born, sure, to cheer our hearts !
Dane, I can judge,— he has amazing parts.
Ne'er did my heart partake a purer joy,
Than on last Easter Sunday, from that boy ;
Our good-mill pastor catechis'd that day,
Our hunk's children, on their best array ;
But, when the question to my William came,
Dost ever hear the like, my dainty dame !
Slow and distinct he spoke, and modestly ;
His voice was clear as parish clerk's need be ;
No word he mis'd, no stop he overran,
And ev'ry eye was fix'd upon our son.
The pastor nodded —and— I think—he smil'd,
As if to say, ' Well done, my charming child !'
Now these be signals great, good dame, I say—
He'll not be five till second Rosley-day.

But hold ! my cattle must be com'd and drew'd,
Then, in God's name, we'll all betake to rest."

OLD AGE.

FROM "THE RUSTIC."

Last, to Old Age the reverence due we pay,
 A theme congenial to the poet's day.
 The wise he courts, but lightly holds the fool
 Who makes old age the butt of ridicule.
 With kindness, critics, view th' imperfect page,
 And spare the poet for the love of age."

His dame no more, and many a year pass'd by,
 Again the farmer courts th' observant eye.
 Behold him now in intellect still clear,
 Though verging close upon his nanetieth year.
 The old man's arms no longer, now,
 Can wield the spade, or guide the crooked plough ;
 Yet rural works he ever holds most dear,
 And joys to view the toils he cannot share.
 He ev'ry day surveys the scene around,
 To note the culture of th' adjacent ground.
 " Ay, ay, this man is master of his trade,
 Fences well order'd, farms neatly laid ;
 Much here is seen to praise, scarce ought to blame ;
 This man is worthy of a farmer's name."
 But what is here?—as the next field he view'd ;
 " A crop of docks and thistles, rough and rude !
 From ev'ry hedge extended binary creep ;
 Woe to the hands that shall this harvest reap !
 This fellow's void of neatness, sense or care ;
 A farmer ! sloven ! by this stuff I swear !

I am no prophet, but may safely say
This man, ere tent day, breaks, and runs away."
Thus he proceeds t' inspect the cultur'd scene,
Or halts to rest upon the head land green.

'Tis Sunday ; and yon bell's faint tinkling sound
Summons to worship all the parish round.
Our sightless friend we here each Sunday meet,
Led by his daughter to his bench-form'd seat ;
To her exclusively this cate's devoted,
And much she glories in the dutious deed.
The church yard stile, of ancient date and rude,
Is worn with footsteps of the constant crowd ;
Funeral yews their spreading branches wave,
And cast a solemn shade o'er ev'ry grave.
Groups on the yet unshullock'd ground repose,
Boast loud their courage, and their country's cause ;
Or chat the village news, or plan a pease,
Or sink all France upon the narrow seas.
The bell has ceas'd ; the service now takes place ;
The pious pastor reads with lofty grace ;
His heedful flock, with decorous, thoughtful air
Make due response, and ponder ev'ry prayer.
His text the preacher reads, and reads again,
That all his hearers may the words retain.
No studied flights are from him heard to flow ;
He means t' instruct more than his parts to show ;
His plain discourse, enforc'd with pious zeal,
His flock attentive hear, and, hearing, feel.
Nor with the sermon does the Sabbath end ;
Further the duties of the day extend ;

The Bible on each cottage table's spread,
 And many a chapter in rotation read.
 Perchance some reader, than the rest more wise,
 A modest comment on the text supplies.
 With Israel's King they chant the pious lay,
 Their Maker's praise concludes the holy day.

Ere population throng'd yon northern land,
 When forests grew where now fair townships stand,
 Then own'd Northumbria's sons with pride,
 The good old Galpin as their heav'nly guide.
 With honest zeal, and apostolic rage,
 He loudly lash'd the vices of the age,
 Spar'd not ev'n kings, when kings were found in fault,
 And boldly charg'd them, "Govern as ye ought."
 Houghton, thy kind and conscientious lord,
 To worth and want assign'd the daily board;
 Plenty still grac'd his hospitable hall,
 And much he gave in charitable dole.
 The sons of poverty still sought his door;
 His good heart glori'd to relieve the poor.

Behold our friend, now bending low and blind!
 But still of vig'rous and retentive mind!
 On sacred truths his steadfast hope relies,
 And Faith assures his entrance to the skies.
 Beyond this earth he looks with pious eye,
 And pants to join heav'n's immortality.
 "Ere I go hence—my last advice receive—
 To die in hope—you must in virtue live."
 He clasp'd his hands, and heav'nward rais'd his eye,
 And thus expir'd, without a groan or sigh.



JOHN STAGG, THE BLIND BARD.*

JOHN STAGG—better known throughout Cumberland as “blin’ Stagg the fiddler”—was born at Bugh-by-Sands, near Carlisle, in the year 1770. His father was a taylor who possessed a small property in the village.

Stagg was educated for the church; but at an early period of his life an accident occurred whereby he lost his sight, which entirely broke up his studies for the pulpit. He afterwards eked out an existence by keeping a library at Wigton, and with fiddling at domestic, village wakes, and social parties. A curious contrast of life, verily for a young person to adopt! Anderson thus ludicrously introduces Stagg among the general scrimmage at the *Harlow Wedding*:—

“Blin’ Stagg, the fiddler, got a whack,
The box-on-back fell on his back;
And round his fiddle-stick they took,
‘Twas well it was nea wear;
For he sang, Wherry-wham, whiddle-wham,
Derry-cydes-dee.”

* We have been principally indebted to Mrs. Mc Mann of Manchester for the particulars contained in this brief sketch of her father's life.

He was married in 1790, and had issue seven children. Two of his daughters are still living—one in Manchester and the other in Liverpool.

About the year 1806, he took a leading part in an amateur dramatic company then performing in Wigton and other places. We have heard many strange tales told of how successfully his powers of sarcasm and irony were exerted against what appeared to be injustice or tyranny. At one time he laid bare the doings of one Mr. Bassile, workhouse keeper, who had become notorious, according to common report, for mixing *six* quarts of water with *three* quarts of milk ! and at another time he had a quarrel—a very pretty quarrel as it stood—with one of the Sir Oracles of the county, and successfully turned the tables upon him, for unjust sentences delivered from the magisterial bench.

Stagg removed from Wigton to Carlisle ; and afterwards lived in Manchester. About 1809 he visited Oxford, where he was the guest of the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, Chaplain of Queen's College, and the family of Dr. Paley. The blind man now seems to have won golden opinions from all sorts of men. We find that he was on intimate terms with most of the prominent men of the universities, some of whom encouraged him to publish his *Miscellany of the North*. We find, also, that he was a great favorite with the Duke of Norfolk, and was always invited to the Cumberland Anniversary of London when the Duke presided.

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'After manfully fighting the battle of life under great difficulties, John Stagg died at Workington in 1823, aged fifty three years.

The first edition of his poems—containing those in the Cumberland dialect—was published at Carlisle in 1804. Subsequent editions were issued at Workington in 1805, and Wigton in 1807 and 1808. *The Afflicted of the North* was dedicated to the Duke of Norfolk, and was first published at London in 1810. Other editions are dated Manchester 1816 and 1821. He also edited a *Selection of Poems* in 1815.

In personal appearance Stagg was a tall handsome looking man, and so active and spry were his general movements that his blindness was scarcely perceptible*. In many points of character he reminds us forcibly of Burns. He had the same warm hearted and generous disposition, the same independent cast of mind, the same fearlessness of

* This reminds us of an anecdote told of Joseph Strong of Carlisle, who was blind from his birth. He displayed an extraordinary skill in arithmetic, and was a good performer on the organ. At the age of fifteen he was recalled home to the care of his father, during the absence of a servant. When the congregation had retired, he proceeded to the organ, and entered and every part of the instrument. He was thus occupied till about midnight, when, having satisfied himself respecting its general construction, he began to try the tone of the different stops, and the proportion they bore to each other. This experiment, however, could not be concluded in so short a manner as the business which had before engaged his attention. The neighbourhood was alarmed, and cries were the consequence, as to the cause of the nocturnal stir; at length some persons mustered courage sufficient to go and

consequences, which has been known to return scorn for scorn to possessors of titles and wealth. Like Burns, too, he was a jolly rollicking fellow; he loved, he drank, he sang; he prided himself in being a true-born Englishman, and had a most amusing contempt for French frogs, French dancing masters, and French fiddlers. You discover very clearly what manner of man he was from his writings. You see his figure there before you distinctly outlined, and can fancy him no other than a stout and sturdy Cambrian; jovial, honest-hearted, and plain-spoken; with a merry laugh that rang through the whole house.

The great charm of Stagg's poems is their naturalness. We speak now of his writings in the dialect. Nothing can be more delightful than the heartiness of expression, the freshness of thought and feeling which pervades every line left us by this blind man, from his masterpiece, *Tom Knott*, downwards. He has produced and sung strains which reflect much of the actual life lived by the peasantry around him. He is at home among the rustic population of Cumberland; but awkward and commonplace whenever he leaves his native dialect and assumes a loftier flight. In his vigorous verses we possess a full

we what was the manner, and Joseph was found playing the organ! Next day he was sent for by the Dean, who first reprimanded him for the method he had taken to gratify his curiosity, but afterwards gave him permission to play whenever he pleased. Strong died at Carlisle in 1798.—*Wilson's Biography of the Blind.*

gallery of cabinet pictures. We there see country lads and lasses as they struggle in their own duty sphere of life ; as they dance, make love, and are merry at weddings, fairs, and "merrymects." We listen to the village gossip enjoying their crack in homely dialect round the winter fireside, and catch glimpses of the whispered conversation in the cottage home, and the stolen interview at the lonely farm-house where the moon is seen shedding its unwelcome light through the branches of some stately oak. Stagg's poems are evidently recollections of his own adventures. He seems to have known all his characters personally. He had a vast acquaintance with the little world in which he lived and moved, though it is probable that he possessed but a small share of book learning. He did not invent much ; the creative faculty was not his ; but has described whatever he attempted with graphic power, with wonderful freshness, and fine strokes of the broadest humour. It is astonishing with what force and truth he places the different characters before us ; and how quickly he dashes off a bit of flat, long-spreading Abbey-holme or Baghamsh landscape.

Of all our Cumberland writers, Stagg is the best portrait-painter. He has not merely drawn one side of the face, to omit a blind eye or any other defect, as Hannibal's painter did ; but has always attacked it in full front, and presented us with all its characteristic features and blemishes. Take his

Tom Kest is, an example. That strange mixture of courage, braggadash, and cowardice, has evidently been painted to the very life from some noted village character.

Tom Kest, leyle monie man in life,
Was pecked with an ill-given weyle,
Froze mornen till meet her mid-clack tongue
Died in his lags; and loudly sang
The clamour of her squeal-pappy throat,
Tho' aye 'twas said in mischief's tone;
Whate'er he did, whate'er transacted,
Or whether ill or well he acted,
Was 't as ye, for naught was vert,
An' Tib misca'd him day and neet,
Which made him wish his spouse univ'd
Full monie a tyme was at the deid.

And then again, what queer cronies he must have had; what strange acquaintance he must have mixed with before he was able to fix on the canvas such masterly groupings of old Cumberland worthies as are depicted in *The Bridewoman*, *Rosley Fair*, *Auld Long Syne*, and *The Honest Squire's Song*.

In Stagg's poems we find no artificial images, no fictitious raptures, sometimes he is coarse, sometimes vulgar, but all is simple, natural, and full of life and energy. His poetry bears the impress of a warm heart and vigorous intellect. Nor is it the less curious for its idiomatic and primitive forms of expression, than the faithful picture it contains of rustic manners and customs; and in these particular aspects alone it must possess a lasting interest.

JOHN STAGG'S SONGS.

THE HONEST SAILOR'S SONG.



DMk listen to my jovial song
Ye sons of stormy ocean,
Condemn me or commend me,
As fancy leads your notion
Though songsters frequently may err,
Yet think me not a railer,
For though I am a shaggy dog
Yet I'm an honest sailor.

When rattling thunder shakes the air
To fill the mind with horror,
And manners drossy'd behold
The scene with dread and terror :
When dreadful waves mountainous roll,
And tempests loud are howling,
A sailor, though a shaggy dog,
Should ne'er be heard a growling.

But patience, sirs, a while excuse
The sad account I give you,
No dastard base am I, d ye see,
Therefore will not deceive you .

For sailing's now in fashion grown
With every rank and station,
Since piracy and bartering are
The business of the nation.

There scuds a lady of eighteen,
With all her sails full spread, sirs,
Well rigg'd, d'ye see, from stem to stem,
And bearing right a-head, sirs;
But should some sprightly fopling buck
Attack her starboard quarter,
She'd soon abandon piracy
And heart for heart would barter.

The miser down his hatchets shuts
To all solicitations,
He values not the orphan's tears,
Or widow's lamentations;
But stup'd as the boisterous main,
He steers right off, and leaves 'em;
Then to the devil steers his course,
Who down hell's gang-way heaves him.

The holy parson from aloft
Bawls out to Heaven for quarters,
To save a single sinking crew,
Implores both saints and martyrs;
But stop his pay, and then you'll see
The ever zealous parson,
Will,—Bing like,—set his helm alee,
And sinners turn his back on.

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The statesman, too, down folly's stream,
Glides on with sails unbended,
But founders oft on credit's coast,
'Tis half his voyage is ended.
Split on the rocks of mortgages
He's forc'd to steer abaft, sirs,
Whilst lawyers take the weather gauge
And take him fore and aft, sirs.

Thus all the world, as well as me,
Are sailors in their kind, sirs,
Some, fool-like, stem the sea of life,
Some drive before the wind, sirs :
One common harbour, though they seek,
Yet are their courses various ;
Two founder, whilst one gains the port,
The channel's so precarious.

OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER! 1805.

Tho' the tempest of discord again gathers round
And threatens to deluge our nation,
Yet true British courage this ne'er can confound,
Unknown to the fears of invasion.
'Tis not Gallia's proud boast nor the menace of Spain
Can e'er make true Englishmen fear them,
Whilst our country stands firm and our tars rule the
main,
They can ne'er suppose danger is near them.

See, the ensigns of liberty float in the air,
 See, what loyalty glows in each bosom,
 Round the standard of freedom, see, millions repair,
 And dare those who scarce dare to oppose 'em !
 'Tis loyalty binds every rank to the cause,
 With one heart and one hand we engage, sirs,
 To stand firm by our country, our king, and our laws,
 And defy this proud Bonaparte's rage, sirs.

Should this Corsican ape with his train of baboons
 Ever hope here to land, he's mistaken,
 Let them come in their diving-boats, or their balloons,
 We'll assuredly smoke dry their bacon.
 From the bleak barren Orkneys to distant Penzance,
 Each heart glows with true emulation, [France
 And spurns with contempt the proud blusterings of
 And their damnable rage of invasion.

Thus these bog trotting croakets, our Gallian foes,
 Would contend with the sons of old freedom,
 And at surly John Bull toss each impudent nose,
 Who, indignant, refuses to heed them
 How unequal the means they propose for their end,
 How mistaken their insolent chat, sirs,
 Shall the frog-eating miscreants of Galba pretend
 To vie with the sons of roast beef, sirs !

May our Blakes and our Raleighs in memory long
 May the spirit of union firm lend us, (live,
 May the French when a hint of invasion they give,
 As prepar'd to receive them still find us,

'Tis the honour of England that calls us to arms,
To repel the proud foe we'll endeavour ;
We'll shrink not in dangers, nor start at alarms,
But 'll fight for Old England for ever !



JOHN STAGG'S POEMS.

THE BRIDEWAIN.

[The subject of the following poem, with many of the incidents it contains, may, perhaps, to some appear rather romantic and ludicrous; but to those who are intimately acquainted with the rural manners and simple customs of the county of Cumberland, I am confident that they will acknowledge every circumstance that has been introduced, nay, even what may appear the fanciful embellishments of this pastoral. When a youthful couple conceive a disposition to venture on the voyage of matrimony, with more love than money, the bridegroom generally engages two or three of his companions to assist him in canvassing round ten or a dozen of the adjacent parishes, where they invite all indiscriminately to assemble. On the day appointed, the country people, for many miles round, repair to the place where the marriage is to be celebrated, when a scene of truly rural festivity is witnessed. The exercises and various entertainments which add to the gaiety of this day of general merriment, are what chiefly occupy the subsequent verses. *Wm. Stagg.*]



' You that smudge at merry teales,
Or at devar-hon shyele,
Or goff and ginn at tuollments,
Now lend your lugs a wheyle;
For see an infair I've been at
As hes but seklöm been,
Where was see wallopin' an' war'k
As varra few hev seen

By neet or day.

But first I'll tell you how an' why
This parish bout begun,
An' when an' where, an' whea they were
That made a' this feyne fen.
First, you mun ken, a youthfu' pair,
By frugal thrift exceyted,
Wad hev a brydewain, an', of course,
The country roan' inveyted

Agan that day.

At Skinbunness, i' th' Abbey Holme,
This weddin' it was halden,
But afore the tyme arriv'd some friens
An' neythers first were ca'd on ;
Wi' them in counsil grave they fixt
What methods to proceed on,
An' a' the business there an' than
Was finally agreed on,

Clean thro' that day.

Next day a dozen li-h young lads,
Wi' naags weel grath'd an' hearty,
Wi' whip and spur, thro' stenk an' stoore,
Set off, a jolly party ;
Frae town to town leyke wey'd they flew,
Or house, where'er they spied yem,
An' iv'ry lad or lass they met,
I'th' house or out, to th' brydewain

They bade that day.

Thro' o'th Holme parish first they rode,
 Frae th' Auld Kail to Karkbreyde,
 To Adson, Bonnew, Banton, Bruff,
 An' roun' o'th' the country seyde ;
 An' monie a harlin' race they hed
 O're pasture, hill, an' deale,
 An' monie a coup an' keak they gat,
 An' monie a tift o' yell,
I'th' twood that day.

An' some rode east, an' some rode west,
 An' some rode fast an' far,
 An' some gat sae mislear'd wi' drink,
 They rode the de'il kens whar.
 Now th' auld guid fwoks that staid at heame,
 As thropweyfe they were thrang,
 An' meat an' drink, an' ither things,
 Reet moider'd were amang
Thro' a' that day.

Now a' their biddin' owre an' doun,
 Reet tir'd they heamward speed,
 But some at th' Abbey owre a quart
 Theirsells to slocken 'greed ;
 Then girt Joe Bruff gat on a thruff
 An' rais'd a fearfu' rout,
 That some day ruin at Skinburness
 They'd hev a parish bout
O'th' bree dewain day.

At last this sartin pack consent,
When dark, towards heame to draw,
Then down to th' C'wate, for t'other strote,
'They gallop yen an' a';
His next, the cheertu beeyde pot's drunk,
We dances, sangs, an' mirth,
An' middy sang sma' jobs are dum
That bus'ness may ca' forth
Some other day.

But now the lang-expected morn
Of merriment arrives,
Whyle helter skelter frae a' airts
I swarms the country drives,
The lasses in their teyne pauce claes,
The lads bath ungan souple,
Chare hull an' knowe, thro' sough an' woe,
Come tilim' mome a couple,
Hauf saim'd that day.

Frae Cawgoc, Brunkle, an' Crookdyke,
Frae Spectery, Bessal, an' Bowtan,
An' every parish coun' about,
The roads I swarms come routen.
An' mome a queer tair'd chiel was there,
An' mome an' uncot shaver,
Some wantin' mome, some wantin' sense,
An' some their best behaviour
Put on that day.

Thro' o'th' Holme parish first they rode,
 Frae th' Auld Kilt to Kirkcreeple,
 To Aikton, Bonness, Banton, Bruff,
 An' roun' o'th' the country seyde ;
 An' monie a harlin reave they hed
 O're pasture, hall, an' deale,
 An' monie a coop an' keak they gat,
 An' monie a tift o' yell,
 I'th' rwood that day.

An' some rode east, an' some rode west,
 An' some rode fast an' far,
 An' some gat sae mislear'd wi' drink,
 They rode the de'il kens whar.
 Now th' auld guid fwoks that staid at heame,
 As thropweyfe they were thrang,
 An' meat an' drink, an' ither things,
 Reet moider'd were amang
 Thro' a' that day.

Now a' their biddin' owre an' duin,
 Reet ur'd they heamward speed,
 But some at th' Abbey owre a quart
 Theirsells to slocken 'greed ;
 Then girt Joe Bruff gat on a thruff
 An' rais'd a fearfu' rout,
 That some day suin at Skinburness
 They'd hev a parish bout
 O'th' bree dewain day.

At last this sartin pack consent,
When dark, towards heame to draw,
Then down to th' Cragate, for t'other shew,
'They gallop yen an' a';
His next, the cheerfu' breyde pot's drunk,
Wi' dances, songs, an' mirth,
An' mibly some sma' jobs are dum
That bus'ness may ca' forth
Some other day.

But now the long expected morn
Of merriment arrives,
Whyle hither skelter hae aunts
T' swains the country drives,
The lasses in their slyne peace claes,
'The lads lookin' an' simple,
Ours hill an' knowe, thro' seugh an' sowe,
Come tillus' mome a coupae,
Hauf saim'd that day.

Frae Cosgrie, Bransfett, an' Crookdyke,
Frae Speabery, Bual, an' Bostan,
An' 153 parish round about,
The flocks o' swains coae townen:
An' mome a queer lard chiel was there,
An' mome an' unco't shaver,
Some wantin' mome, some wantin' sense,
An' some their best behaviour
Put on that day.

Frae Angerton queyte to Duddemill
 Nin new'd, as yen may say,
 But a' wi' yae consent seem'd met
 To mence this merry day.
 Wheyle Allonby turn'd out *en masse*,
 Ding dang, baith man an' woman,
 An' parish pranks 'mang Silloth larks
 They hed as they were comin'
 To th' Cwoate that day.

But it wad need a Homer's head
 Were I to tak' in han',
 To sing or say what fook that day
 Were there, or how they wan;
 For far an' near, an' God kens where,
 By common invitation,
 Wi' young an' auld, and great an' lial,
 Seem'd met on this occasion,
 Wi' glee that day.

In shewt to say upon this day,
 Frae yae nuik an' anither,
 Twes thousand were, frae far an' near,
 Assembled here together
 The rwoods were clean, the weather warm,
 The lasses a' luk'd preymly,
 An' whup for smack, the party pack,
 A' aimin' to be teymly
 O'th' sod this day.

Wi' easy ease the bluidan' luyde
An' saukb themselves are bressan,
Whyle some wi' pillion seats and sarks
To gear their nags are fessin'.
Wi' glentan' spurs an' weel clean'd boots,
The sark, an' neyze cweed brushes,
The luydegrooms roun' the madden pant
Proud as a peacock stretches,
Reet crouse that day.

Now hevy skeevy off they set
To the kirk, a merry crew,
Some gravely paid up the tumpake road,
Whyle some luyke lughtan' flew ;
Near at they a' gat there i' tyme,
The paster was ready waitin',
The wedders just took glut a piece
Whyle he his buk was loatin',
Frae th' kirk that day.

His lesson lund an' a set reel,
For work they gat wi' speed ;
You tak' this woman for your weyle :
The luydegroom grumph'd " Agreed !"
Ye young woman, promise here
To honour an' obey
Your spouse as a' he may require .
The luyde said, mantan, " N yea,"
We'll see some day.

Choose buckl'd now, the parson paid,
 Forth frae the kirk they waddled,
 An' thick an' threefou, han' ower head,
 Each leapt out ower his saddle.
 The lasses lap up hant their lobs,
 Some strullin' an' some seydenays;
 An' some there were that wish'd their lot
 Had been what Ann's, the begyle, was,
Ay, off that day.

A' hots'd agean, straight up th' town gear,
 Layke weyld fire off they flee,
 An' nouthar pool nor peet stack thuch,
 They're off wi' sec a bree.
 'Twas a fair start, it's a peeyne race;
 Winge you! how fast they gang;
 But yonder's Jerry Skelton lad,
 He's fa'in off wud a whang,
For seer this day.

And now they're fairly out o' seet,
 An' queyie down Gama kumme,
 Come, we man fettle up ourselfs.
 It's teyme ne sal be donnan,
 I wauk't hyke to be oare lang,
 Come, Jousap, Ibel, he ye!
 You'll sun be buss'd, an' am behin',
 I, fuknos, sal lang bye ye
O'th' rwoad this day.

Now th' well-dancers are at th' far end,
An' a' thro' ither croonin',
While th' fiddlers toes're at work i' th' leathe,
An' tuning their fiddles tuning,
Tom Flannagh, Tommy Haster, Stagg,
Now, haster as were they've led on,
An' they're i' ruzzlin' up their lous
To shake up "Cuddy's Weelmin'."
Wi' glee this day.

The bridle now on a cuppy stool
Sits down i' th' fould a' within',
With pointer dibbler on her lap
On which her tocher's gettin';
The tows, byke per in a keele pot,
Are jen thro' father mighin',
An' croons an' hant croons, thick as hail,
An' i' the dibbler jinglin',
Rest fast that day.

Not yen, that's owther mence or sheame,
Wad be that saathin' nany
As to hand back their gift, nay, some
Wad whuther in a guinea
Till mornin' as the fiddlers changg'd and play'd
As far as they could peg,
Till th' mornin' it was tickly dunn,
When back to th' barn to swag
They bows'd that day.

200 *John Stagg, the Blind Bard.*

Now loundrin' shares o' cheese an' bread
Are down their gizzards whang'd,
An' some there were could scarcely speak,
Their thropples were sae pang'd ;
But twa or three let-down's o' yell
Soon set their haws free,
When thus with pith restor'd yence mair,
They took anudder spree,
Till cramm'd that day.

Indeed there were some feckless fook,
That luk'd to be owre meyce,
That sold out nibbling peyk't and eat,
Just leyke as monie meyce ;
But then there were some yetherin' dogs,
That owre the lave had th' capsteane,
For some they said eat lumps as big
As Sammy Laak's lapsteane,
I'd' barn that day.

Their keytes weel trigg'd wi' solid gear,
They now began to gurgle,
Whyle yell in jugs an' cans was bought
An' held to iv'ry muzzle ;
They drank in piggons, peynts, or quarts,
Or ought that com' to han',
An' some they belt it down sae fast
They sein could hardly stan'
Theirsells that day.

At last some bish young souple lads
Then nags frae th' stable brought
An' off they set to try a race,
The prize was near to nought,
A rig tresp, braugham, pair o' beams,
Or something o' that sort;
Nae matter, tife as it was,
It made them furnish sport
O'th' sands that day.

Some for a pair of mittens loup'd;
Some wanted for a belt;
Some play'd at penance steans for brass;
An' some amangst got left;
Hitch step in loup some tried for sport,
Wi' nae mair a sair excitation;
Others for laves o' linceo gurn'd,
An' set hyske daft derarshon
Put owre that day.

Now some o'th' menceful mak o' fack
As soon as things were settled,
When they'd yence hed a decent snack
To set off beamenards settled;
But mome a yen there was that staid,
Auld sly boots that were deeper,—
An' Philip Mesher cried, "Hout, stop!
Gund drink was never cheaper
Than it's here to-day."

Full monie a reet good teyper com',
 As th' country seyde could brag on ;
 Nay, there were some that at a wan
 Could teem down a whole flagon.
 Wi' casks weel season'd frae a' nuiks
 These Bacchanahans gether'd ;
 An' some there were that clack't their keytes
 Till they were fairly yether'd
Wi' drink that day.

Some crack o' brandy, some o' rum,
 An' some o' wise far sought,
 That drink i' my opinion's best
 That we can get for nought ;
 That day i' this -came thought wi' me
 I wannev'd monie a seyper,
 For bleth'rin' Lanty Rutson gat
 As full as onie peyper,
Suin on that day.

Wi' fiddlin', dancin', cracks an' yell,
 The day slipt swiftly owre,
 An' monie a severe, 'or darknin', gat
 As drunk as they could glowre ;
 When girt Tom Carr, that man o' war,
 Com' stackrin' on to th' floor,
 He slapt his ham, an' cried, "Od dam,
 I'll box wi' onie here
That dare this day."

Then Watty Ferguson, provok'd
To hear this hauf-thock rattle,
Fetch'd him a fluet under th' lug,
An' sae began their battle ;
Clash to't they fell, wi' thumps pell-mell,
Whyle a' was hurdaen-dardaen ;
An' some among the skemmels fell,
An' others nearly smuir'd them
I'th' fray that neet.

Then up lap Lourie o' the Lees,
An' leyke a madman ranted,
A lang flail souple full'd his neef
That owre fooks heads he flaunted ;
He yoller'd out for Cursy Bell,
When last Yule eve had vex'd him,
But was sae daft he could not see
Poor Kit, tho' he sat next him
I'th' leathe that neet.

Kit gat a braugham in his han',
Wi' vengeance whur'd it at him,
The collar keted roun' his neck,
An' to the floor it pat him.
Loud weels o' laughter dir'd their lugs,
The fook were a' sae fain ;
An' whyle he sprawl'd wi' rage an' sheame,
Some cried out he was slain
Could dead that neet.

Twea ginnin' gibbies in a nuik
 Sat fratchin' yen anudder,
 As' nought wad sarra them but they
 Wad hev a match together;
 A single roun' for hauf-a-crown.
 The question was to prave,
 But t'yeen objected to the bet,
 An' said he'd box for luvie
 Or nought that neet.

Then off their duds these dusters dook,
 An' tir'd to their bare luffs,
 Beath reyk-lekye tuing roun' the barn,
 An' dealing clumsy cluffs;
 But Sir John Barleycorn sac sway'd
 Their slaps, they a' flew slant,
 Till a—e oore head they coap'd at last,
 Lang stretch'd r'th' madden-jant,
 Weel sows'd that neet.

The fiddlers bang'd up on their legs,
 Some fought, some swore, some hollod;
 The lasses, skirlan', clumb up th' mews,
 An' some slee hannich follow'd.
 But soin as a' this stour was laud,
 An' a' was whisht an' quiet,
 Bounce down they lap, the sport renew,
 Anodder spell to try at
 Their reels that neet.

Lang sair they kevel'd, danc'd and sang,
An' parkish dusts they hed,
Till it began to grow nar th' tyme
That fwek and gang to bed ;
The breydenants, a' wi' fuslin care,
The bryde, hauf-yuhldn', doft,
An' the blythe pair, in a han' clap,
Were guessend up i' th' loft,
Reet snug that meet.

The couple now i' th' blankets stow'd,—
A lot o' th' revelling bodies,
Unsatisfied, wi' yae consent,
Went beth'ring down to Lucy's :
Just leyke louse noets they hang'd up stairs,
Th' sang room it bunnid an' thunner'd,
An' some yaid thought t've brought down't house
About them warblent skunner'd,
Wi' noise that meet.

Here th' better mak o' them that com'
Wi' country dances vapour'd ;
But them that dought not try sec spees
Wi' jigs an' three-reels caper'd ;
Muff'd yell an' punch flew roun' leyke mad,
The fiddlers a' gat fuddled ;
An' mome a lad their sweethearts hed
I maks an' corners huddled
Unseen that meet.

Auld Deacon, wi' his puffs an' speyze,
 Was there ; wi' him Dog Mary
 Wi' snaps an' gingerbread gabware,
 Tho' neyze look ca'd them slairy ;
 But plenty naught o'th' secret knew,
 An' fast their brass were warm' ;
 An' th' lady next keynd the lasses treat,
 Wi' mome a teasty famo'
I' dreads that day.

At last 'twas gitten' queyze for day,
 The lay rocks shill were whashin',
 Wheyle yen by yen, queyze daid' an' deyle,
 O'th' rwood t'wards heame are wrustlin' ;
 But some wad yet hev t'other quart
 Before o'th' geate they'd venture,
 Sae ramu'd away to Richard Rigg's
 An' leyke mad owsen enter
Owe drank that day.

Here a' was yae confusion thoo',
 Loud crackin', fratchin', swearin',
 An' some o'th' hallan or th' mell deers,
 Their geyle-fat guts were cleannin',
 Wheyle lacco-reek breath but an' ben,
 Had full'd leyke a kiln logie,
 An' some that scarce could haud their legs
 Were dancin' the " Reels o' Bogse,"
Stark mad that neet.

Some heads an' throats were stretch'd i' th' nook,
An' hand as lions were snoutin' ;
Others, on blood an' gore a' clamm'd,
Were ryke-suck'd rattens ghazrin
The adders they i' th' parlour fought,
An' yen anudder pelted,
Tom Emanuel, kyke Mendoza fierce,
Poor Tommy Baxter welld
Rest sair that meet.

Quete in d at first wi' drink an' nose,
Haul' awaken an' haul' sleepen,
I haunwels fettle'd on, rest in d,
Just as the sun was peepin'.
Fad'anny a term I've thought sen syne,
On that same bidden wedding',
An' hewsen in prayer, to bless that pair,
I've legg'd, in board and bodden',
E'er sen that day.

A NEW YEAR'S EPISTLE

I dur' Weston, auld friend, how fen' ye i'
Wail this new year for better ken ye.
Oh, kyke us, rather ma' than man' ye
By its addition?
In set a case we've naught, depend ye,
But fwer'd submission.

But faith to glump ye I'd be sweer,
I wish ye luck o' this new year;
May friendly cracks and Christmas cheer
Relax your care;
Wi' health, lang leys, an' rowth o' gear
For ever mair.

Tho' guidness wi' this new year gift ye,
Another eken to your fifty,
As tho' by stap an' stap 'twad last ye
Clean ower the deyk ;
Yet let nae snafflin' cares e'er drift ye
To plean an' peyke.

Shezme fa' these pingin' gowks that grummel
That waste their teyme, an' munge an' mummel
'Cause they, leyke millions mair, mun crummel
In death's dark dungeon,
It's nonsense o' set stuff to jummel,
An' guff-leyke mungen.

Hout man ' what signifies repeynin'
Oore grankin', snifterin', rustin', tweyman',
If down leyfe's hill we be decleyman'
We cannot slack;
Than gang on decent without wheyman'
Or hingin' back.

Leyle, at the best, is nowt owre pleasin',
As every day some tash comes teasin',
An' oot enough the wheels want greasin'
To keep them gaen ;
Then brouce about nor tek see preesin'
To nate our awn.

They're peer il natur'd souls that cry,
This warl' is desitute of joy ;
We ken they lee, an' if they try
See thoughts are banish'd ;
Our lot of leyle's not fur a jy
If reetly mannish'd.

But if we willent be content
Wi' blessings see, as heaven has sent,
But obstinately wad prevent
Wise fate's decree ;
See took naim just pursae the bent
I' their own bee.

As for me, neylor, wheyle I'm heevin',
I'll ay be spyeite resign'd to heaven,
An' thanku' tak' the good things giv'n
For fear o' forfeit ;
Last, for the smark, I, past retrievin',
The substance forfeit.

What, if the hand of fate unkind
 Has us'd us freely, need we payne ?
 Tho' you've lost your sweet an' aye meyne,
 We cannot mend it :
 Let us be glad the powers Divine
 Nae war's extendit.

Let us—sen leyke is but a span—
 Still be as canty as we can ;
 Rememb'ing heav'n has order'd man
 To practise patience,
 An' not to murmur 'neath His han'
 Leyke feckless gations.

Methinks I hear you cry, " Hout, stop !"
 " An' let see feckless preachments drop ;
 " Thou meynds me weel o' some foul sop
 " I'dh' pulpôt rantin'."
 Wey, than, we'll frae this subject pop
 An' cease this cantin'.

Yet, man, it's lang sen we, together,
 Hae had a crack wi' yea another,
 An' now I'm nouthar leath nor ither,
 If ye've a meynle,
 To range first t'ye part an' than t'other
 Of auld lang syne.

Of all the scenes in life's long round,
Sweet youth's hours thou canst be found,
With pleasure thou dost meet abound.

Thrice happy times—

W' joy quite perfect, fair, an' sound,
Unclogg'd by crime.

Children of love, the kithin' clan
First with blitheness unconscious heart,
W' a the pleasure painful smart.

See passions awn,

An' raptures dul thro' every part
Before unknown.

Then doubly sweet the life's rock lang,
We see the sweet to the cross's sprang,
An' in the grave, w' gladsome chang.

Their joy confess'd :

An' happiness, the heav'n day lang,
Glow'd in each breast.

On that season I reflect,

That, when possessed, I did neglect,
For which myself I now correct,

Tho' owre an' past ;

But which I ever must respect,

Aye, to my last.

Chit'ry ones I think, by mem'ry led,
What curious arguments we've had,
Or crack'd away, till gaun to bed
Was quite forgotten,
An' at the lave, by sleep over-sped,
Were round us sittin'

Sometymes i'll' winter nests, when dark,
We'd into th' Ladies' Dances park,
There, w' charade or rebus stunk,
We'd hev a bout,
An' monie a teyow we'd puzzlin' work
To feed them out

Sometymes we'd politics in han'--
The king, the law, the recto' of man,
The parish clerk, the emperor's ban,
Just as it chang'd ;
Each art an' science nor as' than
By turns advanc'd

For subjects we but seldom sought,
They gaily oft were led to naught,
Ne'er ask they of amusement brought,
An' that was plenty ;
We freely spak' whate'er we thought
Without being scented.

But shough 't what if these teymes be geane,
An' distance parts us, need we greane ?
We're noother on us left our leane.

What need o' grievin' ?
We now an' then can meet again
Wheyle we're beath leevin'.

Ay, lad, be seer, whene'er I can,
I'll come an' see you now an' then,
To hear an' see how matters stan'
'Mang th' Brough-seyde brooks;
Or what new clish-ma claver's gaun,
Or jibes or jwokes.

For still I moun rather ease my meynde—
Than is but onre despoil'd to meyne—
For I am nat on auld lang seyne,—
That happy season,—
For which thro' th' love o' heyle we payne,
An' guid's our reason.

You moun ' there's pleasure in recitin'
O'er o'nes that yence were soe mounin' ;
An' even now I feel delight be,
By fair reflection,
The varra things which here I'm writin'
Frae recollection.

Fell memory, like a mirror true,
Each youthful pasture leads to view,
And we with eagerness pursue
The fond delusion,
Rangin' the pleasure labyrinth thro'
In world confusion.

The steel-kent haunts I visit keen,
Or, saunterin', pore the pebbled green,
Where once a festive boat has been
An' jocund turn.
Ah, man! the days that we have seen
Mun ne'er return.

"Thro' th' heavily lark-garth as I stray,
Sargamish heaps o' kindred clay
In dumb mutation seem to say,
 Wi' ghastleyke ca',—
"Stop, neighbor, on awhile survey
 The end of a'."

Here my young gay companions sleep ;
On antlers in yon mouldering heap
Some lovelier female form I weep,
 * An ling may mourn ,
Or wif the briny tribute steep
 A parent's urn.

But, friends, quit this mournful scene,
Sorrow's not but heart in spleen,
We to our reason should be true

To melancholy :

For, says our fat cure few, I ween,

T' excuse this folly.

Now let's be happy where we may,
As late as but like a winter day,
An' let our heart itself stay

To reel of t'rest on't ;

Let none of us be not long to stay,

He meakin' t' best on't.

If nature kindly shall supply
A' our desires, let us enjoy
Her bounties, give us then a joy

The gracious deed ;

For our needs we apply

In pinchin' need.

But it be worth our best me's kin'
Weeplang, an' t'reachin' smazin' sin',
Let us with our hands withstand

The lash extended ;

Awa' thing, come by heaven's command,

An' whea can mend it?

Still be your lot that happy state,
 Unken'd by a' th' extremes of fate
 But peace and plenty on you wait
 Clean thro' your life;
 An' may nae skeath, at onie rate,
 Mishear your wife.

Lang be your heart and happy's health;
 Ne'er may your constitution geale;
 But cups o' drink and gude lythe keale
 Cheer up each day,
 As lang as th' beck down Seggin Deale
 Shall wind its way.

But now, my friend, guid evening to ye,
 It's turning leate, sae peace be wi' ye;
 I've naught, except my prayers, to gie ye.
 Ye ken me true;
 I'll some day soon pauk owre and see ye,
 Till then adieu.

Wigton, Jan. 1st, 1805.

AULD LANG SEYNE.

Whilst some the soldier's deeds emblaze,
 An' talk of sieges and campaigns;
 Or some the wily statesman praise
 Wheer hands of government the reins;

On others range the rhymers' verse,
An' ax' the micht' sentence feyne ;
Be myne the business to rehearse
The pitiful tums of auld lang seyne.

I never happy days of past delight,
That slung teyne whur's fast away,
When pleasure sang'd on ev'ry night,
An' sports beguil'd the leevy lang day :
Twice then, for worldly fash I knew,
For love or loss had gar'd me payne,
Ther on, well pleas'd, I wad renew
The gl'rius page of auld lang seyne.

Yens, on a clachy winter meet,
Quene maid w' longing i' th' nook,
I pith'rd out as chance wad bet,
An' to a neighbor's house I took ;
Ther in was gady up i' years,
An' seem'd fast to life's decayne,
An' some o' fimsy tale could tell
O' aptans than i' auld lang seyne.

When yik moss-troopers, loworder breid,
To rive and pillage flock'd to arms,
Th' wad thin that a donnet led,
Hous'd into Chamberlain's arms ;
Our kye, our nose, off they drove ;
Our gear, our graith, our nags, our sweyne ;
An' noom a lass, her luvless love,
Was left to wail for auld lang seyne.

Yence on a time a hangiell gang
 Com' with a bend ower the sea.
 Wheyle flock an' herds they gat d them spang,
 An' put o't country in a breeze;
 Up a dark burnin' fast they rode,
 Thinking to shelter their deseyne,
 Hoping them as haud to meak guid,
 As monie a tyme they'd dum lang seyne.

Kemp Dobbie, as they canterin' com',
 First spy't them; but quo' he, "Ne'er ak,
 Divent be flut o' them, lad Tom.
 But let's cower down i' this deyke-back."
 Sae said, an' humly cowering sat,
 Up brow'd the tustrels in a leyne
 Till rest formentst them, up they gat
 An' roar'd, "Now, lads, for aukland seyne."

Back, helter-skelter, panic-struck,
 T'wank heame they kevel'd, yen and a,
 Nor ventur'd yen an a—wards look
 For fear he'd in the gōlers fa'.
 Thus single twa abuin a sowne,
 Druce sleek frae their course deseyne;
 An' yet, tho' dishevel may glory,
 This really com' to pass lang seyne.

Thus, thro' the lingsome winter nests,
 O' curious teales see north he'd tell,
 O' Brownies, ghosts, and flaysome weets,
 Enough to flay the auld yen's cell;

As how when witches here were teyle,
Keet some folk they gart to peyne ;
An' Michael Scott's * strange fearful leyle,
He tell, neet gleesomely, lang seyne.

Neet yow e gat Criffell on his back,
To see ye hie luke, as stonies tell ;
Hie wha' * his guttins gey a crack,
An' doan his bonny bairn fill.
Yald Nick and Scot yow'er kempt, they say,
We could it escape frae sand could tweyne,
E bairn begg'd him out o'poo Michael, "Nay,"
Nae lang'd the deed at that lang seyne.

We end ma clatter cracks, and jukes,
My mind and me the evenings pass'd,
Unknowin' hie wad fine fowks,
E nae wad o' the whistlin' blast.
We need nae cauld, what necht mair ?
E nae necht need we an guttins tweyne,
The end o' me an' common simple prayer
Was ap, "God be wi' auld lang seyne."

* Michael Scott, a celebrated philosopher of the 13th century, who was killed by the witch women caused him to go to the other world for a night. According to the old story, this black art is of Oxford and there was but a strong reason he could not do. Some say he was from the village of Ulham in Cumberland, and others at Melrose Abbey.

Sometymes he'd talk in wondrous rhymer
 About t' Rebellion, and how the Scots
 Com' ower, and what see parish rhymer
 They had to lude their butter-pots,
 A' mair o' gear t' sacks they had,
 Toth' tell they drove heathbeasts and swyne,
 Man ' it wad chail thy verra lude
 To hear o'th warks o' auld lang syne.

Yet tho' see brullments galore
 Oft snap'd the quiet of our days,
 Yet, God be thank'd, this awa' stoure
 Sun ceas'd, wi' a' its feary phraise,
 Then smaln' peace yence mair rest wad
 Content or joy to every meynd,
 An' routh an' plenty crown'd each becard,
 Nae mair we met for auld lang syne.

Oh, weels me ' on those happy rhymer
 When a' was freedom, friend-shup, joy,
 Or gaughty preysle or meanlike rhymer
 Were kent our comforts to destroy,
 Nae thoughts of rank engag'd the soul,
 But equals seem'd the squire and heynd,
 The lord and duffer, cheek by cheek,
 Wad sit and crack of auld lang syne.

'Twas then, that nun, however great,
 Abuin his neybut thought his sell,
 But lads and lasses went to meet
 Wi' merry changs their beales to tell;

Fire house to house the rock gards went
T' the winter eerts when t' moon did shane,
When lonesome songs and blythe content
Beguid'd the hours of auld lang seyne,
Lang snick'd out owre the clean hearth-strane,
T' be li k their soker stations tunk ;
Wherle to beet on the elden,* yen,
A t' auld gud man, sat i' the muck,
When Christmas cum' what strong mark,
We sweet muck h'd goes and hunkans feyne,
An' up darts constantly by dark,
Fire Yule to Christmas lang seyne.
But soon as muling spring appears,
The farmer leaves the ingle seyle,
His rags he girdles, his ploughs he gears,
For a' the winters he pranceysle ;
Eithe as a t' rock owre the rig,
He lits thro' mome a lonesome leyne,
An' sooty crops o' beans an' lugg
Neer yot muck up for auld lang seyne.
There a' the joys the seasons bring,
Noo, loom, hay time ! comes hyke thee,
Weel pleas'd wi' blythe the lasses sing,
The lads dave on wi' hearty glee,
Rashly they stoke the scatterin' swathe,
We zigzag hing the reapers tweyne,
An' sylin' swats their haffets bathe.
See wark was meyne, weel pleas'd, lang seyne.

* To put the wind or fuel on the fire.

But hay time owre, an' harvest com',
 Shik ripe an' ready to be shewme,
 See how the kempian sheeters dum,
 An' rise an' lum an' shook their curn,
 At dakin' canty beame they turn,
 Where a dunc suppet pangs than beyne,
 Or, if they're dum, a riving karn
 Meks up for punchery lang-seyne.

Best, best of a', comes Chindlar,
 Frae every airt the young folk drave,
 The lads weel down'd, the lasses fair,
 Joy in their een, their bosoms hure,
 Wi' loopen', dancin', and delay.
 Wi' nice shourt keaks, sweet punch, an' wine,
 An' see leyke things they spent the day.
 I here snare sportsman leyke auld lang-seyne.

Thus, vers'd in legendary tale,
 This auld-tar'd chronicle could tell
 Things that ven's varra lugs wad scale,
 Or what to thieve, that betell,
 But huping fast on his' drow'd ill,
 His prejudice wad saur me leyne
 To thank the present naught but ill,
 An' naught wad dow but auld lang-seyne.

Frae sympathy, as strange as true,
 E'en I his notions seem'd to catch,
 For far-gane teymes when I review,
 I'm with the present leyke to fratch.

Yes, there's a secret pleasure springs
From retrospect, that soothes the melody,
Rethinks us back to fancy images
The joyous hours of auld lang syne.

I recall ye moments of delight,
A hazy scene I lang may mourn,
Nor mind ye cheer my anxious sight,
I hope I see ye shall return
I see a dawning hour, the sun of youth
The weary age man cease to shewne,
And stoutest hearts confess the truth
The present's naught byle auld lang syne.

But whether 'tis the partial eye,
With glass untried, dazes the scene,
The good things past resolve to naught,
And deem the present with our spleen,
I know not — nor I care I know,
Our past misfortunes we'd perpetrate
To atone, whilst our present we
Make over the joys of auld lang syne.

I roam I range the weed-bent haunts
Of past amusements, youthful ides,
We amuse — strange my low-toned puns
For what peace was, for what now is,
Each day I read some farthest hour
Of past or dreamt beings to my mind,
Each other shade an silent power
To look the joys of auld lang syne.

Then doubly sweet the blackbird sang.
 Wi' tenfold beauties smil'd the grove,
 Creation round yae chorus rang,
 "Thas pleasure's tune inspir'd by luive;
 But when auld age, wi' slavin' han',
 Shall roun' the heart insidious tweyne,
 'Tis then we see, an' only than,
 The present's nought leyke auld lang seyne.

TOM KNOTT.

Tom Knott, leyke monie sair in leyfe,
 Was pester'd with an ill-gien weyfe,
 Frae sworn to meet her wall-clack tongue
 Dirl'd in his lugs, and loudly rung
 The clangour of her squeel peyple throat,
 Tho' aye twas tan'd in mischief's note,
 Whate'er he do'd, whate'er transacted,
 Or whether ill or weel he acted,
 'Was a' as yen, for nought was rect,
 An' 'til murder'd him day and neet,
 Which meade him wish his spouse uncail,
 Full monie a tyme was at the deil,
 But this he aye keep'd to his sell,
 An' tho' aggriev'd, durst never tell,
 Because he knew rect neel wad he
 Set up his gob, directly she
 Would kick up hell's delight i'th' house,
 Which meade him mum as onie mouse,

An' smool leyke, yield a fawn'd submission,
To what he deem'd a deil's condition ;
But tho' to keep a quiet leyfe,
I can't easily kenne'd till his weyfe,
Yet now and then, he'd raise a dirdum
Sae loud that haud aith' town might heard him,
But this was o'er at the Blue Bell,
When met wad naa' thicks leyke his-sell,
There came a Nanny Newton's yell ;
For then wad tell a parish tale,
Wad raised a rout, and raise a rumple,
An' some time wad be yug to thump us,
For his experience aft we see
When wad come taste of liberty
That he betwixt oppression hie,
Still toom'd it extreme min run,
And Jock the meast oppress'd, still wou'd
Beetle greatest talents if they cou'd ;
But he wou'd know when it beame,
Amongst a' gadman but past the beame,
Wad, when he reaved a pul in house,
Tuck in his lute, an' dree his clouse,
An' hummer ower wads, as vain
As if the town was a' his ain.

It chanc'd, on Hallowe'en, that Tom,
We Hairy, Luck, an' Seyme, cam',
An' some jotters leyke his-sell,
For we wad be at the auld Blue Bell,
As quait fast after father follow'd,
Ther smuk'd, they drank, they sang, they holla'd,

An' lang before the mid next hour
 Were a' as drunk as they could glowr,
 Loud noise, by some ca'd disputation,
 For want of better conversation,
 Employ'd this open thropp'd crew,
 An' nonsense frae a' quarters flew,
 An' things were said, as reason ended,
 Unmeaning, and as unintended.
 Tom unbitage took at winkin' Wat,
 When something said, he knew not what,
 Ne'er a'k, it matter'd not a tardin',
 Tom gaster'd, Watty begg'd his parkin',
 It was a' yen—"Now, dam thy snout"
 I've here, if thou's a man, turn out'
 Thou's nae a' bryme run th' rig o' me
 For leyte or nought, but now let's see
 What mak' o' stuff thou is when tried,
 Thou needn't gley me, I'll yark thy hide'
 I'll larn thee to cock mouth, till I'
 An' teach thee better manners, Billy'
 The room was fall of noise an' racket,
 Tom dot'd his neck both, but an' racket,
 An' lyke a ma' huan stamp'd the floor,
 When waked luck' the entry door
 Just at that instant get a crack,
 In bang'd Tom's weyfe, she couldn't speak,
 Rage tied her tongue, or else she wauld,
 Tom peevish with humor stool,
 A besom-thank her hand first met,
 Wit which she, lyke a vengeance, set

Upon his ready bare meade back,
An' clackt him mome a scondie smack
O' his scydes an' shoulders, crang an' crown,
Tunt the blind ran sportin' down;
At that lat summer outgait fan',
An' thus the rartipour began—
"I hear nisty guid for weathin' dog!
Here is thou drunk as my hog,
Wherby the hours—a bonny speech indeed—
Mun sit without a bryte of bread,
Or thou'st a momey's hartin' set,
We'll thou deserves the pikes that dis'ta.
An' you, —el gart, let on you a'!—
A set o' daisies to draw
I wad' send away to the public houses,
An' set to head your mad meet houses.
O, mome stops me, but I'd jump
I wad' get o' yeh about your scope!"
So sayin', she clack'd an' bath her neeves
The glass an' stops an' on the thurs
The mome stop'd, at Seamus's chafts she dash'd
The point, the glass at Jack she dash'd;
An' when the man to throw she had
She clapp'd her hands an' skur'd for mad.
Long was the storm was louder getherin',
An' flut a gitten toddler ketherin',
I thought it as prudent to retire
As stan' an' leave a second fire,
So tho' the snow stark neak'd he got,
Without yence spearing for his shot;

Tib, leyke a fury, cursing ether,
 An' he, tho' swift, had nae book left her,
 For breath gat nearly beame together,
 As speyie sped yen an' freet the ither.
 Here was a fearful' alteration,
 Wi' ill far'd beames, noise an' vexation ;
 Tho' Tom, peet man, not mickle said,
 But slipp'd off quietly to bed,
 Yet Tib you might her heard a mule hence,
 Till sleep had stunk'd her gob in silence.

Oh, man ! oh, man ! what pety 'tis,
 That what we hope our highest bliss
 Sud disappoint us, nay, what's worse,
 Sae oft turns out a real curse :
 It shows man's want o' fore-seet truly,
 In not con-sidering matters duly,
 And gives him mome ill far'd coups,
 Wha, gawk leyke, lukes not fore he loup,
 But shough' what signifies reflection,
 To streyle let's never add dejection.
 Tom had enough o' this at beame
 When th' meagrans took his stingy deame ;
 But what o' that ! he now an' than
 Could be a muddlin' happy man ;
 Which shows that human disposition
 Is seldom fix'd in yae condition.

Tho' leately Tom hed sec a brail
 An' hey-by wi' his weyfe, unholy,
 When, to avoid her clamorous jaw,
 He skelp'd stark-neak'd among the snaw,

Yet scarce a month was ower or mair,
When Iom, returnin' frae the fair,
Met his three comrades on the road,
An' he, a silly sockless pood,
God kens, suer' inspiration war'd,
When thus our trypurs wae weel marrow'd,
To gae an' pore anither bucker
O' Nanny Newton's nappy liquor.
In hame'd our neybars better skelter,
For each o' us at a shote a smelter,
An' he that farthest could advance
As thought he had a double chance ;
Yoursen, quairt fellow'd quairt as fast
As if each o' us had been their last,
An' a the tootsome gits as merry
As if the yel'd dranken sock or slatter ;
I wae the leysyd dancish mix clatters,
An' crack'd on mae different matters,
Some teymes on trade, some teymes on war,
Some teymes on countries, God kens whar,
When secude, that auld fashion'd hannel
Wae was as str as ome Daniel,
Declar'd to him twas parish strange
That yel'sad work wae muckle change
It fawks especially, says he,
As we've beheld, fraen' Iom, in thee,
For generally, we maun allow,
In laithments thou art nae cow,
Nay, for a pinch wad risk thy leyfe—
But when a rampus wi' thy weyfe

Breaks out, 'tis then a chang'd affair,
 Thou has not half a word to spare.
 Why, man, she kelt'd thee kyke a bog,
 An' chid'd thee kyke a cwooky dog,
 An' than, see ill far'd neemes she said thee,
 'Thou wad be vex'd foin, I'll uphold thee
 Hamme' I'd try to mend this matter,
 An' beeyolk her unkind clatter
 Tho' 'Toun a husband was at heathen
 Was not at every place the scunner,
 His stomach us'er could I hauck adveice,
 Especially to put it o'er my vice.
 His weyfe the subject for, he upon her
 But then you see it touch, I ha' lost out.
 Ay, there's the thing, that rased the racket,
 Ayeen off flew cwoot, sark, and socket,
 Without a why or wherefore speering,
 He raise kyke one deydil wogering,
 His thumps at random dealt pell well,
 Beneath his strokes a thresome fell
 A three he beat, thairce ask'd his heife,
 Went heame — was pack'd again by th' weyfe.

ROSLEY FAIR.

[The following is told in an extensive tract of country, stretching from the coast of Wigan. When Stagg wrote his poem, fifty years ago, these fairs stood, at much more numerous intervals, than at present. There is no doubt but the increasing gathering of the poor, behind the millstones. Men of ~~the same~~ ^{the same} ~~national~~ ^{national} ~~names~~, ^{names} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~quarters~~ ^{quarters} ~~flashed~~ ^{flashed} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~crowd~~ ^{crowd} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~poor~~ ^{poor} ~~men~~ ^{men} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~such~~ ^{such} ~~like~~ ^{like} ~~fraternity~~ ^{fraternity}. At the fair, a crowd of a few score of horses and horned cattle only.]

Of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~games~~ ^{games}

Let ancient rhymers sing,

Let ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names}

In noisy numbers sing ;

Of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names}

~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names}

No ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names}

Forks keyke o' us to scan

I'th' present day.

Two thousand years are o'er an' mair

Since ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names}

As to the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names}

Then ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names}

What ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names}

For ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names}

For ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~names~~ ^{names}

Hev merrier instituted

In latter days.

For what ava'd their ramish routs,
 Wi' Sampson-leyke exertions,
 Their broken nappers, saylan snouts,
 Could that be ca'd devar-doons !
 Not Athens, tho' for sense renown'd,
 Nor Thebes could e'er compare
 For pasteymes ver as may be found
 Each year at Rosley Fair.

O'th' second day.

Here muth and merchandise are mix'd,
 There love with tumult rages,
 Here fraud an' ignorance are fix'd,
 An' sense with craft engages ;
 Sly villany hauds out her han
 Your pocket nooks to reyle ;
 An' clouds are rais'd o' your an' can',
 Enough auld Nick to steyle,

O'th' hill this day.

See frae a' quarters, east and west,
 I droves th' country coming,
 Wheyle flocks o' nags an' kye are press'd
 By flocks o' men an' women ,
 Buss'd i' their best the blythesome troop
 Bang forat helter skelter,
 Wheyle monie 'mang the mangled group
 O'th' geat were fit to swelter

Wi' heat that day.

Here pedlars frae a' parts repair,
Beath Yorkshire beytes and Scotch freak;
An' Packleys wi' their fine lin' ware,
Tho' a' deseyn'd to botch freak;
Cheat that cheat can's the common rule,
Fooks a' cheat yen anither,
For he that's nowther knave nor fool,
Godseake! what brought him hither
To th' fair this day.

See, mounted on an auld grey meare
Led forth in pompous preyde,
Auld Raster falkin' through the fair,
Wi' th' bairns by his side;
Ther was as muckle as to say,
The myst is fairly started,
Now you may up an' cheat away,
For nae man shall be thwarted
That's here this day.

Now for a beek—'od seake, stan' clear!
Nor look for future evils,
A' Bewcastle's broken louse—see there,
They're ga'n leyke stark-mad deevils;
Wi' whup an' spur they rive away,
An' drive down a' befure them,
An' heaps on heaps are whur'd away
Or leam'd;—the vengeance rwear them,
For brutes this day.

Here an' de rows o' tents are stretch'd,
 The grass-green common beg'd on,
 An' buggin, reddy cook'd, is fetch'd
 Frae Piccadilly, an' Wigton;
 Wi' rowth o' spuds, weynes, and yell,
 In bottles an' in barrels,
 That will, ere neet, direct my teale,
 Ferment a power o' quarrels
 An' streyfe this day.

See Sawney, wi' his auld dand yark,
 Just cum'd frae Ecclefechan,
 Gallin' the gunner wi' a gad,
 Tho' leyke a porpoise peighan;
 He wantais her soon' an' an' haw'
 As onie o' the hill,
 Tho' fent a ven wad credit him
 That's another veet or skill,
 A word that day.

Patrick O'Flague, wi' his cloth,
 Comes on among the rest,
 And tells his dealers with an oath,
 'Tis better than the best:—
 "This yark, which cost me hales a crown,
 " For eighteenpence I offer,
 " By Jesus, man, I'm quite tom down,
 " Which forces me to proffer
 " So cheap to-day."

Here's Yorkshire unpuilence, d'ye see,
Advancin' for a brek,

Just as'n they ~~was~~ as much as he,
Kens he'll consent to tek :—

"Here's murther, but a coat cloth here,

" Yes, more at chep, believe me,

" Fix of the bonest 'ood, I swear ;

" Mon, thank ye I'd deceive ye !

" Not I this day."

Look, where t'li' rook o' yonder tent

Yon crew are dily smugalin'.

I wait out yon crew that gang are bent

To tek, took in by jugglin'.

Some out purse, dou for naughts, nae doubt,

To tek, took in by jugglin'.

An some t'li' crew, neel laden out

May gang tek out a skellin'.

Off hearns this day.

Whist ! what's yon noise among yon crowd,

Yon rustin' an' huzzain'.

Where troops, to skul an' drums beat loud,

Yon organs sweet are playin'.

" Here, walk we, gentlemen, and see,"

I claim a holthrust fellow,

The king and royal family,

And Nuk and Punchinello,

" In style this day.

" Here's eagle, ostrich, and macaw,
 " Wi' the fam'd horse o' knowledge,
 " Who more sagacity can show
 " Than twenty fools from college;
 " A thousand tricks by cards he'd tell,
 " Each one esteem'd a wonder,
 " And all the pack he knows so well
 " I never knew him blunder
 " By neet or day.

" See the huge elephant advance,
 " Of men he'd carry thirty,
 " A thousand leyke him sent to France
 " Wad crush proud Bonaparty;
 " Here's the fierce tiger from Bengal,
 " Th' opossum from Savannah,
 " The royal lion and jackal,
 " The lynx and fierce hyaena,
 " Alive this day.

" Do walk in, gentlemen, walk in,
 " The price is only threepence—
 " We're just a going to begin -
 " You two step in for fi'pence.
 " You ne'er have seen in all your days,
 " So fine a show as this is,
 " Go where we will it gains the praise
 " Of gentlemen and misses
 " On every day."

Come, Josiah, I think we'll shift our stan',
An' see what's yonder hawlin' ;
Winge ! lad, it's a quack doctor man,
His drugs an' nostrums callin' —
" Here are the pills that cure all ills,
" An' sleppe off ev'ry evil,
" The cramp, the stick, the pox, the itch,
" Nay, that wad kill the deevil
" If here to-day."

See hushum dushum, dost, an' din,
Wi' shusman an' physician,
Yen'd think that they here meeght Babel fin',
Class'd for a new edition.
The noise o' hangers an' o' hulls,
O' drums an' dibblers juglin',
O' cawes an' carles an' clatter'd skulls,
Are leyke confusoun minglin'
Reet loud this day.

But let us step into the Camp House
An' see their dancin' spees,
There we may crook our hams an' bouse
A wee bit at our ease ;
There we our various cracks may ha'd
On ilka thing that passes,
An' watch the water castin' lad,
O' some our bonny lasses,
Unseen this day.

Wi' merry lilt the nodders chang,
 The lads an' lasses bicker,
 The drink o' auld toasts sax strong
 'Twa'd tick an' auld tang nicker.
 Some sit an' rub their shins feet sad,
 Full o' a' w' simily knocks,
 Others wi' kevin key go mad,
 Sweet legke as mune bonks,
I'th' room this day.

Here, kin'leady, some mair shoon licks,
 An' meng us up thar glasses,
 Fiddlers screw up your strings, for tides'
 We'll hlt up *Sombody's* tunes.
 An' hey, for our town lads' sum tack,
 An' let's have room to rally,
 We'll thump away till a' be black,
 Weel falg'd my sony Sally,
Thou's meyne this day.

Here a' seems happiness throughout,
 Long be your pleasures lastin',
 The punch and cait laves about,
 An' few are here black tistin'.
 Ilk lad now hugs the lass he aykes,
 Wheyle some her hand caresses,
 Unless some wren ill natur'd teykes,
 That can't if th' lasses warren
At th' fair this day.

But we'll again our matty shawl
An' stroll about together,
We'll not give yae place a' our gift
An' hae naught for another ;
A thousand thanks yet unseen
We'll ha' at different places,
I see in a tent we hev'n't been,
Not seen hant th' bonny leaves
That's here this day.

Let's tak a saunter thro' th' horse fair,
An' ha' some cheap jargon,
We'll see them cheep an' lythe them lee
Oursel' mair a gallan's bargain,
For the waster an' heurs the hell
For the waster, waster, and dealers,
And can be spoken, some folks tell
They've not been horse stealers
In there away.

* Fifty years ago Blinnsdale was much infested by dealers in horses and cattle, who were "Blinnsdale gypsies." There were gipsies, and a few Irish and Scotch land-lords, continual battles and quarrels, and other squires were a big name. One of these squires attempted to be murdered himself so as to get his name by claiming he died, alleging that he was a brother to one "Jack" both, I must doubt it, quoth the curry Scotchman, "the worst piece of the cloth in aye at the widge."

Look, leyke mad bulls they bang about,
 Wi' shouts their throopies riving,
 Whyle whip for smack the rabble rout
 Are yen owre t'other driving ;
 Perdition seems to mark their gait
 Wi' rage and wilfu' murder.
 Some safer but we'll try to laite,
 An' pauk on rather further
Frae skail this day.

Queyte roon' the hill we'll tak' a range
 An' view whatever passes,
 The varying objects as they change,
 Feyne wares and bonny lasses.
 If e'er variety can please
 What please is there in nature,
 Where't can be fund wi' greater ease
 Or where it can be greater,
Than here to-day !

Wi' monie mair see Meggy Houpe
 Wi' her blit sarkie' linen,
 That keep'd her feckly thro' th' how doop
 Wate weel reet constant spinnin' ;
 Thro' monie a lang cauld winter neet
 I th' nook has she sat drillin'
 Her pund leyne gairn, an' now she's reet
 If it bring forty shillin'
This Rosley day.

Here's baby laikins, rowth o' speyce,
On sta's an' ra's extended,
Wi' ribbelms as good as neyce
In strange confusion blended ;
Wi' bodlams stanes, shoon sewores o' pairs,
An' whillmire's rare cheeses,
Clogs splinter new, bass-bottom'd chairs,
An' lea stanes for new leases,
I' heaps this day.

See stringin' owre the foggy strand,
Begrac'd wi' angel features,
Wi' bra's weel baskit, ragg'd, an' squar'd,
A wheen delectin' creatures ;
But beware o' the lassie-fair'd fair,
That seek but your wisdom',
Thar blythesome blaks are but t' ensnare
An' tempt to certain ruin
Poor gowks this day.

Ye heedless hauffins that may-hap
To fa' into their clutches,
Tent ye, or you may nurse a clap
For a' their gaudy mutches ;
An' sud ye, aiblins, be we daft,
Ye'd look but silly slouches,
Wi' not a plack o' kisher left
But heame wi' empty pouches
To slounge this day.

Hark ! where th' inweyptin' drum o' Mars
 Athwart the fan loud rattles,
 It 'minds me aw' o' wounds an' scars,
 O' baulments an' battles ;
 But Sargin Keyte wad raim persuade
 It's but the call ed honour,
 Where certain fortune shall be made
 By those who wait upon her
Off-han' this day.

I leyke the king, I leyke the state,
 The kirk, and constitution,
 An' on their foes, bath soon and late,
 Wish downfa' an' confusion ;
 But may nae men' o' mine, by cheats,
 Turn out that maiden woiny,
 To hant a'a Brison's reets,
 For nonsense an' a guack,
Wi' Keyte this day.

But here's a rose worth a' the rest,
 Come, we'll attend this tody ;
 If aith ! we've fund a fimsous nest
 That mek a battlin' leudy ;
 Here crazy, lazy, blin', an' leame,
 Engage for general trial,
 An' berry-skreevy, frae an' flame,
 They joke in battle royal
Pell-mell this day.

A soldier, wid a wooden leg,
A keend o' snathin' noddie,
Had begg'd a burs, her name was Meg,
A winsome weel-tar'd body;
A dargy glaum'd her by the hips,
The soldier bang'd leyke thunder,
But still the blin' man held his grip
As tho' he ne'er wad sunder
Frae her that day.

Then up rose Cæsar in a wrath,
An' sweyng ower his crutches,
Saw he wad hie the fiddler's graith
If he cam' in his clutches;
But his inconstant marrow Meg,
As for a hing he hammel'd,
Low'd in a treyze his tanner leg,
An' down the warrior tummel'd
Lang streak'd that day.

Noe sprawlin' on the brade o's back,
Wi' rage the vet'ran ranted,
An' roun' lud monie a loundrin' whack,
But aye effect they wanted,
For as they keep'd ayond his reach
His hats fell fause not fairly,
Wheylst they kept batt'ring him *en breach*
Which vext the wight rest sairy,
Wate weel that day.

Roun' on his bum, his central bit,
 As on a pivot wheelin',
 The hero whur'd him wi' his fit,
 Fast roun' his dub's aye deadin' ;
 At length ower-whelm'd wi' filth an' soot,
 Frae thar ferocious tartars,
 He sank beneath superior odds,
 An' grean'd aloud for quarters
An' leyfe this day.

Now a' seems outrage ower the hill,
 Dread conflict an' confusion,
 The watchword's blown,—be kill'd or kill ;
 The day's work's near conclusion ;
 We'd best be settin' off wi' speed
 Wheyle we've heale beanes for carryin',
 For fear some hawback tek't i' his head
 To brake us weel for carryin'
Sae lang this day.

THE RETURN.

Fast the patterin' hail was fallin'
 And the sowping rain as thick,
 Loud and snell the whorlwind blowing,
 Wheyle the neet was dark as pack
 When upon her strae couch beginn'
 Susan steep'd her waukreyfe een,
 And about her crazy beginn'
 Rwoar'd the hollow whuriblast keen.

In each arm a bairn lay sleepin',
If their looks look linnie sat,
And their een seem'd bleat'd wi' weepin'
For the things they seldom gat.
On her bony bed she toss'd her,
Darkin till the tempest ceas'd ;
But, poor lass, nae change of posture
Calm'd the conflict of her breast.

In her face a heart sair anguish'd
Might a stranger's eye survey ;
Six dree years had Negan languish'd
Sen her Walter went away.
He, far ower the stormy ocean,
Was on India's distant shore,
Courtin' fortune an' promotion
E'en amid the battle's roar.

Vence the rose and lily blentit
In fair Negan's brydal face,
But fack'na'd, whea earst had kent it,
Sodly alter'd was the kease.
She whea kease sae doone and jolly,
Need hae turn'd her face frae nean,
Sam thro' grief and melancholy
Turns to perfec skin and beane.

Cruel fate, thy mandate alter,
Oft she murmur'd in despair,
Give me, give me back my Walter,
Give me him, I ask nae mair.

Here, disconsolate and weary,
 Are my days of sorrow past,
 An' my neets forlorn and terse,
 That ilk yen I wish my last.

Hark, the wharriblast loudly blusters,
 Dreary howling ower my head,
 A' with rage the tempest musters
 On my crazy clay-built shed.
 Wintry blasts, that blaster ower me,
 Waft my sighs to Walter's ears,
 Gales auspicious, quack restwore me
 Hae whea's smeyles can dry my tears.

Fancy, whither wadst thou lead me,
 Say what phantoms to impart,
 Visionary shades ower-spread me
 To amuse my love-lorn heart
 Hark ' what shriek was that 'at mungled
 Wi' the lifin' tempest howl !
 On my ears leyke late it jugged,
 Piercing to my varra woul

Heavier now the tempest musters,
 Down in plennets teems the rain,
 Louder, ay, the wharriblast blusters
 Sweepin' ower the spacious plain.
 Susan, fill'd wi' apprehension
 At the dismal dang'rous roar,
 Seem is fix'd in mute attention
 Wi' loud knockans at her door

"Susan, nae!" a voice loud bawling
Said, "Unbar the envious door!"
"Wha commands!" she scream'd, then falling
Senseless, strew'd her on the floor.
Wi' a rounce the creakin' hinges
Frae the painin' smotherin' bee,
In the storm-struck stranger wings,
Walter enters—yes, 'twas he!

Swift to Susan's aid he hies him,
Grapin' round the wool-kent bower,
Leet the lightning's flash supplies him,
Her he spees upon the floor;
Lang she sleeps not, strugglin' nature,
Sinn suspended, bide restores,
On his habit, torn, and stature
Wi' impatient wylkin's pores.

Proddin' up the smotherin' embers,
Naft the sweelin' heather flies,
She nae trace of him remembers,
Alter'd saw by his disguise.
Scowp'd wi' rain, wi' glare bespatter'd,
Fronzy beard and visage wan,
Teated locks and garments water'd,
Mair he seem'd of ghaist than man.

"Ah," cried he, "can time sae alter
Fwoks, as thus to be forgot!
Fair yen, I'm thy faithful Walter;
Canst thou, Susan, know me not!"

When his weel-kent voice she listens,
 A' her doubts are sin suppress,
 In her een keen transport glistens,
 And she sunk upon his breast.

Here awheyle with ardour glowing
 Stood the lover and his weyle,
 Beath their hearts wi' joy o'er flowing,
 Soon he kiss'd her into leyle.

"Yes," she said, "thou lang-lost stranger,
 Thou art still my husband dear;
 Safe, I hope, return'd frae danger,
 And nae mair to leave me here."

"Know," said he, "tho' foul and tatter'd
 In my present garb and graith,
 Tho' with muck and mire bespatter'd,
 I've enough to bless us both.

"Midst the battle's devastation
 Fell my captain, stunn'd with blows;
 I succeeded to his station,
 By this chance my fortune rose.

"But of a' the joys I've tasted,
 Or man e'er expect to taste
 In tyme to come, or tyme far wasted,
 This, this moment joys me most.
 Cheer thee, then, my Susan, cheer thee,
 Pleasure yet thy cheek shall cheer;
 Think thy Wat will ay be near thee;
 Think thy hame will ay be near."



MARK LONSDALE.

MARK LONSDALE was born in Caldewgate, Carlisle, on the 26th of May, 1753, in an old-fashioned cottage which is now razed to the ground, but which, with the garden, occupied the site of the present Ragged Schools. He was the eldest son of John Lonsdale of Caldewgate, blacksmith, and Isabella Mark his wife, who formerly belonged to Thimstonfield. Of his early education very little is known, but there is not much doubt it was of a common order, as he was sent at an early age to follow the business of a pattern designer. As he grew up to manhood, not being satisfied with the drudgery attending his calling, and finding Carlisle too limited for the full scope of his ambition, he, like many others, made his way towards the metropolis, where there is a wider field for competition, and where merit has a better chance of success. He had not been long in London before he turned his pursuits, both as author and mechanic, to the most intricate parts of theatrical amusement. His success in this soon procured his promotion as manager of Sadler's Wells, which post he held for a number of years. He

was the immediate predecessor of Charles Dibdin the younger. When he gave up his situation at Sadler's Wells he became part proprietor of the magnificent pictures, the *Battle of Sennagapatam*, &c., which were exhibited at the Lyceum. It was here that Mark Lonsdale projected that elegant and instructive scenic exhibition and oral description denominated *ÆGYPTIANA*, an exhibition which at once demonstrated that though he had not had the benefit of a classical education, he was not wanting in a knowledge of the classics. This exhibition, although a convincing proof of his abilities, was an utter failure in a pecuniary point of view. It was his intention, had his first plan succeeded, to have given the peculiarities of geography, natural history, and manners of the inhabitants of other countries, but a disarrangement of his circumstances was the reward of his first national endeavour.

He then retired to Ireland, where he was engaged in tuition, and became tutor to a young soldierman. The following letter to his niece, Miss Isabella Lonsdale, (afterwards Mrs. Joseph Raiton,) gives an interesting sketch of his manner of life in Ireland.

TULLAMORE, 16th, Dec., 1810.

I am still going on very successfully in my tuition, but, in consequence of short days and bad weather, am obliged to contract my circle into a narrower compass. My principal station is now in the town I write from, a very bustling, dirty, genteel, uncomfortable place, about ten miles from Clara. Here I am well employed for three weeks in the

month, and the fourth week I spend in Maryborough, the principal town in the adjoining county, and about the size of Cullinstown. The distance is eighteen Irish miles, (about twenty-three English,) and I walk it on a Sunday, let the weather be fine or foul, except in the common low weather dress of the country, viz. a good leather leggings, a fine great coat, an oak-bushet, and a glazed hat, which is the costume of an Irish traveller, and such a figure may very likely be presented to you in North Street, some day or other within the course of the next summer. " " " The garrs are, on a good soil, very well proportioned, and one I had used here the previous year, but I got an account settled with them; all my companions, however, are very safe I believe, though rather worn. I have no notion of doing anything in the road,—and one or two of them being exceptions to the general rule, supply me with cash enough to go on with.

In my last, I think I gave you a sketch of my usual engagements for the summer; and it may perhaps interest or amuse you to know how I am employed for one day in Cullinstown. At eight o'clock I attend at Mr. Kallaly's, an engraver of the county, who teaches me, and instructs his son and daughter and two apprentices in drawing;—at then wrap up a hasty breakfast, (sometimes I go without,) and at ten o'clock go to the Rev. Mr. C. Jones's academy, where I attend, for one hour, four young gentlemen in drawing, one of whom is a young baronet, but I dislike drawing more than death; at eleven o'clock, I go to Mrs. Clark's boarding school, and teach drawing to five young ladies;—thence to Miss Sarge's boarding school, at twelve o'clock, where I have eleven young ladies at drawing;—and at one o'clock I go to Mr. Acres's, where I stay till four, and attend to the education of his two daughters, in English grammar, writing, arithmetic, geography, drawing, and French; here I am a great favourite with my employer, who is the most opulent man in the town, and often dine and spend the evening with him; he is an intimate friend of Mr. Telford's, who recommended me to him;—and I make no

doubt, would provide me some good situation in the country if I had someone to look out for me. After Christmas, I am to get the writing-master's business at Mrs. Clarke's school, and to undertake the French class at Miss Lory's, both of which can be attended in the evenings. * * * You see I am pretty busy every day, and, indeed, my health is not quite so good as in the summer, when I had more long walks, and longer days to do my business in—but I do not complain—when I consider the deplorable state of my constitution two or three years ago, and it gives me infinite satisfaction to find myself now so comfortable and active, after the distresses I was obliged to undergo in order to get to Dublin. As to society and amusements, there, indeed, I am very deficient; I have no acquaintances here to pass my evenings with, except one, a young Scotsman, who is landgardener to Lord Charlesville, and who comes from near Ayr— and him I see very seldom. Books are therefore my only resource, and even then I find difficult to procure, so the books are not fond of reading, and would sooner expend a guinea on whiskey punch, than half a crown in a bookseller's shop. The only evenings I spend out of my lodgings, are at Miss Lory's, where her young women, and her young boys, are very sociable, and gather round her to drink a game around, or persuade me with some amusing book to read a lecture. Sometimes I am requested by Miss Lory to watch her young ladies, and get out of a play, and when any of them presents or takes a coup on, they are generally called upon to exhibit their performances, of which, and of my instructions, all parties were very proud. To tell you the truth, Miss Lory, a tolerably clever woman, about forty, now, I am well convinced, has no objection to make me the master of her school—but—I don't know—I don't seriously think of such a thing—it would make me an Irishman for life—and besides—the lady is a Roman catholic. I believe I shall go on as I am till circumstances permit me to come and lay my bones quietly in Saint Mary's church-yard.

Now, my dear Bella, I have filled up a long letter with a vast deal of egotism as usual, and perhaps a little nonsense.

Meanwhile don't you forget to write soon.
Yours most affectionately, M. Lonsdale.

The party necessarily attached to this situation was ill suited to the habits and disposition of one who had been manager in one of the leading theatres of London. His friends seemed to be aware of this, and with a view of drawing him from his seclusion, and obtaining the benefit of his services and congenial society once more, obtained for him a situation in the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. He, however, did not live long to enjoy this post, for his constitution, never robust, gave way, and he expired on Thursday evening, February 16th, 1815, in London. His remains were deposited in the churchyard on the south side of St. Clement Danes, Strand, attended by many friends.

His writings in a collected form have never been published, and it is extremely doubtful now, half a century after his death, that they will ever be gathered together. He has written much and well, and it is a pity that the labours of such a man—one who evidently possessed culture as well as great talents—should be lost to the world. No doubt from the multifarious labours during the time he was engaged at Sadler's Wells and Drury Lane, and the harrassing nature of his avocations, he would have little time to grapple any particular subject with the full force of his power. He wanted

many of the essential requisites of an author—leisure, contentment, absence of worldly care, and, above all, retirement. Yet, notwithstanding these wants, he has transmitted to us marks of a genius of a very high order. About the age of twenty-two, he produced *The Ujival*, one of the ablest and most original poems that has yet appeared in the Cumberland dialect. Anderson has been accused, and we think not without reason, for taking some of the best characters in one of his ballads from it. It was originally intended for Hutchinsonson's History of the County, but was reserved, along with other articles, for a supplement to that work.

But it was more as a writer of pieces adapted to the stage that Mark Lonsdale chiefly shone, and of these, all that have been handed down to us are mere fragments. The greater part of the songs in this collection has been gleaned from plays produced for Sadler's Wells between 1788 and 1793. The volume from which they are selected appears to have been printed for the use of the theatre alone, and consequently has now become a rare book. Some of the songs are adapted to old airs; whilst others have either been touched up or altogether remodelled after the manner in which Robert Burns was so great an adept, and by which means even *he* has added to his reputation. Most of these songs form a marked contrast to the other known productions of Mark Lonsdale. They possess more grace, gaiety, and refinement; more

sprightly sparkling airiness, than might have been expected from the general character of his writings.

The time he left Carlisle for London is not exactly known, but it must have been somewhere about the year 1784, when about twenty-six years of age. He was too young, therefore, to have fully developed the latent powers of his mind, which were subsequently fostered away in the theatres of London, writing for his daily bread.

That fine song, *The Old Commodore*, which must ever rank amongst the first sea songs in the English language, was, in all probability, produced for Sadler's Wells. In one of the plays called *Mari's Holiday*, we find that the character of the "Gouty Commodore" was performed by one Mr. Boyce. It has only recently, however, been printed as the production of Mark Lonsdale, although his relatives and some of the older inhabitants of Caldengate have long been aware of the real authorship. Indeed, so little care has been taken of the MSS., that we have been informed by one who was well acquainted with the family, sufficient material for at least two volumes has been either lost or destroyed. Diligent search has been made, but not a vestige can be found, and we are afraid that the public have now received all they ever will receive of the writings of this remarkable man.

We cannot close this short account of his life without thanking the various members of the family for supplying us with what information was in their power.

MARK LONSDALE'S SONGS.

LOVE IN CUMBERLAND.

[AIR : "Cuddle me, Cuddy."] *—*

WHY, John, what's manshment's 'tis
That thou's gaen to dee for a hizzy!
I hard o' this terrible fyx.

An' I's cum't to advise thee, —'at is ee.

Mun, thou'll nobbet loose t'e guid name
Wi' gowden and whinging sae muckle,
Cock-sunters ' min beyde about beame,
An' let her e'en gae to auld Nickle.

Thy plew-geer's aw laggin' how-awrow,
An' somebody's stown thee thy couter;
Oh faks ' thou's daen little that dour
To fash thee'sel over about her.

Your Seymey has broken ear stang,
An' mendit it wid a clog-coaker,
Pump-tree has geane aw queyie wrang,
An' they've sent for auld Tommy Stawker.

Young filly's dang owre the lung stee,
An' leam'd peer Andrew the theeker;
Thee mudder wad suffer't for tee,
An' I hadn't happ'n't to cleeck her.

Thou's spoilt for aw manner o' work :

Thou nobbet sits pighan an' pleanan.

Odswacke, man ! dost that durty sark,

An' pretha gie way git a clean yam !

An' then gow to t'and wi' me, —

Let her gang to Knockcross wad her sewornin',—

See clanken at market we'll see,

I'll up'od ta' forgit her 'or sewornin' !

THE OLD COMMODORE.

[This famous sea song has been raised in most song books published during the last fifty years, without any writer's name attached to it. We have, however, gathered sufficient evidence to enable us to set it right by ascribing it to the production of Mark Lonsdale. Thomas Davidson, an old gentleman who has heard it sung dozens of times to Mark Lonsdale's brother John, and who is very certain it was always the same person of a living being written by him. After getting this and other traditions cleared up, we found that Thomas Davidson had pointed it as "written by Mark Lonsdale" in an edition of Sea songs by his father and others. To this we then such a question, regarding a contemporary sea song, cannot be answered — *Farmer's Songs* it has been set to music by W. Reeve.]

Odiousd' what a time for a seaman to skulk

Under gingerbread hatches ashore !

What a damn'd bad job that this batter'd old hulk

Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more.

For the pappoes as they pass,

Cocking up a quizzing glass

Thus run down the old Commodore :

"That's the Old Commodore,
 The rum old Commodore,
 The gouty old Commodore—he ! he !
 Why, the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd his hull about,
 That he'll never more be fit for sea."

Here I'm in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
 Not a tow-rope at hand, nor an oar ;
 I am left by my crew, and may I be flogg'd,
 If that doctor shall physic me more !^{*}
 While I'm swallowing his slops
 How nstable are his chops,
 Thus queering the old Commodore :
 " A bad case Commodore,
 Can't say Commodore,
 Mustn't flatter, Commodore," says he,
 " For the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd your hull about,
 That you'll never more be fit for sea."

What ! no more affront ! blood and fury, they be !
 I'm a seaman, and only threestore ;
 And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
 Gadooks ! let me not die ashore.
 As for death, 'tis all a joke,
 Sailors live in fire and smoke,
 So at least says an old Commodore ;

^{*} Variations. — But that doctor's the son of a ——— !

The rum old Commodore,
The tough old Commodore,
The fighting old Commodore -he! he!
Whom the devil, nor the gout,
Nor the French dogs to boot,
Shall kill -till they grapple him at sea.

THE ENGLISH SAILOR.

[From the Play of "The Comic Extraneous" as performed at Sadler's Wells Theatre, 1791. It is there stated that "the whole of the Indiscreets, Songs, &c., are written and arranged by Mark Lonsdale."]]

Come, friend, cheer off with your fine slack jaw,
Or I'll make your crazy sides to yaw—
D'ye think for to hum good subjects so!

Why, man, 'tis all my eye!

You may shew your tankards where you may,
I'm a plain Jack Tar—bett— that's my way!
And to all that a foreign swab can say,

Why, I sings fal de ral.

It was neither the girls, nor drink, nor debt,
Drove me to sea, now, was it Bett!
I said it then, and I says so yet,

'Twas all to serve my king.

Then damme! why should a French *coquer*
Ever come with a yarn to say this here—

That an English heart has *that** to fear,

While he sings fal de ral.

* Snaps his fingers.

Now, because I'm a gadding it here ashore,
 You may think I goes to sea no more;
 And I don't, d'ye mind, blame you therefore,
 'Xcuse I should a said the same.
 But, Lord! I'm none of your skulking waddis,
 Tho' I likes a trip to Sadler's Wells—
 And there, when I sees the beaux and belles,
 Why, I sings *fal de ral*.
 Then Bett, my girl, since my mind you know,
 Let's take one spell before we go,
 All hands on deck for a dance—yo' ho!
 Why, fiddlers, that's poor sort.
 Should a true Jack Tar up at it there be,
 Mayhap he'd like to join with me,
 Take a parting frisk—then off to sea,
 And there sing *fal de ral*.

THE THREE POOR FISHERMEN.

[From the Play of "The Savages"—Sadler's Wells, 1792.
 —Respecting this song Mr Chappell has furnished us with
 the following note:—"The first verse and the burden are
 a paraphrase of *Woe to the Poor Fishermen*, one of those
 Foreman's Songs which were so much in vogue in the reign
 of Henry the VIII., and which that monarch delighted to
 sing with his courtiers." The only known copy published of
 the music of this old song is contained in Mr Chappell's
 "Popular Music of the Olden Time" p. 77.]

We be three poor fishermen,
 Who daily troll the seas;
 We spend our lives in jeopardy,
 While others live at ease.

The sky looks black around, around,
The sky looks black around,
And he that would be merry, boys,
Come haul his boat aground.

We cast our lines along the shore
In stormy wind and rain ;
And every night we land our nets,
Till daylight comes again.
The sky looks black around, around,
The sky looks black around,
And he that would be merry, boys,
Come haul his boat aground.

RING THE BELLS OF CARTHAGE TOWN.

[From the Play of "Queen Dido" — Sacke's Works, 1792.
A version, rhyming, slightly altered, is also given in "The
Comic Entertainer."]]

Ring the bells of Carthage town, let mirth and merriment
ding-dong,
With a blythesome bound,
As the catch goes round,
And gaily chirp in the cheerful song.
Dido now to the hall invites, where joy shall welcome
ev'ry guest,
Then come, come, come,
To live and laugh,
Since the wits agree that life's a jest

Merry, merry be the gen'rous hearts, that thus our
 pastimes share,
 If the harmless joke
 Their smiles provoke,
 There's an end of all our care.

HEY HO! DOWN DERRY.

[From the Play of "The Hill of Angels; or, The Land
 we live in" Walker's Works, 1701. This song appears to
 have been modified from Shakespeare's *As if we were laden,
 as if we were*, especially the chorus.]

Mistaken Britons, rail no more,
 Born to every blessing,
 Fear'd at sea, and lov'd on shore,
 The best of kings possessing :
 Then gloom not so, but nobly shew
 That you're both wise and merry,
 Converting all your fancy'd woe
 To hey, ho ! down derry.

Mistaken Benons, rail no more,
 For foreign fancies grieving,
 Do that your fathers did before,
 Support the land you live in
 Then gloom not so, but nobly shew
 That you're both wise and merry,
 Converting all your fancy'd woe,
 To hey, ho ! down derry.

THE DEIL GAE WI' THEM THAT
FASHES WI' THEE.

(OLD WITCHES' SONG.)

[From the Play of "The Witch of the Lakes." Sadler's
Wells, 1793.]

When troubles surround thee and dangers are nife,
Tak' this wooden spurtle and fight for thy life;
It'll save thee and serve thee, and mak' thy foes flee,
And a plague gang wi' them that meddles wi' thee.

A whirl of thy gulleys has us mickle pou'r

It'll hantle our fortune, tho' never so sour;

It'll work many wonders right unco to see,

And a plague gang wi' them that toady wi' thee.

O'er mountain and moor, o'er causeway and bog,

Let the auld fatten lurd hae the life o' a dog;

Whap aff wi' his daughter right pawkey and free,

And the deil gae wi' them that fashes wi' thee.

COME HERE YE WITCHES WILD AND
WANTON.[From the Entertainment of "Medea's Kettle." Sadler's
Wells, 1792.]

Come here ye witches wild and wanton,

The woods and dreary pathways haunting,

Ye, who mark'd with evil omen,

Gambol forth in shapes uncommon.

Badger, weasel, hog, or hare,
 Or tiger-cat, or wolf or bear,
 In hut or hole, or cave or den,
 Or ditch or brake, or field or fen ;
 Screeching, roaring, grinning, growling,
 Grunting, whistling, hooting, howling ;
 If in shape of beast ye be,
 Shake it off and follow me.

Let our revenge yon fools pursue,
 That dar'd to sport with me and you ;
 Let deadly spells write to snare 'em,
 Then torment and never spare 'em.

Hags that go like hog or hare,
 Or tiger-cat, or wolf or bear,
 In hut or hole, or cave or den,
 Or ditch or brake, or field or fen ;
 Screeching, roaring, grinning, growling,
 Grunting, whistling, hooting, howling ;
 If in shape of beast ye be,
 Shake it off and follow me.

FEATHERS IN THEIR BEAVER.

[From the Play of "Queen Dido." Sadler's Wells, 1792.]

Handsome, tall, and clever,
 Feathers in their beaver,
 Since here they come.
 Let's give them room,
 I wish they'd stay for ever.
 Fal, la, la.

To have them I am willing,
Such fellows must be killing,
If they're not blind,
They'll find us kind,
And food as thick as killing.
Fal, la, la.

HOW SLOWLY TURNS HER SPINNING WHEEL.

[From "The Power of Industry." Sadler's Wells, 1793. —
"I see that this song," writes Mr. Chappell, "is to the tune
and in the measure of the following.

'To give his heart, and own his flame,
Mythe looks to young Henry came,
But still she liked him young and well,
She careless turn'd her spinning wheel.'

These words were written by a favorite Scotch air so called,
but not really Scotch, in the sequence to *Flower and Auld*,
and composed by Dr. Arne. The air was long popular, and
that no doubt was the inducement for Mark Lonsdale to write
new words to it.]

How blest the maid whose mythesome heart,
Ne'er felt the pangs of Cupid's dart,
Whose eyes from slumber lightly steal —
And cheerful turns her spinning wheel :

But, ah! when once the urchin foe
Has aim'd aright his luckless bow,
What pains are we condemn'd to feel —
How slowly turns the spinning wheel.

Oh ! time, how swift thy moments flew
 When Jamie first my notice drew !
 As at my feet he used to kneel,
 How gaily went my spinning wheel !

But mad ambitions drew him far,
 To brave the horrid chance of war ;
 He left me here in woful weal,
 And dully goes my spinning wheel.

LOVELY FANNY.

[From "The Price of Industry," a Musical Entertainment,
 Sadler's Wells, 1793.]

When first my country claim'd my aid,
 And from my cottage tore me far,
 I for a musket chang'd my spade,
 And sought the terrors of the war ;
 Whilst martial glory fir'd my breast,
 One thought still rob'd my soul of rest,
 The thought of lovely Fanny.

When round my head the winds blew high,
 And hostile bullets whistled drear ;
 When cannons thunder'd thro' the sky,
 For her alone my heart knew fear
 When fortune crown'd my ceaseless toils,
 One thought alone endear'd her smiles,
 The thought of lovely Fanny.

Ah ! should she then her faith maintain,
And spurn at advice — wordful lure !
With her I'll seek the rural plain,
Nor once regret though we are poor :
Then, as ambition I resign,
Indulge this fav'rite thought of mine,
The thought of lovely Fanny.

WHEN THE SUN RISES CHEERFULLY.

[From the "Duties of Industry"]

When the sun rises cheerfully over the lawn,
My face still is dimpl'd and smiles like the dawn,
And I bound to my labour as brisk as a fawn ;
 No sighing or pining,
 No moping or whining,
I laugh, dance, and sing with a heart full of glee.
Should the lads who in whispers my beauty declare,
In secret tell others they're doubly as fair,
I never go drooping about with despair ;
 Nor sighing nor pining,
 Nor moping nor whining,
But laugh, dance, and sing with my heart full of glee.

GIGGLE-DOWN FAIR.

[From the Play of "The Swages," Sadler's Wells, 1792.]

Come neighbours, awhile leave your labours and care,
And follow tight Andrew to Goggle-down Fair,
Such din and diversion you never did see
As to-day—if you choose to give credit to me ;

Come away, come away, come away to the fair,
In your holiday gear,
Trim and dandy appear,
Come away, come away to the fair.

You may there see a sarriact danc'd on the wire,
And a conparor swallow a basin of fire ;
Thro' a glass, for a halfpenny, see a fine show,
Or behold for a great time wild beasts all a row.

Come away, come away, &c.

Here, a pack of strange fools than' a collar dog run,
He that makes the worst faces is surest to win,
With hot hasty packing see some cramm'd to their
eyes,

And he that's best scalded walks off with the prize.
Come away, come away, &c.

Then I and my master can cure all your ills,
With our ointments, potions, our powders and pills ;
For, as well as great doctors who take their degrees,
Tho' we do no good, we can pocket the fees.

Come away, come away, &c.

THE OLD COBLER'S SONG.

[From the Play of "The Hall of Augusta; or, The Land
we live in" — *Salter's Wells*, 1794.]

What a rare sort of work is this world so wide,
For a gen'man of my low calling,
Where many a clumsy, cobbling job,
Young cobblers job their head in ;
And so many soles are there to mend,
That put things right together,
As sure as a gun, mankind and their shoes
Are all one sort of leather.

Then gentle and simple, and ragged and fine,
Come hither kind customers all,

I've a curious nobs for a cobbling job,

As ever popt out of a stall ;

With a wheewen ew' and a wheewen ew' !

Ow a tal de tal, laral lai ly !

I can make my ends meet, in the stall or the street,

For an old shoeb's never out of his way !

A lawyer—d'ye mind—is a seal skin shoe,

And fastens as tight as any .

A doctor's a clog that *wounding* speeds,

And is seldom at last worth a penny.

An alderman is an old gouty shoe

That you never can shape into fashion ;

And a bishop's a shoe of a shining black

That incessantly lacks translation.

Then lawyer, or doctor, or parson, or cit, &c.

The Russians are buskins lin'd with bear skin,
And the Turks have a bear-skin binding ;
The Poles' upper-leathers are damaged and thin,
And they're worn to the welts by grinding :
The Dutch are old fishing boots, greasy and thick,
But they're useful at sea or ashore, Sir. [*Choir*
And the French are new shoes—that is, quite *autre*
Than ever they were before, Sir.
Then Hollander, Polander, Russian, or Turk, &c.

Then since there's plenty of work abroad,
Aye, and cobblers more than are wanted,
Let no foreign cobblers push their ends
Where an Englishman's awl is planted :
Be the shoes that give *Pinus** to the stretchers brought,
That's my thought—what think you, Sir ?
And while ev'ry Briton's an easy old shoe
May the land be ne'er measur'd for new, Sir.
Then gentle and simple, and ragged and fine, &c.

* *Tom Paine*, author of the *Rights of Man*.

MARK LONSDALE.

TH' UPSHOT.

[This free sketch of a Cumberland Upshot was taken about the year 1780. Great Wharton, a village four miles west of Carlisle, is supposed to form the foreground of the picture.]

TH' S hey for th' lads of our town end !
I trow they're like me ather,
Theer's Wulston Brough, an' Joabney
An' Kursty' Kat for anither, [Heyne,

Theer's Gwonly Waugh, a teerin' haund
At berryin' lagg an' shearin',
But Ratson' Joe can cap them a',
For jokin' an' careerin'.

Theer Wulston la is an' twa' three mair
Theer might be six or seven

Tawk't of an Upshot lang an' aar
To keep up Fassen's even.

Yae Sunday morn, i' Bell's buckseyk,
They goldert up a gay few,

But found it cauld to stann' i'th' fould,
Sae tawk't things on re i'th' hay mow.

"That barn," says Heyne, "i' Palmer' toff
"I'd dea feet weel to keave in."

"O'd d'it!" says Joe, "theer's Wulston's laff,
"An' that's the thing till a sheavin'."

"I's speak to th' fiddler than," says Kit,

"O' Brammery we may bryte, man."

"Wa' skittle & cut slaugh!" quod Gwandy Wough,

"A hegg to fiddle as bryte, man."

"Your deame," says Joe, "mun beake us bread"—

Says Joahney Heyne, "I tell her,

"Theer's a shillinet cheese about bed head,

"An' dall' but it's a peltet."

"But than," says Brough, "there's yell to get."—

Says Gwandy, "I was thinkin'

"An' Marget Peet sud brew to meet,

"It'll sun be fit for drinkin'."

"Wa than," says Job, "I's warn us reet,

"Theer's nought that's ought to settle ;

"Sae whoop ' lads, hey for Thursday meet!

"An' git yer pumps i' fettle."

They went to kirk off-haun', ye see,

To house nea tyme about it,

An' theer Wull Brough stand on a through,

An' 'midst o'th' kirk fock shoutet.

Now as 'twas frost and fur throw keet,

As lads agreed it sud be,

Frae far an' near a' Thursday meet

Furk equ' as fast as could be.

Theer was Brough-side lads, an' Thursday chaps,

An' Bowness fishers caperin'.

Huh' seedly thar that went sae far

Were gayly keen o' caperin'.—

Theer was Tom Kurklaule an' Clogger Kn,
An' Boucher Wulson' Joohney,
An' Walker' took o'th' loomin' fit,
An' kytle Markey Lonney,
Young Nixon com' wi' Sarah Gate,
But leyle content he'd wad her,
For Ebey Graham ran goun' beame,
An' swore she wad tell bes mudder.

An' theer was Joahn, at Laird a' Peel's,
Wi' Land Knockuppert' Mary,
Her cleath an' trait among her heels,—
A parte't fig-me-gary.
Dan Cscape o' Caulbeck push her tails,—
"R r r r" bon now" usually, byr 'em"
Then cried, for skum' to mak the'r pamm,
For he dubldn't lyk't — (d) whate him'

Theer was Landun Grace, — old Cowthart's heir,
That dee't theer at Kack-ande,
She talk't a varst, but knapp't say sair
That nin could understand her.
Brough got his arms about her neck;
She cried, "Excuse me murther."
"Whoo hoo!" quo' Wull, "th' lass is a fool"
I nobbet ain't I'll a kiss'd her."

Theer was tarter Gash, an' tyelleyer How,
An' Seymy Hunt the sinker —
For dum in' he was nougt at dou,
But a pume han' for a drinker;

An' gunner Bell caw't in by chance,
 'The cock o' Scotchby loupers ;
 Wi' brandy Matt an' gallopin' Watt,
 'Twea rattlin' border coppers.

Sae muckle fock this Upshot bring,
 An' crowd at last sae great was,
 That Carol fair was ne'er sae thrang
 As Worton murrineet was,
 Hy neets at yence they fell to work,
 Wi' "Jenny ding the weaver,"
 Whyle Worton lads were loupin' mad,
 An' shoutit "Yocks to cleaver !"

Tom Leytle, wad a fearfu' breeze,
 Gat hoak'd o' Dinah Glaister
 She danc't ' a farnish jig, an' he
 Was Thursby dancin' master ;
 But just as Leytle gev a spang
 Leyke a feyne squaverm' collan,
 Loft bounds they brak, an' thert he stak
 A striddlin' cock'd o' th' hallan.

Lang Cosper Watt wae whang't about
 He made Nan Boustead dizzy,
 An' than set up a roughsome shout,
 "Seye ! seye ! to the druck'n mazy !"
 Says gunner Bell to brandy Matt,
 "Dammie ! but I's in order"
 "Play up, auld chiel, a rantin' reel.—
 "Whoop ! hey for "Watt o' the border !"

Leyle tyelleyer How was short o' th' hough,
An' danc't wi' Sarah Bewky;
He strave to buss her tance.—"Wey shaugh!"
Quo' she, an' cluff'd him, truly.
Than tyelleyer he began to chaw,
And hurs't up his shou'der.
Wed a hullabaloo they cry't "Shooou! shooou!"
And beame set he in a powder.

Wi' jaws o' yell some dirty bruits
Pat loft suin in a slatter;
Wheyle ithers wi' ther clumsy cloots
Meade aw the glass windows clatter;
An' wheyle they skew't and tew't, and swat,
Wi' mome a weary sepple,
Down stairs was met a mysterin' set
That com' nit to be ejille.

Theer was glee an' Jenn an' Jenny Reed,
Aw' kang, an' clish, an' saunter;
An' Cakp Hodge, o' Morton-head,
A farnish hand at linter;
Theer was Jacob Hill, o' Worton-green,
Anoddler gay good laker,
But he'd gae to France as teyte as dance,
Acause of his being a Quaker.

Laird Sheppard co' frae Thrustonfield,
An' need wad faw to cauldin'.
Says Blaylick' son, o' Hoeskat-hill,
"Wucks! let us teck this laird in."

First deal about he gat speadd yass,
An' crew an' yammer't sair than ;
But picks was trump an' he toik grump,
An' sed he wad lark nae mair than.

But' weddit fwock rare laughin' hed
I'th bow'r wi' yon anither,
For five or six gat into the bed
An' sat ham-sam together ;
They mixt their legs a'noonder t' cleaths
As weel as they were yeable,
An' at pops an' pairs laiks long an' sair,
Wi' th' ass-board for a teable.

Jenn Stalker shan't whate'er she gat
Wi' Jack o' Gwordy Skimmers,
'Twas as guid to him as a wakkelt cat,
For Jenn was always winners ;
Leyll Arthey Todd crap till her back,
An' she brast out a squeelin',
Be quiet fuil—or dea what tou wall !—
“ Thou kittles me when I's deahn'.”

Auld Peat' wife laik'd wi' Nan Rob Jack,
Because she was his goddy,
She hammelt on' an' in a crack
Lost nineteen-pence at noddly ;
Gardman staid wraulin' at her lug,
An' ca'd her many a garruk,
Says she “ They cheat.” “ 'Ods haid ! ” quo' Peat,
“ Thou's meade a bonny darrack ! ”

I'd chintley nunk some gay guid hauns,
An' gayley ill to -dokk'n,
Fell to wi' pokkingers an' cans,
An' fow't weel to get drank'n.
Bouthicker' weyte began to glunch :
Says Thicker, " I dety thee ;
Auld clishma clash, thou's nought but fash !
Gae hame an' to bed, — 'od dye thee ! "

They crack'd away leyke boutrey guns
O' thing they teuk delyte in,
An' fell to talk about ther sons,
An' whilk was best at feghtin' .
" Our Wulham, Euth," quo' chigger Kait,
" Shall bang aw Thursday quarter,
" For as yae hant he tell'd me that —
" ' Quid dagg's ! he'll be a darter. "

By ten o'clock, ye'e seen o'that,
Ae th' house was in a pudder,
An' nix a body there but swat
Wi' yae thing or another.
Dance went a pistol off i'th' fauld,
An' in co' Bessy, battan' ; —
" Hey fur us yet ! " quo' Kursty Kint,
" Whorray ! here' th' maskers cummin' . "

Auld Bessy swurt an' skew't about,
While fuak to th' skennels bratt'd,
An' lasses whilly-lilt out
As they had been beuat'd ;

But th' maister in amang them lap
 Just leyke a deevil ranty,
 An' brought man Jack, wi' Bessy Gapp,
 An' Neddy Tam an' Lanty.

Reet unkat figures did they cut,
 And ay they skipp'd and chanted,
 Their songs an' vapours pass'd for wut,
 An' that was aw they wanted.
 Jack out wi' monie a menseless word,
 But lasses bode his mockin',
 An' whate'er he spak' eriet "Never ak,
 "Sae lang as he is but jwokin'."

To ken the maskers monie a yea
 Triet i' ver langer th' harder,
 Fwok harkt an' guesst an' guesst again,
 But nix was never th' harder.
 While the maister' maskin' fece fell off;
 Than, skewin' up their beavers,
 Well Brough an' Joe cry'd, "Keek ' halloo"
 "Wans' hey for Hanton weavers!"

Quo' Gwardy Robson, "Shee! shee! shee!
 "Us Langbrough lads can bang them"
 "Wey nay," quo Strang' weyre, "that's a lee,
 "For theer's our Well amang them.
 What matter, when sweet dance cam' on,
 They lockt an' mae'd a bannet,
 For William Strang' gitt gammer-lang'
 Ran foul o Jacob Trummet.

But when they cut of Hector's head
Miss Greace began a fannin' ;
Liye' quae' th' lave, as seer as dead,
She ne'er was browm a' Ranton !
'The heavin' surs' she tump her owre
'Unjen could say, 'nd bless her'
And Hector swore as he lay on the floor,
Dall him, but he wad kiss her !

Sword dancers had nae sainger dune
Nor jen cry't out, " 'Ods wouters !
" Wad ray wad give us 'unkets sum,
" We're aw as han as hunters,"
Quae' Ritson, " Weel said, greedy gut !
" But een o' this maff maff mun,
" For I'veeel seer, Hobb' Throos'll ne'er
" Ha' thee to chawk wi' kan, mun "

But the cheese an' bread at last com' in
Aw ready shiv't an' cutt'n,
Ther was whangs an' shoves, thuck an' than,
I' weights an' middles pait'n ;
Ther cheese was tough as keezlup skin,
An' wuntry natch it toast ;
But rinin' deed was meade o'th' bread,
For that was through ither yeast.

At beyme when nought but teeth was gaun,
An' aw by th' chafts was tether'a,
Wull Brough an' Ritson tuk in haun'
To see 'at shot was gether't :

Upstairs an' down twak thrimmelt out
Ther sixpences to th' dibbler ;
An' dancers put i' Brammery's hat
Pennies a-piece for th' fiddler.

Now aw this fash-hold t'em leate,
An' leyle hours was advancin',
Sae some o'th' auld fowl set to geate,
An' the young yens tell to damin' ;
Auld Brammery saim began to lag,
At times his memory hwa-m',
Yet ne'er a tune was oure an' dum
But Jonathan caw't for 'hwoazin'!

Auld clocker Juehn wad dance a jig,
Auld Simpson's laes was handy,
He argued sair for "Shully my-gig,"
An' she for "Dribbles o' Brandy."
Says Mannin' Rob o' Brough town-end,
"Auld faughlin' deed ye keep now !
"What gars ye bā ask gael teyne wi' ta-ank ;
"Wi' th' fiddler's-fa aun asleep, you."

Now as that, for seet, was Brammery' leave,
Nae better gam' desirin',
They brunt his wig an' greyn't his teace,
An' waiken't him wi' thyeen',
He'd dreamt that he was "Huntin' Fox,"
An' sae wi' snuffs an' sneevils
Rair't out, "See howe ! yeow ! yeow ! yeow !—
"Na—a dall ya' lads, ye'r deevils."

Then furth to th' door auld Brammery went,
Right goldantly an' ginger,
Sae Katson play't 'em lang unkent,
An' Heyne sang "Cwoolly Winder ;"
Brough liss luk'd at neer-y-nack,
How lads gat aw to wusth'n',
An' Ritchie danc'd "Jock o' th' Green,"
While Quaker Hill was whusht'n'.

But Banton lads grew past'e't guffs,
An' Thurb'y lasses march'd,
An' Pe a' liss, and her yellow muffs,
Stood karkin' leyke a geed'n'.
Sane ally fud idew th' can't's out,
Whyle took for day brack waitit,
An' lads i'th' dark maele rampun' wark
'De cloaks an' clogs were lost.

Young Martha Todd was haister't war
By rammish Wully Bar'as,
They lost thersell an' hour an' mair
An' than kest up i'th' carr's ;
Leyle Arthey went to lan them out—
Nim thought that he'd a heart for't—
He prick't his shins i' Wulson' whans,
An' swore that some sad smart for't.

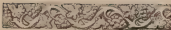
Now, this ye'll say was raskle deed,
They'd been as weel without it ;—
But Mary Meer an' Jwosep Reed
Can tell you mair about it.

T'ane was a bonny modest lass,
 A canny lad was t'other,
 An' nae mair mischief com' to pass
 Nor weddin' yen anither.

T'ih' turf-hole nunk, as drunk as muck,
 Peer Brammery was higg'in',
 An' clocker bledd'd for hie an' pluck
 Cold water in a puggin' :
 Auld Wulson doc'd as nought had been
 An' cloose by th' hudd sat gramin' ;
 Wheyle Mary Cairn, to Wulson' barn,
 Was singin' " Bee-bo-banum'."

Whent' lae had aw beann off to bed,
 Some twes' three cleann' drinkers
 Drew in a fworm, an' swore an' said,
 " Pull them that steek't their unakers ! "
 They drank aw th' yell up, every sup,
 Wi' noither haake nor quarrel,
 An' at fur feer days they went ther ways,
 Wi' th' spiddak pult out o' th' barril.

Jwoha Heyne set off to Worton Ragg,
 A randy'd covey seekin' ;
 Job Rutson fell to deeghtian lagg,
 An' Gwurdy Waugh to theekin' ;
 But Wulson' lad an' Kursty Kunt
 Went efter th' hounds together —
 Sae this was Worton murry meet
 An' hey, for see anither !



ROBERT ANDERSON

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

I SIX o'clock on the sunny morning of February 1st, 1770, I first beheld the light of this world at the Dunn Side, in the suburbs of the ancient city of Carlisle. I was a poor little tender being, scarce worth the trouble of naming. Old I-had-the-milks, entertained many fears, that I was only sent to peep around me, sniff tears, and then leave them. I was the youngest of nine children, born of parents getting up in years, who with all their kindness had been long kept in bondage by poverty.

At an early age I was placed in a charity school, supported by the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle. Well do I remember the neat dress, slow speech, placid countenance, nay, every feature of good old Mrs. Addison the teacher. In this school I studied my letters, the see-saw drone of the primer, and waded through the reading-made-easy, and was then turned over to a long, lean pretender to knowledge. His figure was similar to that of the mad knight of La Mancha. Never have I perused

* Abridged from the edition of 1820.

Cervantes' inexhaustible treasury of humour without having my tutor in view. Impelled probably by necessity he devoted so much time to angling, that the few poor starved-looking scholars were shamefully neglected. He always selected me to accompany him up the banks of the Eden or the Caldew; and I am led to suppose it was during our summer excursions that an attachment to rural scenery first stole over my youthful mind. My parents finding I did not make progress equal to their expectations, placed me under Mr. Isaac Ratson, in the Quaker's school; but in a few weeks that learned and ingenious young man left the city. I was then placed under my last and best tutor, Mr. Walter Scott. Under this worthy man I made considerable progress in arithmetic, though to this necessary branch of education I always felt a strong aversion, and would much rather have pursued the study of grammar, of which I never attained any exact knowledge.

Among our neighbours was a decent industrious old woman, born in the Highlands of Scotland, and at her fireside I spent many a winter evening, delighted beyond measure with the wild Scottish ballads which she taught me, while labouring at her wheel. *Gilderoy, Johnny Armstrong, Sir James the Race, Barbara Allan, and Bonnie*, were great favorites.

About the expiration of my tenth year it was judged necessary for me to quit the school, and try

to earn something by hard labour. I felt exceedingly rejoiced at this proposal, for being of a timid disposition I always crept to school trembling like a culprit going to receive punishment. My first labour was under one of my brothers, a calico printer, and at the end of the week well do I remember the happiness it afforded me to present my wages (one shilling and sixpence) to my father. My next change was to be bound apprentice to a pattern drawer in 1751, where I enjoyed all the happiness an industrious youth could hope for, being treated with every mark of esteem.

From childhood a love of rural life grew with me, and I let slip two opportunities of spending the Sabbath in some village during the summer. It was on paying a visit to a friend's house that I was first smitten with female charms, which then seemed greater to me than I can describe. I estimate your self a diffident youth in his sixteenth year, daily pouring out the sighs of a sincere heart, for an artless rosy cottage girl, something younger than myself. At church she drew my attention from the preacher; and great was my mortification if she happened to be absent on my visit to the neighbourhood. Had my income—which was then barely sufficient to afford the necessaries of life—been adequate to my wishes, with what happiness could I have laid my fortune at her feet and offered myself for better and for worse—but fate decreed otherwise.

In the year 1794, being at Vauxhall Gardens, I felt disgusted with many of the songs written in the mock pastoral Scottish style, and supposing myself capable of producing what might be considered equal or perhaps superior, on the following day I wrote four songs—*Last Gear* was my first attempt, and was suggested from hearing a Northumbrian rustic relate the story of two unfortunate lovers. To use the simple language of the relator: "Mome a smart carry lad wad hae gane, far efter dark aye through fire and water"—just to get a look at her." These songs were set to music by Mr. Hook; and my first poetic effusion was sung by Master Phelps, with great applause, and loudly encored.

My poor father, whom I had regularly supported, now paid me an unexpected visit. He was in his seventy sixth year: and walked from Carlisle to London, a distance of three hundred and one miles, in six days.* Tears of joy greeted our meeting; but such was his aversion to the noise and bustle of London that I could only prevail on him to remain a fortnight.

In 1798, ambition led me, like too many of my brother scribblers, to publish a volume of poems, from which I received little more than dear bought

* This must be a mistake. Fifty miles a day for six consecutive days is no joke! A man of the same build and "robustness" as Christopher North might in his prime accomplish such a task; but surely not one seventy-six years old.

praise. In December, 1801, I published the ballad called *Betty Brown* in the Cumberland dialect. The praise bestowed by many, but particularly by my friend Mr. Thomas Sanderson, encouraged me to other attempts in the same species of poetry. At length a sufficient number of pieces were produced to form a volume, which was sent to the press under the title of "*Cumberland Ballads*." Mr. Sanderson kindly furnished notes to it. This publication did not at all improve my finances, as much of the subscription money was lost. The work, however, becoming somewhat popular, the edition was soon exhausted, and a new impression was sent into the world from the press of Mr. Hetherton of Wigton, who purchased the copyright.

Prior to the second edition I left Carlisle to enter a situation at Brankfield, near Belfast. On reaching Dumfries, great was my anxiety to pay the tributary tear at the tomb of nature's hand, Robert Burns. The morning was so tempestuous that it was with difficulty a friend conducted me to the corner where his remains were deposited. The deep snow hid the narrow mound, and the flat stone laid over it, but the trodden pathway shewed the respect paid by strangers to the bard's memory. The humble inscription did not do his genius any degree of justice. I read it with disgust, and with a heart-felt sigh, accompanied by a tear, plucked some grass from his grave, which yet remains in my possession. My kind friend politely introduced

me to Mrs. Burns, who was pleased to place me on the chair where the departed favorite of Scott sang "his wood notes wild." Her situation seemed comfortable; her dress plain, but neat. I wrote a few lines on visiting the tomb, but finding it impossible to do justice to my feelings, the effusion was never shown.

During the many years I spent in Ireland I must plead guilty to many irregularities of conduct, which often ended in misery. Every mortal suffers justly for indulging in weaknesses; and these frequently lead to repentance when too late. Calverton having been on the decline for some years, my return to England became necessary. On entering Carlisle my surprise at the improvement made throughout the ancient city was beyond description. Few persons, on returning to the place of their nativity, have experienced more kindness from rich and poor. A public dinner was given at the Gray Goat in honour of my return, at which a numerous and respectable party attended, and the evening was spent in a festive manner, which afforded a pleasant morning's reflection.

The last years of Anderson's life present a sad and mournful chapter in biography. He fell into the vice of intemperance. He became careless and untidy in his dress. His looks bore a careworn and haggard appearance, and the fear of ending his days in a workhouse haunted his imagination.

His rest is gone,
His heart is sore,
Peace finds he never
And neermore.

He died in Annetwell street, Carlisle, on the 26th September, 1833. A monument of white marble, surmounted by a profile in the basso-relievo style, has been erected to his memory in the Cathedral. A memorial stone also marks his grave in the adjoining churchyard of St. Mary. May the green sod cover lightly his earthly dust.

Anderson commenced his career in times of comparative primitive simplicity. Our ancestors had to bear the brunt of many a stout siege and fierce foray with Scottish moss troopers and clansmen, had to evade and drive back the border-freed raiders when they swarmed into Cumberland to pillage the flocks and herds grazing among the rich meadows and sunny uplands. With the memorable 1745 more peaceful days dawned. The maidens and matrons now sat undisturbed in the ingle nook, diligently plying their spinning wheels. In the neighbouring vale of Keswick, we are told, that the mode of life was in a high degree pastoral and primitive.* The principal articles of diet were oatmeal cake and porridge, milk, butter, cheese not including even potatoes. Tea was almost unknown; butcher's meat was cooked but once a year, and so uncertain and slow in transmission

* Memoir of Hutton Coleridge, to his brother

were the conveyances of these days, that it was customary for people to make their wills before going to London.

Anderson's "Ballads in the Cumberland Dialect" have passed through numerous editions, and still enjoy a considerable reputation in his native district.* He may truly be called the bard of our peasantry. There are few ploughmen, shepherds, or buxom country girls throughout the county, who are not in some degree acquainted with his ballads. With many they have long been a pocket companion. He has sung of their love-trystes and adventures, has told how long excursions to lonely farm-houses were braved on stormy nights over hills and moors and messes; how rivals were met and baffled; how maidens love to be wooed and won when the moonlight falls upon quiet glens and nooks of hawthorn. His descriptions of fairs, "merrie meets," and other festive occasions are related in their every day language and appeal to their common experience. There is a happy naturalness of expression about many of his phrases which causes them to be continually quoted in our midst, and so truthfully dignifiedly copied are some of the characters in his ballads, that we feel as if we had often met them in our daily intercourse, and could hold converse face to face with them.

* Among the subscribers to the two volume edition of 1820, it is pleasing to find the names of Robert Southey, of Coleridge Hall, poet laureate, and William Wordsworth, of Rydal Mount.

Most of the songs which Anderson has left us are intensely and thoroughly Cumberland songs, and belong to no other county; they are Cumberland in expression, feeling, and sentiment: they are Cumberland even in their prejudices and laggings, for does not

Come said! Cumberland cap them as still?

He has painted a faithful picture of manners and customs now almost obsolete. In this respect Anderson has had no rival. His sense of the ludicrous was keen and piercing. The follies, vices, and conceits of the peasantry were seized upon with a quick and penetrating glance. The song of the *Red-gout Wife* is perhaps the best example of this class. It was a master stroke of satire to compare the wife's "dour and dirty smock" to "Auld Nick's mairn' lag!" And does not a sense of utter wretchedness overshadow the mind as the poor cuckold of a husband means out these words?

Gie, giein'—die, diein'!

Toil and meir!

Better feed the kirk-yard worms

Than leave see slaves as we.

These four lines are worthy of Burns or Tom Hood, and greater praise cannot be given.

Anderson is inferior to Miss Blamare in force of thought—sharp, clear, original reflection—and in fine poetic feeling; to Stagg the blind bard of Wigton, in graphic sketches of character and masculine firmness of language. His models have evidently

been the fine old love songs of Scotland. It is only at rare intervals, however, that the true spirit is caught, and even then passes hastily away. Often he has left us but faint echoes of these glorious originals. If judged by his compositions in English alone—such as the *Rose of Garry*—he must be pronounced a poor metre-monger. Even his songs in the Cumberland dialect, upon which his reputation is entirely built, possess very unequal merit. Many are of the most commonplace order; while others are faithfully limned and touched in with the nicety of a Dutch painter. As specimens of his better style we would single out *The Impatient Lark*, *Will and Kate*, *King Roger*, *The Bashful Waver*, *Guardie Gill*, *Peggy Pew*, and the *Warton Wedding*. These are songs which any county, within the four seas, might be proud to possess.


Had Anderson aroused himself to a greater earnestness of purpose, and not frittered away his powers by continued scribbling, he might have attained much greater excellence and fame. As it was, we find that instead of rising to the dignity of his subject, he too often fell below it. In looking around on humanity, the sweep of his mind was narrow and circumscribed. He has merely sketched the eddies floating on the surface, and left the deep undercurrent to roll on undisturbed. The passions, virtues, and struggles of life in its humbler forms, remain untouched—of these he knew little and sang nothing. That there are pure and elevating

subjects for poetry to be found "in huts were poor men lie," no one can gainsay. Have not many of our poets given us bursts of noble and tender feelings which had their origin in the lowly homes of the people ; as witness Wordsworth, Hood, Kingsley, Gerald Massey, and above all Robert Burns ! Tried by this standard Anderson's ballads will certainly be found wanting ; and yet from many points of view he has left us a great deal that is valuable. His pages reflect so much of the peasant's ordinary every-day life, that country lasses will long delight to warble his love songs ; and rustic lads will continue to set the village gathering, seated round the winter fireside, in roars of laughter with his humorous songs.

ROBERT ANDERSON'S CUMBERLAND BALLADS.

REED ROBIN.

[AIR: "Hallow Fair."—"This song," says Anderson, "was occasioned by a visitant visiting for two years his retired apartments in the centre of Carlisle. He a man who gave me his first cheerful strain in the beginning of September, and sang his farewell to the town and smoke of the town in April. So tame was the merry minstrel, that he frequently made a hearty repast within a few inches of the paper on which I wrote." An imitation of this song, commencing "O where art you going sweet Robin," will be found in Whitaker's *Book of Sacred Songs*.]

 COME into my cabin, reed Robin,
Thou'rt e welcome, blythe warbler, to me;
Now Skulkin' has thron'd his wheyter cap on,
Again I'll giv' shelter to thee;
Just hop thy ways into my pentry,
And feast on my peer humble fare;
I never was fash'd with a dunty,
But meyne, man or kind sal ay share.

Now four years are by gone, reed Robin,
Sin first thou cam'st singin' to me;
But, oh, how I's chang'd, little Robin,
Sin first I had welcome to thee!

I then had a bonny bit lassie,
Away wad anodder she's gaane,
My freen's wad oit eae at my cabin,
Now dowie I weep aw my leane

Oh, where is thy sweetheart, need Robin ?
Gae bring her frae house-top or tree,
I'll bid her be true to sweet Robin,
For fause was a lassie to me.
You'll share ev'ry crumb i' my cabin,
We'll sing the cauld winter away ;
I wunnet deceive ye, peer lardies !
Let mortals use me as they may.

November, 1800.

BETTY BROWN.

ALL : "John Anderson my jo."

WULLY.

Come, Gwordie lad, unyoke the yad,
Let's gow to Rosley Fair ;
Lang Ned's afore, wi' Symie' lad,
Peed Dick, and monie mair.
My titty Cicace and Jenny Bell
Are gangen bye and bye,
Sae doff thy clogs, and don thyself—
Let fadder luik to t' kye.

DOWDIE.

O, Wully ! ketsome may ye be'
 For me, I downa gang ;
 I've often shek'd a leg wi' tee,
 But now I's aw queyte wrang .
 My stomash's gear, nae sleep I get ,
 At neet I lig me down,
 But nobbet pech, and goud, and fret,
 And aw for Betty Brown.

Sin Cuddy Wulson' marry-neet,
 When Deavie bree'd his shin,
 I've niver, niver yence been rest,
 And aw for her I fin' :
 Thou kens we danc'd a threesome reel,
 And Betty set to me—
 She lulk'd sae neyce, and danc'd sae weel,
 What cou'd a body de !

My fadder fratches sair enough,
 If I but steal frae hame ;
 My mudder caws me peer deyl'd gaul,
 If Betty I but name ;
 Atween the twa there's set a frase,
 O but it's bad to beyde !
 Yet, what's far waur, aye Betty say,
 She wunnet be my breyde.

WULLY.

Wey, Gworge ! you's oather full or font,
To think o' see a frow ;
In aw her flegmagaries donn'd,
What is she I—nought 'at daw :
There's sceape grace Ben, the neighbors ken,
Can git her onie day—
Ere I'd be fash'd wi' see a yen,
I'd list or rin away !
Wi' aw her trinkams on her back,
She's feyne enough for t' squire ;
A sorry weyle, I trow, she'd mak,
'At cudn't muck a byre ;—
But whisht ! here comes my titty Greace,
She'll guess what we're about—
To moun o' moun, i' this sceame plete,
We'll hae the story out.

BARBARY BELL.

[*Act.*—“*Could he as I could us, as together.*” A Cumberland peasant puts his addresses to his sweetheart during the silence and solitariness of midnight, when every bosom is at rest, except that of love and sorrow. Anticipating her kindness, he will travel ten or twelve miles, over hills, bogs, moors, and marshes, undaunted by the length of the road, the darkness of the night, or the intemperance of the weather. *SANDERSON.*]

O but this luvie is a serious thing !
It's the beginner o' monie waes .
And yen had as good in a helter swing,
As look at a bonny fance now a-days .

Was there ever peer deevil sae fish'd as me ?
Nobbet at your ways still, the truth I's tell,
For I wish I'd been hung on our codlin tree,
The varra first time I seed Barbary Bell !

Quite hish, and nit our thrang wi' wark,
I went my ways down to Carol fair,
Wi' beam new caout, and brave ruff'd wark,
And Dirky the shaver put flour i' my hair,
Our seyde lads are aw for fun,
Some tunk ceyder, and some drank yell,
Diddlin Deasie he strack up a tunc,
And I caper'd away wi' Barbary Bell.

Says I, " Bob," says I, " we'll de weel enough,
For you can kurn, and darn, and spin ;
I can deyke, men' car-gear, and hod the pleugh,
Sae at Whitsunday neist we'll t'ward begin :
I's turn'd a gayden aw t' neybo's say,
I sit leyke a sumph, nae mair myself,
And up or a bed, at beame or away,
I think o' nought but Barbary Bell.

Then whea sud steal in but Rob o' the Nuk,
Dick o' the Steyle, and twa or three mair
Sae Barb'ry frae off my knee they tunk,
" Wey, dang it ! " says I, " but this is nit fair " !
Robbie he kick'd up a dust in a crack,
And sticks and neeves they went pel mel,
The bottles forby the clock seave they brack,
But fares-te-weel, whey te tit, Barbary Bell.

“Twas no libet last week, nae langer seyne,
I whey’d i’ the muck, I can’t tell how ;
“Get up,” says my mither, “and varra the weyne !”
“I’s bravely, Bids !” says I, “how’s toun !”
Naeist morn to f’erals I was frou’d to gang,
But cou’d the curs at Throkel Fell,
For I cras’d aw the way, as I truttet along,
“O that I’d never kent Barbary Bell !”

That varra scame neet up to Barbary’s house,
When aw tauld bairns were beginn asleep,
I off wi’ my clogs, and as whesht as a mouse,
Claver’d up to the window, and bairn a peep ;
‘There ahea said I see, but Watty the laird —
Did whate heit on him !’ I mairnet tell !
Bairn Saturday neist, if I live and be spaird
I’d wear a reed coat for Barbary Bell.

THE WORTON WEDDING.

Air : “Daisy Davis.”

O, see a weddin I’ve been at !
Ded him, what cap’ns, feights, vap’rin :
Priest and clerk, and aw gat drank —
Rare deins there were there :
The Thursby lads they sat the best ;
The Worton weavers drank the meast ;
But Brough seyde lairds hang’d aw the rest
For braggin o’ their gear.

And singin—Whurly whum, whoodle uhum,
 Whutty whutty, uha-uha-who.
 And derry dum, dubble dum,
 Derry cyden dee.

First helter skelter frae the kirk ;
 Some off like fire, through dub and mire :
 " Deil tek the kindest ! " Meer' lad cries—
 Suin head ower heels he flew :
 " God speed ye weel ! " the priest roar'd out,
 " Or neet we's hae a hearty bout "—
 Peer Meer' lad gat a blacken'd snout
 He'd mickle cause to rue—
 It spoil'd his—Whurly whum, &c.

When on the table first they set
 The butter'd sops, sec greasy chops,
 'Tween lug and laggen ! oh what fan,
 To see them gam and eat !
 Then leaping Isabel talk'd vae feyne,
 " Twas " vathly thockin' thuth to dine ;
 Theck giveth † wark ' to eat like thweyne " ‡ ;
 It meade her sick to w'ret ;
 Then we sang—Whurly whum, &c.

Neist stut'in Cursy, up he ruse,
 Wi' a-a-a, and ba-ba-ba ;
 He'd kiss Jen Jakes, for auld lang seyne,
 And fearfu' wark meade he :

* Vastly shocking. † 'Wark giveth'— ‡ Same.

But Cursy, soule gammer-sung,
Ned Watson being his leg a whang,
Then were he flew, the peets amang,
And groan'd as he wad dee,
But some sang—Whurly whum, &c.

Aunt Ester spoil'd the gurdle coakes,
The speyre left out, was strang, nea doubt;
Tim Trammel took nine cups o' tea,
And tairly capp'd tem aw,
The kiss went noon'; but Sally Slee,
When Trammel cleek'd her on his knee,
She dum h'd and punch'd, cried, "fool let be!"
Then strack him ower the jaw,
And we sang—Whurly whum, &c.

Fae manst I laugh'd at Crazy Brown,
Frae Lannon town she'd just come down,
In tutelows, and teyne silk gown,
Oh, man, but she was crouse!
Wi' Dick the footman she wad dance,
And "nonslet'd people could so prance,"
Then curtshey'd as they dui in France,
And pautet like a geuse,
While we sang—Whurly whum, &c.

Young Sour-milk Sawney, on the stool,
A hornpeype danc'd, and kear'd and pranc'd;
He slapp'd, and brak his left leg shan,
And kairp'd sair about;

Then cocker Wully lap bank heet,
And in his clogs top teynae did beat.
But Tamer, in her stocking feet,
She hang'd him out and out,
And lilted—Wherry whum, &c.

Now aw began to talk at yence,
O' naigs and kye, and wots and rye,
And laugh'd and jwok'd and cough'd and snuck'd,
And meade a fearfu' reck ;
The form it brack, and down they fell,
Lang Isaac leam'd auld granny Bell ;
They up and drank bet sugar d yell,
Till monie cuds'n't speak,
But some sang—Wherry whum, &c.

The breyde she kest up her accounts
In Rachel's lap, then pou'd her cap ;
The parson's wig stuid aw ayy ;
The clerk sang " Andrew Carr ; "
Blin' Stagg, the fiddler, gat a whack,
The bacon fleck fell on his back,
And neist his fiddle stick they brack,
"Twas weel he was nea waur,
For he sang—Wherry whum, &c.

Now on the midden some were laid,
Aw havey skavey, and kelavey ;
The clogger and the teaylor fought,
Peer Snip gat twea black een :

Dick Waulby he began the fray,
But Jenny Moffat ran away,
And trap ower head among the hay,
I wad say int varra clean ;
Then they sang —Whurly whum, &c.

Neist Windy Wull, o' Wamplie seyde,
He flang'd them aw, beath gat and sma',
He flang them east, he flang them west,
And blinly pates they gat ;
To him they were bot caff and san',
He split the table wi' his han',
But in the dust wi' dancin Dan,
They burnt his Sunday hat ;
Then aw sang —Whurly whum, &c.

The bicyde now thought it time for bed ;
Her stocking doff'd, and flang 't quite soft—
It hit Bess Blume —Wull Webster blash'd,
And laik'd anudder way ;
The lads down frae the loft did steal ;
The jinish bowdey, Greasy Peel,
She happ'd her up, aw wosh'd her weel ;
Then hop'd to meet neist day,
And sang her—Whurly whum, &c.

The best on't was, the parson swore
His wig was lost, a crown it cost,
He belsh'd and hiccup'd, in and out,
And said it wasn't fair :

Now day leet it began to peep,
 The breedegroom off to bed did creep,
 I trow he wadn't nuckle sleep,
 But whisht ! I'll say nex mair,
 Nobbet sing — Whurry whum, whuddle whum.
 Whulty, whalty, wha wha-wha,
 And derry dum, diddle dum,
 Derry cyden dee.

SALLY GRAY.

Ans , " The making o' Geordie's bair."

Come, Deavie, I'll tell thee a secret,
 But thou mun lock't up i' thee breast,
 I wadn't for an Dalston parish
 It com to the ears o' the rest ;
 Now I'll hoo tee a bit o' a meager,
 A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay,
 Thou cannot guess when I's in hame wi,
 And nobbet keep off Sally Gray.

There's Cumwhetton, Cumwhinton, Cumwhanton,
 Cumrangen, Cumrew, and Cumcath,
 And mony mair "cums" i' the county,
 But nix wi' Cumdubbock can match,
 It's we neyre to look ower the black pasture,
 Wi' the fells aboon an, an away
 There is naa naa place, nix in England,
 For there lives the sweet Sally Gray.

I was seventeen last Collop Monday,
And she's just the same seame age ;
For an kiss o' the sweet lips o' Sally,
I'd freely give up a year's wage ;
For as lang winter meets when she's spinning,
And singin about Jimmy Gay,
I keek by the hay-stack, and listen,
For fun wad I see Sally Gray.

Had you seen her at kirk, man, last Sunday,
You couldn't hae thought o' the test ,
But she sat next to Tom o' the Lonnin,
You may think that meikle me quite vext ,
Then I pass'd her gann owre the lang meadow,
Says I, " Here's a canny wet day ' "

I wad hae said man, but how could I,
When lookin at sweet Sally Gray '

I can'd to sup crabs wi' Dick Miller,
And hear aw his cracks and his jokes ;
The dumb wepte was tellin their fortunes,
What! I muid be like other fooks !
Wi' chuck, on a pair of auld bellows,
Twa letters she meikle so her way—
S means Sally, the wide warld' owre,
And G stands for nought else but Gray.

It was I but baird o' the manor,
A nabob, or parliament man,
What thousands on thousands I'd gie her,
Wad she moider gie me her han' !

A coach and six horses I'd buy her,
 And gar folk stan out o' the way,
 Then I'd houp up behind her like a footman—
 Oh! the war! for my sweet Sally Gray!
 They may brag o' their feyne Carel lasses,
 Their feathers, their duntment, and leave;
 God help them! peer death-lukin' bodies,
 Widout a bit need o' their leave!
 But Sally's just her allyblastin',
 Her cheeks are twa rose buds in May—
 O lad! I could sit here for ever,
 And talk about sweet Sally Gray.

WILL AND KATE.

ALL: "Johs Anderson my jo."

Now, Kate, full forty years hae flown,
 Sin we met on the green;
 Frae that to this the saut, saut tear
 Has oft staid i' my een;
 For when the barns were some feet hert,
 Too kens I kam'd my knee—
 Lal toddlen things, in want o' bread—
 O that went hard wi' me.
 Then you wad cry, "Come, Wully, lad,
 Keep up thy heart, ne'er fear!
 Our bits o' barns'll scattle up,
 Sae dry that wauy tear!"

There's Matt sal be an alderman,
A bishop we'll mak Guy;
Lal Ned sal be a chigger; and
Dek man work for tee and I.

Then when our crops were spoil'd wi' rain,
Sir Jacobin mu' hev his rent:
What cou'd we do! nea gear had we—
Sae I to jail was sent;
Twas hard to starve i' see a place,
Widout a frien' to trust;
But when I thought o' thee and banns,
My heart was like to burst.

Next Fy, God was pleas'd to tek,
What then, we'd seven still,
But when I kens what may happen I—sum
The sma' pay did for bill
I think I see his shie black een,
Then he wad churr and talk,
An' say, "Ded, ded! Mam, man," and aw,
Lang, lang ere he cou'd walk,

At Cargl, when, for six pound ten,
I selt twa Scotty kye,
They pok'd my pocket o' the thrang,
And deil a plack had I;
"Ne'er ack!" says tae, "we'll work for man,
It's time enough to fret;
A pun' o' sorrow wunner pay
A single ounce o' debt."

Now, toddlen down the hill o' kye,
 Auld age has brought content ;
 And, God be thank'd, our bairns are up,
 And pay Sir Jwahn his rent :
 When, seyle by seyle aw day we sit,
 I often think and grieve,
 It's hard that death sud part auld folk,
 When happy they can leave.

THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.

[AIR: "Lam down in the broom" — A copy of this song, slightly altered, is given in *Whistles & Boats of Scotland Song*, without any writer's name attached.]

Dence tek the clock ' click-clackin' sae,
 Still in a body's ear ;
 It tells and tells the time is past,
 When Jwahnse sud been here :
 Dence tek the wheel ' twirl nae rim round—
 Nae mair to-meet I'll spin,
 But count each minute wi' a sigh,
 Till Jwahnse he steals in.

How keyle the spankey fire now burns,
 For twae to sit beside !
 And there's the seat where Jwahnse sits,
 And I forget to chide !
 My fadder, too, he saugly snores ;
 My maddler's fast asleep ;
 He promis'd oft but, oh ! I fear
 His word he sunnet keep !

What can it be keeps him frae me !
The road is nit sae lang,
And sheet and snaw are naught at a',
If fo'k were fain to gang !
Some ither lass, wi' bonnier face,
Has caught his warked e'e,
And I'll be pointed at at kirk—
Nay ! ruiner let me dee !

O durst we lasses nobbet gang
And sweetheart them we like,
I'd rin to thee, my Joohne lad,
Nae stop at bog or dyke ;
But custom's sex a silly thing,
Men aye mean nae their way,
While many a bonny lassie sits
And mourns frae day to day.

But, whisht ! I hear my Joohne's fit—
Aye, that's his varra clog !
He seeks the fa'gott softly too—
O hang that cwoley dog !
Now, hey for seephs and suga'd words,
Wi' kisses nit a few—
O but this wauls a paradise,
When lovers they prove true !

NICHOL THE NEWSMONGER.

Alb. : — "The night before Larry was stretch'd"

Come, Nichol, and go us thy cracks

I seed tee gang down to the smiddy

I've kisher'd the nags and the noot,

And wanted to see thee at del ee.

Ay, Andrew, lad! draw in a stool,

And go us a shek o' thy dobble;

I got aw the news far an nat,

Sae set off as fast's I could waddle.

In France they've but swomful' times,

For Bonnyport's nit as he said be;

America's nobbet sae sae:

And England nit quite as she mud be:

Sad wark there's among blacks and wheytes,*

Sae tellin' plain tales to their feaces,

Wi' murders, and wars, and an' that—

But, bod—I forget where the place is.

Our parson he got drunk as muck,

Then kadder'd aw t' lads round about him;

They say he is nobbet han' feet,

And took muck as weel be as foot him;

The yell's to be fourpence a quart—

Odswinge, lad, there will be rare drinking!

Billy Pat's mad as ome March hare,

And never was rect, took are thinking

* Alluding to the mistreatment of the Black.

A weddin we'll hev or it's lang,
We' Bat Brag and Lil Tom Tagwally ;
Jack Banton's far off to the sea
It'll e'en be the death of our Sally ,
The clogger has bought a new wag ;
Dabson singers come here again Sunday ;
Lord Nelson's taken three Spanish fleets,
And the dancin school opens on Monday,
Carel badgers are monstrous sad fwock,
The sally peev deils how they ring up ;
Lal burns hae got pox fear the kyr,*
And factries, like mushrooms, they spring up ,
If they sud keep their feet for awhile,
And government nobbet prove civil,
They'll build up as hoo as the moon,
For Carel's a match for the deevil,
The king's made a bit of a speech,
And gentleswag say it's a topper ;
An alderman deet tuddler noet,
Efter eatin a turkey to supper ;
Our squire's to be parliament man,
Bless, lad, but he'll keep them aw busy !
When thinks tee's come heame i' the ewuach,
Frac Lunnon, but grater-fear'd lazy.
The cock feights are ninth o' neist month,
I've taea, but aw England can bang them ;
In Ireland they're aw up in arms,
It's hop'd there's nea Frenchmen amang them ;

* Cow Pee.

Our Tib at the crove house has been,
 She tells us they're monstrous murr;
 At Carel the brig's tummel'd down,
 And they tek the fack ower on a whurty.
 The mair was at full this neet week;
 The weather is turn'd monstrous diggy;
 I' th' loft, just at seven last neet,
 Lal Stephen sweethearted lang Aggy:
 There'll be bonny wark bye and bye,
 The truth 'ill be out, there's na fear on't,
 But I niver say nought, nay, nut I,
 For fear hawf the parish sud hear on't.
 Aunt Meable has lost her best sark,
 And Cleutie is bleas'd varra mickle;
 Nought's safe out o' doors now-a-days,
 Frae a millstone, e'en down to a sickle;
 The clock it strikes eight, I mean heame,
 Or I's got a deuce of a fratchin;
 When must we've a few hours to spare,
 We'll fin' out what mischief's a hatchin.

THE BUNDLE OF ODDITIES.

AIR: "Fit, let us a' to the braid!"

Sit down, and I'll count ower my sweethearts,
 For, faith, a brave number I've had,
 Sin I first went to schuil wi' Dick Ralston,
 But Dick's in his grave, honest lad!

I muid when he cross'd the deep watter,
To get me the shulapple's nest,
How he fell overhead, and I skul'd see,
Then off we ran heame, sair distress

Then there was a bit of a teylear,
That work'd at our house a heale week,
He was shap'd aw the warl' like a truppet,
But niver a word durst he speak ;
I just think I see how he squinted
At me, when we sat down to meat ;
Ours went his bet keale on his blue breeks,
And did a bit Snuppy could eat.

At portin' he pou'd up his spirits,
Says he, " You bet boddler'd my head,
And it shaks yen to rags and to tatters,
'To sew wi' a ling double thread ;"
Then, in meakin' a ccoat for my fadder,
(How hune does the senses deceive ?)
Forby usin' marrowless battens,
To th' pocket hole he stach'd a sleeve.

The neist was a Quaker, caw'd Jacob,
He turn'd up the wheyte o' his een
And talk'd about flesh and the spirit—
Thought I, what can Grexty mean ?
In dark winter neets, i' the lonnars,
He'd weade thro' the dart 'buin his knee,
It cuf'd his bet heart, ally gander !
And there let him stenter for me.

A lang blue-birt chap, like a guide post,
(Lord help us and keep us frae harm !)
Nerst talk't about ear gear and muddens,
And the reet way to manage a farm ;
'Twas last Leaily Fair I lect on him,
He grummell'd and spent hooft a crown—
God bless him ! hed he gowd i' gowpans,
I wadn't hac hed see a clown.

But stop ! there was lad wee deef Ducky,
Wad dance for a heale winter sect,
And at me aw the time wad keep glowin'—
Peer man, he was nobbet hawt feet !
He grew jealous o' reed-headed Bilek,
Wi' a featie like a full harvest muin ;
Sae they fit till they'd just gat enough on't,
And I laugh'd at heath when 'twas doun.

There's anudder worth aw put together,
I could, if I wad, tell his name ;
He gangs past our house to the market,
And mome a time he's set me beame :
O wad he but ask me this question —
" Will you be my partner for life ! "
I'd answer without any blushes,
And aye try to mek a gund wife.

DICK WATTERS.

AIR : "Creedy."

O, Jenny ! Jenny ! where's thou been ?
Thy father is just mad at thee ;
He seed somebody i' the croft,
And gubbers as he'd worry me.
O monie are a mudder's hopes,
And monie are a mudder's fears,
And monie a bitter, better pang,
Beath sun and beate her bosom tears !

We bring thee up, put thee to school,
And cleat thee weel as peir book can ;
We land thee beath to dance and read,
But now thou's crazy for a min.

O monie are, &c.

When thou was young, and at my knee,
I dancet on thee, day and neet ;
But now thou's rakin', rakin' still,
And never, never i' my seat.

O monie are, &c.

Thou's proud, and just an guid advice
Ye'n mud as weel speak till a steen ;
Still, still thy ain way, right or wrong—
Ness, but thou'll rue't when I am gae !

O monie are, &c.

Dick Watters, I hae tell't thee oft,
 Ne'er means to be a son o' mine.
 He seeks thy ruin, sure as death,
 Then like Bet Easter thou may whine
 O monie are, &c.

Thy faddler's comin' frae the cricht,
 A bonny humsup, faith, he'll muck,
 Put on thy clogs an' haul I blue brat—
 Heaste, Jenny! heaste! he lifts the sneck!
 O monie are, &c.

THE LASS ABUIN THIRTY

AIR: "Jockey's Grey Breeds."

I've wonder'd sin I kent mysel,
 What keeps the men fowk aw frae me,
 It's as guid like as cousin Tib,
 And she can hae her choice o' three
 For me, still moans by mysel,
 Life's just a bitter without sweets:
 The summer brings nae pleasant days,
 And winter tries wi' lang, lang needs
 I had some whoopes o' Wully yence,
 And Wully was the only yen,
 I dreamt and dreamt about him lang,
 But whoopes and Wully aw are geane

A kye he'd hev, I get him tace,
Reet weel I woad, among the hay;
Next time we met, he glump'd and gloom'd,
And turn'd his head anither way.

A feyne jank sash my uncle sent
Frae Lunnnon yence—about my waist
I wore't and wore't, but did a bid
At me or sash a lunk e'er cast:
My yellow gown I thought was sure
To catch some yen at Carel fair,
But, oh! t'reured to gown and sash,
I'll never, never wear them mair!

The thrush, whoso could winter's geane,
Aye in our woodbet welcomes spring,—
It mair he luv'd, did we but ken,
Gae him an' his partner sing, —
The cock and hen, the duck and drake,
Nay, even the smawest birds that flee,
Ik thing that lves can get a mate,
Except sex-sweety things as me.

I often think how married folk
Mun lead a sweet and happy life,
The prattin' bairns rin toddlin' roon',
And tie the husband to the wife:
Then oh! what joy when meet draws on!
She meets him gairn' frae his wark,
But him can tell what cheerfu' cracks
The twosome hae lang efter dark.

The wise man lives not far from this,
 I'll hunt him out soon as I can.
 He told Nan Dobson where she'd work,
 And I'm as likely, since, as Nan,
 But still, still moom by myself,
 Life's just a better without sweets:
 The summer brings new pleasant days,
 And winter tries us long, long nights!

TOM LINTON.

AGE. "Come under my Plaid."

Tom Linton was bawn till a brave cunny fortune,
 His auld father scraip'd an' the gear up he cou'd;
 But Tom, country bonny, look'd ower her abun him,
 And ma'd wi' the bad, nor e'er heed'd the good;
 At the town he'd ahore, gamade, play hell wi' the
 deevil,
 He ma'd her her caper, nor car'd how it cam,
 Then he ma'd her his greyhounds, gams, setter, and
 hunter,
 And king o' the cockers they an' curs'd Tom.
 I think I just see how the lads wad flock round him,
 And, oh! they were fun to slick Tom by the hand!
 Then he'd tell how he fought wi' the barbers and
 bullies,
 And drank wi' the waiter till nowther cou'd -gan.

His wad to be wad shew, and his lists o' the hurses,
And pen out a guinea, and offer to lay,
Till our poor country lads grew uneasy and lary,
And Tom could ha' cuss'd hant the parish away

Then he drank wi' the squire, and laugh'd wi' his
worship,

And talk'd o' the duke, and the deevil kenswhee.
He gat aw the new-tangled outbs o' the nation,
And mask'd a poor beggar man wanting an e'e

His tiths they were mortgag'd, about it was
whisper'd,

A farmer was call'd out, owie for tiths his homag,
A lair an was sell his and a fiddler had toud it for,
And silly Tom Tinton kilt not worth a sou.

His fortune aw spent, what' he d ha' the lund's
dowter,

But she pack'd him out wi' a flie in his ear,
Next thing, an auld contrade, for mune Tom
borrow'd,

Pen put him in prison, and bade him lge there
At last he gat out, efter lang he had suffer'd,

And sat had repented the sad an, he d had
Widout shoon till his feet, an a soldier's milt jacket,
He works on the humpke feet and for his laval

Now folly seen into, ragg'd poor, and downhearted,

He toils and he frets, and keen wants daily press;
It cranks rle by, wey, alas! they've forget him,

For whae can remember auld friends in distress?

O pity, what pity, that in ev'ry county,

Sae monie Tom Lintons may alwais be found !

Deuce tek aw girt notions, and whurligig fashions,

Contentment's a kingdom, aye, aw the warl round !

THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF.

Ans : "The Campbells are coming "

O, Eden ! whenever I range thy green banks,

And view aw the scenes o' my infantine pranks,

Where wi' pleasure I sported, ere sorrow began,

I sigh to trace onward frae boy to the man

To memory dear are the days o' yon's youth,

When, enraptur'd, we luk'd at each object wi' truth,

And, like faines, a thousand wild frobes we play'd :

But manhood has chang'd what youth fondly
pourtray'd.

I think o' my playmates, dear maqs, I lov'd best "

Now divided like larks efter leaving the nest "

How we trembl'd to school, and wi' copy and buk,

Oft read our hard fate in the master's stern luk ;

In summer, let loose, how we brush'd thro' the wood,

And meade seevy caps on the brink o' the flood ;

Or watch'd the seap-bubbles, or ran wi' the kite,

Or launch'd paper navies—how dear the delight !

There was Jack Smith, the boggle. I mind him
reet weel,

We twa to Blain's hay loft together wad steal,
And o' gaints, ghosts, witches, and faeries oft read,
Till we hootend we hardly durst creep off to bed,
Then, in winter, we'd caw out the lasses to play,
And tell them the moon shone as bright as the day,
Or scamper, like wad things, at hunting the hare,
Tig touch wood, four corners, or twenty games man

Then my fadder, God bless him! at thirteen oft said,
"My bairn, I mair get thee a bit o' a trade,
O could I attend it, ma' bairn thou'd get!"

But peer was my fadder, and I contented yet
And then my first sweetheart, an angel was she!
But I only made love thro' the tail o' my ee
I mind when I met her I wanted to speak,
But stood silent, and blushes spread an' rose my
cheek.

At last, as the play things o' youth laid aside,
Now love, hope, and fear did my moments divide,
And wi' restless ambition deep sorrow began,
But I sigh to trace onward frae boy to the man
To memory dear are the days o' yon's youth,
When, enraptur'd, we look'd at ilk object wi' truth,
And, like faeries, a thousand wild fancies we play'd
But manhood has chang'd what youth fondly
pourtray'd.

THIS LUIVE SAE BREKS A BODY'S REST

AIR: "BURICK BARKS."

The mair shoon breet at nine last neet,
 When Jenny Sharp cam owre the mair:
 Weel did I ken a lover's fit,
 And heard him softly tap the door.
 My fadder started i' the mirk,
 "Rin, Jenny, see what's that," he said:
 I whisper'd, "Jenny, come to-morn,"
 And then a leame excuse sum meade.

I went to bed, but coudn't sleep,
 This luvie sae breks a body's rest:
 The mawerms down'd, then up I gat,
 And seegh'd and aye look'd towards the west,
 But when far off I saw the wood,
 Where he unlock'd his heart to me,
 I thought o' morn a happy hour,
 And then a test gashed true agree

To meet my fadders fur frae heame,
 And wunner came these three hours yet.
 But, O' it pains, and I'd be leath
 That Jenny said for me get wet!
 Yet, if he des, gud heame hame'd yell
 Will warm his cheery honest heart
 Wi' him, my varra life o' life!
 It's fain to meet, but leath to part

AULD MARGET.

Auld Marget in the fauld she sits,
And spins, and sings, and smokes by fires,
And cries as she had lost her wits—

O this weary, weary warl !

Yence Marget was as lish a lass
As e'er in summer trod the grass ;
But fearful changes come to pass

In this weary, weary warl !

Then, at a murry next or fur,
Her beauty made the young folk stare ;
Now wrinkled is that face of care—

O this weary, weary warl !

Yence Marget she had dowters three,
And bunner lasses couldna be ;
But nowther kith nor kin has she—

O this weary, weary warl !

The eldest w' a soldier gay,
Ran frae her hame, ae luckless day,
And e'en he's burned far awa'—

O this weary, weary warl !

The youngest she did naught but whim,
And for the lads wad fret and pine,
Till hurried off by a disease—

O this weary, weary warl !

Auld Andrew wul'd neet sae for bread
 Ae neet they fan him cauld, cauld dead,
 Nae wonder that turn'd Marget's head

O this weary, weary war!

Peet Marget 'till I pay thee,
 Wi' care-worn cheek and hollow e'e,
 Bowed down by age and poverty

O this weary, weary war!

FIRST LUTHE.

Ann : "Cold and Raw "

It's just three weeks sin Carol fair,
 This sixteenth o' September .
 There the first loff of a sweetheart I gat.
 Sae that day I'll remember.
 This luvve micks yea shagad—ever sin syne
 I's thankin and thinkin o' Wully ;
 I dang oate the knop, and scawder'd my fit,
 And cut aw my thumb wi' the gully

O, how he danc'd ' and, O, how he talk'd '
 For my life I cannae forget him
 He wad hev a kiss—I ges him a slap
 But if he were here I'd let him.
 Says he, " Mally Maudlin, my heart is thine ' "
 And he bring see a veegh, I believ'd him
 Thought I, Wully Wintrop, thou's welcome to mine,
 But my head I hang down to deerve him.

Twice yards o' reed ribbon to wear for his sake,
Forby leather mittens, he bought me ;
But when we were thinking o' naught but love,
My tith, deil lan' com and sought me ;
The deevil tek an' clabes' off she ran hame,
And e'en telt my tair'd auld mudder ;
There's set a te-dut—but let them fratch on
Mae him, I'll ne'er get we' anudder !

Next Sunday, God wullan? we promised to meet,
I'll get frae our twasome a leetle ;
But a lee man patch up, he't rang or he't rest,
For Wully he shanot stan waxin' ;
The days they seem lang, and lang are the neets,
And, wae me' this is but Monday !
I seigh, and I think, and I say to mysel,
O that to-morrow were Sunday !

LAL STEPHEN.

Ans : "Hallow Fair."

Lal Stephen was bwoon at Kierkbanton,
Just five feet three inches was he ;
But at ploughing, or mowing, or shearing,
His match you but seldom could see ;
Then at dancin, O he was a capper !
He'd shuffle and loup till he sweat ;
And for singin he ne'er had a marrow,
I just think I hear his voice yet.

And then wad a sleaze and a pawkie,
He capp'd aw our larned young lads,
And play'd on twa pen-trumps together,
And aye cam off winner at cards
At huntin a brock or an otter,
At trackin a fowert or hare,
At puttin a cock or at shuddin,
Nae lad cou'd wi' Stephen compare.

And then he wad feicht like a bary,
And count fast as hopsack the stars,
And read aw the news o' the paper,
And talk about weddings and wars,
And then he wad drink like a Briton,
And spend the last penny he had,
And aw the peer lasses about him,
For Stephen wad runnin stark mad.

Our Jenny she writ him a letter,
And mense a feyne thing she said—
But my tadder he just gat a gliff o' it,
And laith a rare drunken he meade,
Then Debby, that liv'd at Drunklemin,
She wad hev him aw till herself,
For ae meet when he shud owre to see her,
Wi' sugar she sweeten'd his keel.

Then Judy she darn'd aw his stockings,
And Sally she meade him a sark,
And Larry, the land's youngest dower,
Kens weel wha she met efter dark.

Aunt Ann, o the wrong side o' fifty,

 E'en thought him the flower o' the flock—

 Nay, to count ven he yea, an' his sweethearts,

 Wad tek a full hour by the clock.

O' but I was vent to hear tell on't,

 When Nichol the tidings he brought,

That Stephen was gone for a soldier—

 Our Jenny she grow'd, ay, like ought

 Sae' that we've nae sport efter supper,

 We nae thet get sang or a crack,

Our lasses sae beytin their fingers,

 Aw wishin for Stephen sae lack.

THE RASHFU' WOOER.

 AIR : "Daisie Davie."

Whene'er ye come to woo me, Tom,

 Dunnet at the window tap,

 Or cough, or hem, or gie a clap,

 To let my fiddler hear, man ;

He's aibl and feafil, and wants his sleep,

Sae by the hallan softly creep.

Ye need nae watch, and glowre, and prep,

 I'll meet ye, never fear, man ;

 If a lassie ye wad win,

 Be cheerfu' iver, rashfu' never,

 Ilka Jock may get a Jen,

 If he hes sense to try, man.

When'er we at the market meet,
 Dunnet luek like yen hauf daft,
 Or talk about the cauld and heat,
 As ye wete weather wise, man :
 Hand up your head, and haubly speak,
 And keep the blushes frae your cheek,
 For he wha hes his teale to seek,
 We lasses aw despise, man :
If a lassie, &c.

I met ye heately, aw yer leane,
 Ye seemed like yen stown frae the dead,
 Yer teeth e'en chatter'd i' yer head,
 But ne'er a word o' love, man :
 I spok, ye luek'd anudder way,
 Then trimm'd d as ye d got a flay,
 And owre yer shoulder cried, "Gaul day,"
 Nur yence to win me strive, man :
If a lassie, &c.

My aunty left me threescore pun
 But deil a yen o' aw the men,
 Till then, did hae legg'd Flay ken,
 Or care a strae for me, man :
 Now, uggin at me sunn and lue,
 They're cleekin but the yellor lue,
 Yet, mind me, Tom, I needn't wait,
 When I hae choise o' three, man :
If a lassie, &c.

There lives a lad ower yonder muir,
He hes mair thit but yee—he's pair.

Whine'er we meet, wi' kisses sweet,

He's like to be my death, man,

And there's a lad thint yon tree,

Wad wauke for me aboon the knees;

Sae tell yer mind, or, if ye please,

Sae langer fasth us bairn, man

If a lassie, &c.

January, 1801.

THE AUNTY.

We've roughness amang hands, we've kye i' the byre,
Come live wi' us, lassie, it's ane I desire:

I'll big i' the kett, and gie my bed to thee,

Nor's it could be, in wantin that guidness can gie
Sae the best o' thy kin, the peer aunty we've lost,
Thou frets an' the day, and een looks like a ghost

I mind, when she sat i' the nook at her wheel,

How she'd tweyne the slow thread, and aye counsel
us weel,

Then oit whisper me, "Thou wad mek a top wife;
And pray God to see thee weel settl'd in life."

Then what laive funny teales she could tell the next
through,

And wad bless the peer fack, if the stormy win blew

That time when we saunter'd o're lea at the town,
 'Twas the day, I weel mind, when tea got thy chintz
 gown,

For the waters were up, and jock dark was the reet,
 And she lissen'd and cry'd, and thought aw wasn't
 reet;

But, oh! when you met, what a luik did she give!—
 I can never forget her as lang as I live.

How I like thee, dear lassie, thou's oot heard me tell;
 Nay, I like thee far better than I like mysel'.
 And when sorrow forsakes thee, to lark we'll e'en
 gang,

But tea munnet sit painin' thy leane aw day lang;
 Come o're the gate, lassie, my titty sal be
 A companion to her that's aye dearest to me

CROGLIN WATTY.

[AFTER THE FOLLO'ING MANNER.—The Croglin Watties are men who are engaged in the business of catching salmon, and are for a longer term than half a year, and are called Croglin Watties, because they go down to the salmon fishery, and they have with them a dog, which is called a croglin, and they have a bag or skin in their hands.—See the Croglin Watties.]

If you ax where I come frae, I say the tell-tale,
 Where tadder and mudder, and bonniest brook beyle,
 And my sweetheart, O! bless her! she thought me
 like me,

For when we shook hands, the teats cush'd frae her e'e

Says I, "I mun e'en git a spot if I can,
But, whatever beteyde me, I'll think o' thee, Nan!"

Nan was a perfect beauty, wif' two cheeks like codlin blossoms, the sun set on her made my mouth aw water.
"Fares ye weel, Watty?" says she: "there's a wag among t' loons, and I'll see thee rae mair!" "Nay, daunt ye not, Nan!" says I,

"For, mappen, ere lang, I'll be maister mysel' ;"
Sae we buss'd and I tunk a last look at the fell.

On I shuvell'd and wonder'd, my bundle I flung
O'er my shou'dert, when Cwoley he efter me sprung,
And bowled, wily fellow' and fawned at my fit,
As if to say "Watty, we munnet part yet"
At Carl I stood wi' a streel i' my mouth,
And they tunk me, nae doubt, for a promisin youth.

The money came on me in clusters: "What wage dost thou, Cwoley?" says he—"Wag, threepen and a crown, wunst bet ye I have a my hand." "What can ye do?" says another—"Doo!" says I, "I can plough, sow, mow, shear, thrash, dish, milk, kum, milk a byre, - eg a pulm, mend car gins, drive a whorreyge, rock a nung's tail, hunt a brock, or fight her a yon o' my weight in an' Cwoley parish."

An auld bearded hussy sun caud see her man—
But that day, I may say't, aw my sorrows began.

First, Cwoley, peer fellow' they hang'd i' the street,
And kinn'd, Gad forgie them' for shoon to their feet!

I cry'd, and they caw'd me peer hard ratted clown,
And bustle'd and fellow'd me aw up and down:

Neist my deame she e'en star'd me, that niver
kev'd weel,—

Her hard words and larks wad hae frozen'd the deil.

She hed a lang ben't, for aw I wad make a billy gowd,
wi' a lill-dogel frock, brown, and then the smooest leg o'
mutton in aw the auld market saved the cut, aw, and her, for a
week. The bonnie mair, she gars me, and the auld mair, at
the supper, as if to welcome me up, when I opened the door,
they thren stair'd my can, and auld mair, Watty.

Sae I pack'd up my duds when my quarter was out,
And, wi' weage o' my pocket, I saunter'd about.

Sae in my reet hand breck pocket they pack'd in a fray,
And wi' fifteen wheyte shillings they slapt clean away,
Forby my twa letters frae mudder and Nan.

Where they said Carol lasses wad Watty wepan.

But 'twad tak a lang day just to tell what I saw—

How I skeap'd frae the gallows, the swordgets and aw.

As I thren wad some forgers, dugs, had us, just sign my
neame. "Nay," says he, "I'm no sign, dugs, a mair, just sign the
leg, for I'm no wad." Then I loken like a mair, as
ke'd and loken'd, as I me. "Watty, will he be?" thren
either be a general or a general. "Nay," I wad sign
that's plain. I'm content wi' a wad o' mair, just sign.

Now, wi' twa groats and twapence, I'll e'en toddle
heame,

But ne'er be a swordger wheyle Watty's my neame.

How my mudder 'll gowd, and my tadler 'll stare,
When I tell them poor C'woder they'll never see mair.
Then they'll bring me a stool, as for Nan, she'll be
fain,

When I kiss her, God bless her, again and again.

The barn and the byre, and the auld hollow tree,
Will just seem like crones yon's felging to see.

The bairns'll beken Watty's voice now— The post-rack
as used to like him. If he haunt ere this! As for Nan,
she'll be neither married or broken-hearted, but sad we be
weel at the gear, as I hae feasted, fiddled, danced, drunken,
singin, and sungin, &c, till we's blue about us.

Among aw our neighbors see wonders I'll tell,
But never mair leave my auld friends or the fell.

JENNY'S COMPLAINT

Air— "Nanny's to the greenwood game."

O, I ves! I've fearful' news to tell!

What thanks te's come owre Jenny!

The souldgers hae een pick'd him up,

And sent him far, far frae me

To Caul he set off wi' wheat.

Them ill need crested fellows

Soon wad him in—then meade him drunk

He'd better geane to th' gallows

The varra set o' his cockade

It set us aw a crying;

For me, I fairly fainted tweyre,

For my think that was tryin,

My laddie wad hae paid the smart,

And shoo'd a gowden guinea.

But, luck-a-day! he'd kiss'd the buik,

And that'll e'en kill Jenny.

When Nichol tells about the wars,
It's wear than death to hear him ;
I oft steal out, to hide my tears,
And cannot, cannot bear him ;
For aye he jeybes, and cracks his jokes,
And bids me not forsake him ;
A brigadier, or grenadier,
He says they're sure to meake him.

If owre the stubble fields I gang,
I think I see him ploughin,
And ev'ry bit o' bread I eat,
It seems o' Jemmy's sowing :
He led the varra cwoals we burn,
And when the fire I's beetin,
To think the peats were in his hands,
It sets my heart a beatin.

What can I do ! I nought can do,
But whinge and thank about him ;
For three lang years he follow'd me,
Now I mun live wadout him !
Brek heart, at yence, and then it's owre !
Life's nought wadout yen's deane,
I'll saim hie in my cauld, cauld grave,
For, oh ! of life I'm weary !

MATTHEW MACREE.

[Aik "He was poble tow"—Anderson composed this song on a fine summer day in 1803, whilst seated under an apple-tree in the Springfield bowling green, Carlisle.]

Sen I first work'd a sampleth at Biddy Forsyth's,
I ne'er saw the marrow o' Matthew Macree ;
For down his braid back hing his lang yellow locks,
And he has a cast wi' his bonny grey e'e :
Then he meks us aw laugh, on the stool when he
stands,
And acts like the players, and gangs wi' his hands,
And talks ver hard words as nit yen understands —
O, what a top scholar is Matthew Macree !

'Twas nobbet last Easter his cock was the main,
I stund i' the ring rejoicin to see ;
The bairns they aw shouted, the lasses were fain,
And the lads o' their shoulders bore Matthew
Macree :
Then at lowpin he'll gang a full yard ower them aw,
And at rustlin, whilk o' them dare try him a faw !
And whee is't that aye carries off the foot-baw !
But the king of aw Cumberland, Matthew Macree.

That time when he fought full two hours at the fair,
And lang Jenny Smith gat a famish black e'e ;
Peet Jenny I yence thought wad never paw mair,
And I was net sworri for Matthew Macree .

Then he wad shak the bull-ring, and brag the heale
 town,
 And to feicht, rin, or ruggle, he put down a crown;
 Saint George, the gyt champion, o' fame and renown,
 Was nobbet a waffler to Matthew Macree.

On Sundays, in bonny wheyte weastcoat when
 dress'd,
 He sings i' the kirk, what a topper is he '
 I hear his strang voice far aboon an' the rest,
 And my heart still beats time to Matthew Macree.
 Then his feyne eight page duties, and garlands sae
 sweet,
 They mak us aw merry the lang winter neet.
 But, when he's sit amang us, we never seem rest,
 Sae fond are the lasses o' Matthew Macree.

My fadder he left me a house on the hall,
 And I've get a bit lan sad my aunty dee,
 Then I'll wed bonny Matthew whenever he will,
 For gear is but trash wadout Matthew Macree
 We'll try to show girt fook content in a cot,
 And when in our last beame together we've got,
 May our bairns and their neebors aft point to the
 spot
 Where big honest Matthew and Janny Macree

FECKLESS WULLY.

Wee Wully wuns on yonder brow,
And Wully he hes dowers three,
But naught cou'd feckless Wully dun,
To get them sweethearts weel to see.

For Meg she luk'd beath rest and left,
Her een they bow'd a body thro';
And Jen was deaf, and dum, and daff,
And did a yen com there to woo.

The neyho's wink'd, the neyho's jeer'd,
The neyho's fly'd at them in scorn,
And monie a wicked trick they play'd
Peet Meg and Jen, beath next and morn.

As Wully went ae day to wark,
He luk'd a summer wad his shoe;
And Wully glowr'd and Wully gam'd,
"Gude us!" quoth he, "what hae we now!"

And Wully caus'd ower six score paa,
And back he ran wi' nimble heel,
And aye he wore his shou'der ghynd,
And thought he'd dealings wi' the deil.

And Wully's bought a reet snug house,
And Wully's bought a bit o' lan;
And Meg and Jen are trig and crouse,
Sm' be the yellow pwokie ran.

Nae mair the neighbors wink and jeer,
 But aw shak hairs wi' them, I trow ;
 And ilk yen talks o' Waltham's gear,
 For Wully's changed to William now.

And some come east, and some come west,
 And some come monie a mile to woo ;
 And Meg lunks straight, and Jen has sense,
 And we aw see what gear 'll dui.

Ye rich look aw, ye'll aye dui best ;
 Ye peer look aw, ye'll aye dui wrong
 Let wise men aw say what they will,
 It's money meks the meer to gang.

THE BLECKELL MURRY-NEET.

[A Cambridge MURRY-NEET is, as its name imports, a night appropriated to mirth and festivity. It takes place at some country ale-house, during the holidays of Christmas, a season in which every Cambridge person refuses to be governed by the cold and suggestively rigorous economy and thrift.—*SANDERSON.*]

Ay, lad! see a murry-neet we've held at Bleckell,
 The sound o' the fiddle yet rings i' my ear ;
 Awreet clapt and beel'd were the lads and the lasses,
 And monie a clever lish larry was there ;
 The bettermer sweet sat sang i' the parlour,
 I th' pantry the sweetheaters catter'd sat soft ;
 The dancers they kick'd up a stour i' the kitchen ;
 At lanter the cand-lakers sat in the loft.

The clogger o' Dawson's a fash top hero,
And bangs aw the player-frook twenty to yea,
He stamp'd wad his fit, and he shouted and royster'd,
Till the sweat it ran off at his varra chin en' !
Then he held up as has like the spout of a tea-pot,
And danc'd "Cross the buckle" and "Leather-
te-patch ;"
When they cry'd "bonny Bell !" he lap up to the
ceilin',
And aye crack'd his thouns for a bit of a fratch.

The Hiverby lads at fair drinkin are seepers ;
At cockin the Das-tuners niver were bet ;
The Backahank chaps are reet fash sweetheaters,
Their lasses just sound like the sneck of a yett ;
The lasses o' Blackell are sae monie angels,
The Cummer-dale beauties aye glory in fun
God help the peer fellow that gleyces at them dancin,
He'll steal away heartless as vore as a gun !

The 'barco was strong, and the yell it was lythey,
And monie a yen bottom'd a quart leyke a kum ;
Daft Fred, i' the nuik, leyke a hard-roasted deevil,
Telt sly smutty stwones, and meade them aw gum,
Then yea sung "Tom Linton," anudder "Dick
Watters."

The auld farmers beagg'd o' their filkes and fwoals,
Wi' jeybin and jokin, and hotchin and laughin,
Till some thought it time to set off to the cwoals.

But, bod' I forgot—when the clock strack eleven,
The dabbler was leung in, wi' wheyte bread and
brown;

The gully was sharp, the girt cheese was a topper,
And lumps, big as lapsteans, our lairs gobbl'd
down:

Aye the douse dapper lankely cried, "Eat and
welcome,

I' God's name step forr't, nay, dunnet be idle!"
Our guts aw weel pang'd, we buck'd up for thin
Jenny,

And neist paid the shot on a girt powder plate.

Now fall to the thropple, wi' head marks and heart
aches,

Some crap to the clock kease instead o' the durr,
Then sleepen and snorintak please o' their reoarn;
And teane abuin tadder they lair on the flurr.

The last o' December, lang, lang we'll remember,

At five i' the morn, eighteen hundred and twee
Here's health and success to the brave Jockny
Dawson,

And mome sex meetings may we leave to see!

THE THURSBY WITCH.

ALL: "O'er Bogie."

There's Harraby and Tarraby,
And Wigganby beside;
'There's Oughterby and Soughterby,*
And heath beath far and wide,
Of strappin, sonny, twosy quecks,
They aw may brag a few;
But Thursby for a bonny lass,
Can cap them aa, I trow.

Her mudder sells a swoop o' drink,
It is heath stout and brown,
And bity is the funny fowt
Of aw the country roun;
Far east and west, beath rich and peer,
A horse, a-fit, caw in—
For when can pass sae rare a lass,
He's oither daft or blin.

Her een are like twae Cursmas deas,
But twae as breet and clear;
Nae rouse cou'd ever match her feave,
That yet grew on a brier;
At toon, kirk, market, dance or fun,
She mels their hearts aw stoun,
And conquers mair than Bonypart,
Whene'er she keeks aroun.

* Names of Cumberland Villages.

Oft graith'd in aw their lark gawn gear,
 Like noble hounds at court,
 Our lads slunk in, and gaze and grin,
 Nor heed their Sunday spout ;
 If stranger lects, her een he meets,
 And says he can't tell how,
 To touch the glass her hand has touch'd
 It sets him in a lowe.

Yence Thursday lads were—whea but we,
 And cou'd hae bang'd the live,
 But now they hing their lugs and look
 Like fook stown frae the grave,
 And what they ail in head or heart
 Nae potticary knows—
 The little glancin Thursday Wench,
 She is the varra cause.

Of "Black-ey'd Susan," "Mary Scott,"
 "The Lass o' Fane's Mill,"
 Of "Barbara Allan," "Nolly Gray,"
 "The Lass o' Richmond-hill,"
 Of "Nancy Dawson," "Molly Mog,"
 Though thousands sing wi' glee,
 This village beauty, out and out,
 She bangs them an to we.

THE PECK O' PUNCH.

[The party here alluded to were our author and a few partial friends. Anks, a well-to-do and stable calenderer, was invited, is a well known, industrious, and respectable tradesman—the scourge of pretenders, but the friend of humble merit. He is one of the few who can put Care to the rout, make his friends happy, and keep the table in a row. *Antiquary*.]

“Twas Rob and Jack, and Hal and Jack,

And Tom and Ned furby,

Wi’ Archy drank a peck o’ punch,

As neet when they were dry ;

And aye they jwok’d, and laugh’d, and smuik’d,

And sang wi’ heartfelt glee,

“To-night we’re yon, to-morrow gane,

Syne let us merry be !”

Sunt Mary’s muckle clock humm’d eight,

When each popp’d in his head ;

But ere they rose, they’d fairly drank

The sheame feac’d mair to bed ,

And aye they jwok’d, &c.

To monie a bonnie Carl lass,

The fairest o’ the town,

And monie a manly British chief,

The noggin glass went roon ;

And aye they jwok’d, &c.

A neighbor’s fauts they ne’er turn’d owre,

Nor yence conceal’d their ain—

Had Care keek’d in, wi’ war worn face,

They’d kick’d him out again .

For aye they jwok’d, &c.

The daily toil, the hunter's spoil,
 The faithless foreign pow'rs,
 The Consul's fate, his o'ergrown state,
 By turns beguil'd the hours ;
 And aye they laugh'd, &c.

Let others cringe, and bow the head,
 A purse-proud sump to please .
 Fate, grant to me the liberty
 To mix with souls like these .
 Then oft we'll joke, and laugh, and snuff,
 And sing wi' heartiest glee,
 " To night we're yea, to-morrow geane,
 Syne let us merry be ! "

THE VILLAGE GANG.

Ans: "Jenny dang the wunner'
 There's sec a gang in our town,
 The deevil cannot wrang them,
 And cou'd yen get tem put in prent,
 Aw England cuddest hang them .
 Our dogs e'en bite aw decent folk,
 Our varra rags they kick them,
 And if they nobbet ax their way,
 Our lads set on and lick them.
 Furst wi' Dick Wiggins we'll begin,
 The teyney, greasy solister ;
 He's got a gob frae lug to lug,
 And web like onie lob-ter ;

Dick's wife, they say, was Braxton bred,
Her mucker was a bondey,
And when peer Dick's theang on the lunn,
She's off to Juahnie Gowdy.

But as for Juahnie, silly man,
He threeps about the nation,
And talks o' stocks and Charley Fox,
And meakes a blasteration.
He reads the papers yince a week,
The auld fook gaze and wonder
Were Juahnie lang, we'd as be mch,
And France mude e'en knock under.

Lang Peet the land's a do-pert chap,
His wife's a famous fratcher,
She brays the lawes, starves the lads,
Nae landylan can match her.
We an ken how they gat their gear,
But that's a fearful story,
And sud be hung on Carol Sands,
Nae yen wad e'er be sorry.

Beane-breaker Jwohn we weel may name,
He's tired o' wark, confound him !
By manglin' limbs, and streemin' joints,
He's made aw cripples round him :
Mair hurt he's than onie yen
That ever seap'd a helter.
When set like gulls leame decent fook,
It's time some laws sud alter.

The schuilmaister's a conjurer,
For when our lads are drinkin,
Aw maks o' tricks he'll dui wi' cairds,
And tell fook what they're thinkin :
He'll gloure at maps, and spell hard words,
For hours and hours together,
And in the morn he kens what's duin—
Nay he can con the weather !

Then there's the blacksmith wi' ae e'e,
And his hawf-witted nodder,
'Twad mak a dead man lugh to see
Them glyme at yen anodder,
A three quart piggen full o' keale,
He'll sup, the greedy sinner,
Then eat a cow'd head like his head,
Ay, onie day at dinner.

Jack Mar, the harpán paper's son,
Can bang them aw at leen,
He'll brek a lock, or steal a cunk,
Wi' onie yen in bein :
He eats gual meat, and drinks strang drink,
And gangs weel graith'd o' Sunday,
And weel he may, a bonnie fray
Com out last Whissen-Monday.

The doctor he's a parfet pleagur,
And hawf the panck puzzens,
The lawyer sets fook by the lugs,
And cheats them next by dazzens.

'The parson swears a bonnie stick
Among our sackless asses ;
The 'squire's run'd sewers and sewers
O' canny country lasses.

There's twenty mair, coarse as neck-beef,
If yen had time to name them ;
Left-handed Sim, slape-finger'd Sam,
Nae law cou'd ever name them ;
There's blue-nebb'd Watt, and ewe-chann'd Dick,
Weel worthy o' the gallows —
O happy is the country seyde
That's free frae set-like fellows !

GWORDIE GILL.

ALT : " Andrew wi' his casky gun."

Of aw the lads I see or ken,
There's yen I like aboon the rest ;
He's noer in his war-day duds,—
Than others doan'd in aw their best.
A body's heart's a body's ain,
And they may gie't to whea they will ;
Had I got ten where I hae neane,
I'd gie them aw to Gwordie Gill.

Whea was't that brack our landword's garth
For me, when hains we went to schuil ?
Whea was't durst venture nead-thie deep,
To get my clog out o' the puil ?

And when the filly flang me off,
And lang and lang I laid sae ill,
Wha was't gow'd ower me day and neet,
And wish'd me weel? 'Twas Gwordie Gill.

Oft mounted on his lang tail'd nag,
Wi' fine new boots up till his knee,
The laird's daft son leets i' the faul,
And keaves as he wad weary me ;
Tho' fadder, modder, uncle tui,
To wed this mo'lin tease me still,
I hear of aw his land and brass,
But oft steal out to Gwordie Gill.

Frae Carel coosen Fanny com,
And brong her whey-fear'd sweetheart down,
Wi' sark-neck stuck abuin his lug,
A peer clipt dinment frae the town .
He minc'd and talk'd, and skipp'd and walk'd,
But us'd a gangan up the hill,
And look'd as pale as onie corp,
Compar'd to rousie Gwordie Gill.

My Gwordie's whistle weel I ken,
Lang ere we meet, the darkest neet ;
And when he hits and sings " Skewball,"
Nis playhouse music's hawf sae sweet.
A body's heart's a body's awn,
And they may gie't to wha they will ;
I yence had yen, now I hae neane,
For it belongs to Gwordie Gill.

A WEYFE FOR WULLY MILLER.

Ask : "Maggie Laidler."

Hout, Wully, lad ! cock up thy head,
Nur tash thy sel about her ;
Nought comes o' nought, nae tek nae thought,
Tou's better far without her.
Peer man' her fadder weel we ken,
He's but an awbaird meaker ;
But she's town bred, and, silly gowk,
Thou'd gie thy teeth to teake her.

I've seen thee thyre and proke like mad,
At an our country fellows ;
But now thou seeghs and lunks like death,
Or yen gash to the gallows ;
Thou's souse'd owre head and ears i' hawe—
Nay, nobbet lunk at ewoley !
He wags his tail, as if to say,
"Wey, what's the matter, Wully !"

There's lads but few in our town,
And lasses, wanters, plenty,
And he that can wad wed a weyfe
May wale yen out o' twenty !
There's Tamer Toppen, Aggy Sharp,
And clogger Wilkin's Tibby : —
There's Greazy Gurra, Matty Meer,
And thungsamboo's lad Diddy :

Then there's Wully Guffy's dowster Nan
 At thee aye keeks and glances,
 For thou's the apple o' her e'en
 At cairdin meets and dances;
 My titty, bairn, at meet asleep,
 Cried, "Canny Wully Miller!"
 I pou'd her hair, she blush'd rouse red,
 Sae gang thy ways e'en till her

Tell madder aw the news thou kens;
 To fadder talk o' the weather;
 Then lilt tem up a sang or twa,
 To please tem aw together,
 She'll set thee out, then speak thy mind—
 She'll suit thee till a shavin',
 But town-bred deames, to see as we,
 Are seldom worth the havin'.

BURGH RACES.

[The races celebrated in this ballad took place on the 30d of May, 1804, at Burgh, a village in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, where our warrior Edward died on an expedition that was to decide the fate of Scotland.—*SCOTT'S ROMANCES.*]

O Wully ' had thou nobbet been at Burgh Races?
 It seem'd, lad, as if an the warl were met;
 Some went to be seen, others off for diversion,
 And monie went there a lock money to bet;

There was "How fens te, Tommy!"—What, Jwosep'
I's gaily:

Wey, is there out unket i' your country seyde?
Here, landword! a noggis!"—"Whea rides the
Collector!"

"What, Meeson's auld meer can hang aw far and
weyde!"

Ere they sadd'd, the gamblers peep'd sair at the
horses;

See scrudgin, the fank were just ready to burst;
Wi' scream and bettin they made a sad hay-bay:

"I'll hg six to four!"—"Done" come, down wi'
the dust!"

"What think ye o' Lawson!"—"The field for a
guinea!"

"I'll mention the winner! dare onie yen lay!"

Jwahn Blaylock's reed handkatcher wav'd at the
dissens:

At startin he cried, "Yen, twee, three, put away!"

They went off like lectrin—the auld meer's a
topper—

She flew like an arrow, and shew'd tem her tail;
They hugg'd, whupp'd, and spurr'd, but cou'd niver
yence touch her—

The winners they rear'd, and the losers turn'd
pale;

Peer Lawson gat dissen'd, and sae sad the toddlers,
 Furst beat was a chase, and the neist a tek-in;
 Then some drank their winnins; -but, woeful
 disaster,
 It rain'd, and the lasses gat wet to the skin.

Leyke peo in a pot, neist at Sandfield they caper'd,
 The lads did the lasses sae kittle and hug;
 Young Crosset, i' fettle, had got his new pamps on,
 And brong fisher Jemmy a chunk i' the lug;
 The lasses they belder'd out, "Man thyse! Jemmy!"
 His comrades they pou'd off his ewoat and his sark;
 They fought, lugg'd, and lurry'd, aw owre blood and
 baster,
 The landword com in, and cried, "Shem o' sec
 wark!"

There were smugglers, excisemen, horse cospers,
 and parsons,
 Sat higglety-pigglety, aw fare a-leyke,
 And mowdy-warp Jacky—ay, man, it was funny!—
 He meade them aw laugh, when he stuck in a
 creyke.
 There were lasses frae Wigton, and Worton, and
 Banton—
 Some o' them gat sweethearts, while others gat
 neane:
 And bairns yet unborm 'll oft hear o' Burgh Races,
 For ne'er mun we see sec a meetin' aegan.

CANNY CUMMERLAN'.

AIR : "The hamours of glen."

'Twas we met last week, in' our walk after supper,
We went ower the gentle cousin Lybel to see ;
There were Sibby frae Cuthbert, and Lil Betty Byers,
Deef Debby, forby Bella Bunton and me ;
We'd scarce begun spinnin, when Sib a sang liket,
She'd bring her frae Caryl by their sarrant man ;
'Twas aw about Cummerlan' fwook and feyne pleaces ;
And, if I can think on't ye's hear how it ran.

Yet look lorn'd wae gentry, that's seen monie
counties,
May peech and palaver, and brag as they will
O' mountains, lakes, valleys, woods, watters, and
meadows,
But canny auld Cummerlan' caps them aw still :
It's true we've nea palaces sheynin among us,
Nor tall marble towers to catch the weak eye ;
But we've monie feyne castles, where fought our
brave fadders,
When Cummerlan' cou'd any county defy.

First Graystock we'll nrooish, the seat o' girt Norfolk,
A name still to freemen and Englishmen dear ;
Ye Cummerlan' fwook, may your sons and your
grandsons
See rare honest statesmen for ever revere ;

Corruption's a sink that'll puzzle the country,
And lead us to slavery, to me it seems plain ;
But he that has courage to stem the black torrent,
True Britons will pray for again and again.

Whea that has climb'd Skiddaw, has seen see a
prospect,

Where fells from owre fells, and in majesty vie !
Whea that has seen Keswick, can count hawf its
beauties,

May e'en try to count hawf the stars i' the sky :
There's Ullswater, Bassenthwaite, Westwater, Der
went,

That thousands on thousands hae travell'd to view,
The langer they gaze, still the mair they may wonder,
And aye, as they wonder, may fin' summet new.

We've Corby, for rocks, caves, and walks, are
delightfu',

That Eden a paradise loudly proclaims ;
O that see like places had aye see like owners,

Then mud monie gitt fook be proud o' their names !
We've Netherby, too, the grand poble o' the border,
And halls out o' number nae county can lang,
Wi' rivers romantic as Tay, Tweed, or Yarrow,
And green woodbine bowers weel worthy a sang.

We help yen anudder ; we welcome the stranger ;

Oursels and our country we'll ever defend ;

We pay bits o' taxes as weel as we're able,

And pray, like true Britons, the war had an end :

Then, Cummerian' lads, and ye lish twosy lasses,
If some can ye clownish, ye needn't think sheame ;
Be merry and wise, enjoy innocent pleasures,
And aye seek for health and contentment at heame.

TIB AND HER MAISTER.

I'a fir'd wi' leggin aye my leane ;
This day seems fair and clear ;
Seek th' auld grey yad, clap on the pad,
She's doun nae wark to year -
Furst, Tib, get me my best lin sark,
My wig, and new greas'd shoon ;
My three rusk'd hat, and mittens white—
I'll have a young weyfe soon !
A young weyfe for me, Tib,
A young weyfe for me ;
She'll scart my back whene'er it yucks,
Sae married I mun be !

" Wey, maister ! you're half blin' and deaf—
The rain comes pouring down :—
Your best lin sark wants beath the lips,
Your three-rusk'd hat the crown ;
The rattens eat your closted shoon ;
The yad's unshod and leame ;
You're bent wi' age leyke onie bow,
Sae sit content at heame

A young weyfe for ye, man !
 A young weyfe for ye !
 They'll rank ye wi' the horned noot
 Until the day ye dee !"

O, Tib, thou aye talks leyke a fool !
 It's fauld, but nit sae aul !
 A young weyfe keeps yen warm i' bed,
 When neets are lang and cauld :
 I've brass far mair than I can count,
 And sheep, and naigs, and kye,
 A house bulks howe widout a weyfe
 My lack I'll e'en gae try.
 A young weyfe for me, Tib,
 A young weyfe for me ;
 I yet can lift twa pecks o' wots,
 Tho' turn'd o' eighty-three.

" Weel, maister, ye mair hae your way,
 And sin ye'll wedded be,
 It's lish and young, and stout and strang,
 Sae what think ye o' me ?
 I'll keep ye teydey, warm, and clean,
 To wrang ye I wad swearn."
 Tib! gies thy hand ! a bargain be't—
 We'll off to kirk to-morn !
 A young weyfe for me, Tib,
 Thou was meade for me ;
 We'll kiss and cuddle aw the neet,
 And aye we'll happy be !

THE CLAY DAUBIN.

[MR. "Andrew Carnegie." In the eastern and southern parts of Cumberland, the walls of houses are in general composed of clay, and in their erection take seldom more than the space of a day. When a young rustic marries, the highest ambition of his heart is to be the master of an humble clay-built cottage, that might afford shelter to him and his family. As soon as he has selected a proper site, he signifies his intentions to his neighbours, who punctually answer on the spot where the intended building is to be raised, each individual bringing a spade, and our day's provisions along with him.—SANDERSON.]

We went oot to Deavie's Clay Daubin,

And tath a rare caper we had,

W'e eatin, and drinkin, and dancin,

And twaumin, and singin leyke mad;

W'e crackin, and jokin, and braggin,

And trachin, and leightin, and aw,

See glorious fun and diversion

Was ne'er seen in castle or ha'.

Sing hey for a snug clay beggin,

And lasses that leyke a bit spourt,

W'e friends and plenty to gie them,

We'll lugh at King George and his court.

The walls were aw finish'd er darkin;

Now, greytes, shouls, and barrows thrown by,

And Deavie spak up wid a hurde—

"O! rabbit it! lads, ye'll be dry;

See, deavie, if we've got a swope whusky—

I's sorry the rum bottle's dum—

We'll starken our keytes, I'll uphod us—

Come, Adams, rasp up a lal tane!"

When Bill kittid up "Chaps and Shavins,"
 Auld Philip pou'd out Maitty Meer,
 Then naitid his heels like a youngen,
 And caper'd about the clay floor;
 He docted his gobs, and he buss'd her,
 As lish as a lad o' sixteen,
 Cries Wull, "Od dy' fadder's i' fettle!
 His marrow 'll never be seen!"

Reet sair did we miss Jemmy Coupland—
 Bad crop, silly man, meade him seale;
 Last Sunday forenoon, after service,
 I' th' kirk-garth, the clerk caw'd his scale.*
 Peer Jemmy! of aw his bit oddments
 A shuttle the heales hae ta'en,
 And now he's reet fair of a darrak,
 For pan, dsh, or spuin, he hes neane.

Wi' scones, *hatter-dampy*,† and whiskey,
 Auld Aggy cried, "Meake way far me!"
 Ye men took eat, drink, and be merrry,
 Wheyle we i' the bower get tea."

* The "kirk-garth" or church-yard on a Sunday morning used to be to the country people of Cumberland what the Exchange is to the merchants of London. It answered all the purposes of business or amusement, from whence general information was sent round the parish.

† This is a delicious name given to a poor sort of cheese made of skimmed milk. It is also called Whilham, and sometimes Rosley Cheshire.

The whillymer are tough and teasy,
An' clamm'd tae o' grey pe' and seeds ;
They tae'd it up tae an' again tadder
Nae dainties the hungry man needs.

Now in coon the women brook bousing—
Without tem there's niver nae fun ;
Wi' whisky aw needet their wizens,
But soon a sad hay bay begun
For Jock, the young laird, was new wedded.
His auld sweetheart, Jenny, bak'd wae ;
While some were aw utterin and flyin,
The lads rubb'd her down wi' pe' strae.

Rub Lanson tuk part wi' pe' Jenny,
And bring snuff ring Gwennie a cluff,
I th' scuffle they lean'd Lanson's mudder,
And tae they'd hae stamp'd into buff.
Nest Peter caw'd Giddy a rebel,
And aw quar'rd out, that was queyite wrang ;
Cried Deavie, "Shek hae, and nae mair on't—
I's sing ye a bit of a sang."

He lited "The King and the Tinker,"
And Wully struck up "Rolan Hood,"
Dek Murgins tried "Hooly and Farly,"
And Martha "The Babs o' the Wood ;"
They push'd round a glass leyke a noggin,
And bottom'd the greybeard complete ;
Then crack'd till the morn glour'd among them,
And wish'd yen another guil nest

THE FELLOWS ROUND TORKIN.

[AIR: "The York-shire Conger." Torkin is a wood-covered hill, near Crofton-hall, the seat of Sir Robert Bruce, Bart. For obvious reasons we are only able to print the burden of this song.]

We'er aw feyne fellows round Torkin
 We're aw guid fellows weel met ;
 We're aw wet fellows round Torkin,
 Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat ;

Let's drink to the lasses about us,
 Till day's braid glare bids us start ;
 We'll sup till the sailer be empty —
 Come, Dicky, lad, boddom the quart.

* * * * *

We're aw 'cute fellows round Torkin ;
 We're aw sharp fellows weel met ;
 We're aw rare fellows round Torkin,
 Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat :

Let's drink to the lang, leame, and lazy,
 Deef, dum, black, brown, bleer-e'd, and blin,
 May they suin get weel weddet and beddet,
 If lads they can onle where fin !

KING ROGER.

AIR: "Hallow Fair."

"Twas but bodder next after darkman,
We sat owre a bleedin turf fire;
Our deame she was sturrin' a cow-drink,
Our Betty milk'd kye in the byre:
"Ay, fadder!" cried out our lad Roger,
"I wish I were nobbet a king!"
"Wey, what wad be dunt" says I, "Roger,
Suppose thou cou'd tek thy full swing!"

"Furst, thou wad be bword judge and bishop;
My mucker wad have a gold crutch;
I'd build for the peer twok fine houses,
And gie them —aye, ever sae much!
Our Betty wad wed Charley Miggins,
And wear her stamp'd gown ev'ry day;
See dancin we'd have in the cock-loft,
Bill Adams the fiddle sud play.

"A posset I'd have to my breakfast,
And sup wi' a breet siller spuin;
For dinner I'd have a fat crowdy,
And strang tea at mid afternain:
I'd wear neyre white cotton stockings,
And new gambaleary clean shoes,
Wi' jump lively black fustin breeches,
And ev'ry fine thing I cou'd choose.

"I'd hawe monie thousands o' shippin',
To sail the wide waul aw about,
I'd say to my soldiers, "Gang owre seas,
And kill the French dogs out and out!"
On our lang tauld naig I'd be mounted,
My footmen in silver and green;
And when I'd seen aw foreign countrie,
I'd mek Aggy Glaister my queen.

"Our meadow suld be a girt worchet,
And grow nought at aw but big plums;
A schuil house we'd build—as for maister,
We'd e'en hung him up by the thums
Joss Fedden suld be my head huntsman,
We'd keep seven couple o' dogs,
And kill aw the hares i' the kingdom;
My murther suld wear weel-greas'd clogs.

"Then Cursmas suld last, ay for ever!
And Sundays we'd hae twyce a week;
The moun suld show feet aw the winter,
Our cat and our ewekey suld speak.
The peer fowk suld leave waulst workin,
And feed on plum pudden and beef,
Then aw wauld be happy, for sartin,
"There nowerther co'd be raigue or thiel."

Now thus run on leyle king Roger,
But sun aw his happiness fled,
A spark frae the fire brand his knockle,
And off he crap whingin to bed.

Thus fares it wi' heath young and auld ffolk,
Frae king to the beggar we see ;
Just crows us i' th' midst o' our greatness,
And peer wretched creatures are we !

THE PEET-SELLER'S LAMENT FOR HIS MARE.

AIR : " Hey tatty tatty."

My bonny, bonny black meer's dead !
The thought's e'en leyke to turn my head !
She lead the peets, an' gat me bread ;
But what will I dui now ?
And she was born when Juohn was born,
Just nineteen years last Thursday morn ;
Pur beist ! had she got locks o' worn,
She'd been alive I trow !

When young, just leyke a deil she ran ,
The cart-gear at Durdar she wan ;
That day saw me a happy man—
Now tears gush frae my e'e :
For the meer's geane ; and my wife's geane ;
And Juohn's a sodger far frae hame ;
Wi' brokken spirits'—left my leane"
I've none to comfort me !

When wheyles I mounted on my yad,
 I never rode leyke yen stark mad ;
 We toddl'd on, and beath were glad
 To see our sonsie deame:
 Our meer, the neighbours weel she knew ;
 And aw the deyke-backs where grass grew ;
 And when she'd pang'd her belly fow,
 How proudly she cam heame !

Nae pamper'd beast e'er heeded we ;
 Nae wind or weat e'er dreaded she ;
 I never cned "Wo-ah!" or "Jee!"
 She kent—aye, ev'ry turn.
 And wheyles I gat her teates o' hay,
 And gave her watter twice-a-day ,
 But now she's dead ! I'm wae to say ;
 Then how can I but mourn !

Frae Tindal-fell twelve pecks she'd bring—
 She was a yad fit for a king !
 I never struck her, wily thing !
 Twa as hard we twa sud part !
 I's auld, and fear'd, and ragg'd, and poor ;
 I cannot raise anither meer ;
 I cannot leeve anither year,
 The lovs will break my heart !

ELIZABETH'S BIRTH-DAY.

Ann : " Lillibulero."

" Ay, Wulham! neist Monday's Elizabeth's birth-day!

She is a neyce lass, tho' she were nan o' mine.
We mun as the Mrs. Dowson's, and auld Brodie's
young folk :

I wish I'd but seen'd a swoop gowdcherry wise.
She'll be schenteen, what, she's got thro' her larnin;
She dances as I did when first I kent thee.
As for Tom, her crack'd laddie, he stumps leyke a
cwoach-horse;

We'll ne'er mek a man on him, aw we can dee."

" Hut, Jenny ' had tongue o' thee " praise nae sec
varment,

She wou't mend a sark, but reads novels, proud
brat!

She dance ' what, she turns in her taes, thou peer
gonny,

Cow her Bet, 'twas the neame her auld granny
aye gat.

No, Tommy for my money ' he reads his Bible,
And bes sec a lousingly squint and his een;
He sleeps as leyke me, as ae bean's leyke anudder;
She saurs up her neeb, just a shew to be seen!"

"Shaff, Wully' that's fashion—too kens nout about it.

She's stright as a reed, and as reed as a reese,

She's sharp as a needle, and luiks leyke a leady :

Thou talks, man—a lass cannot meake her own
nose!

She's delicate meade, and not fit for the country :

For Tom, he's knock-knee'd, wi' twa gart aw-buird
feet ;

[brag on ;

God help them he sheps leyke' they're little to

Tho' ours, I've oft thought he was nit varra reet."

"O, Jen' thou's run mad wi' thy go-waps and trumpery :

Our lil bit o' law' we maun sell, I declare :

I yence thought thee an angel,—thou's turn'd just
a deevil,

Has fash'd me reet lang, and oft vexes me sair :

This fashion and feasting brings monie to ruin.

A dur o' my house they shall not come within ;

As for Bet, if she dunnet gang off till a sarvice,

When I's dead and geane she shall nit hev a pin."

"Stop, Wull ! whea wa'st brong thee that fortune I
peer gomas !

Just thorteen guid yares as big to the sun ,

When I tuck up wi' thee, I'd lost peer Gwurdy Glossip.

I've reed sin that hour to the kirk when we run :

Were thou caskl and coffin'd, I'd vain get a better ;

Sae creep off to bed, nit a word let us hear !

They shall come, if God spare us, far mair than I
mention'd—

Elizabeth's burth-day bet comes yence a-year"

BORROWDALE JWOHNY.

AIR : "I am a young fellow."

I's Borrowdale Jwohny, just cumt up to Lunnon,
Nay, gum nit at me, for fear I laugh at you ;
I've seen knaves donn'd i' silks, and guid men gang
in tatters,

The truth we sud tell, and ge' auld Nick his due.
Nam Watt pruv'd wi' barm—what, they caw'd me
the fadder ;

Thinks I, *shockaw fittay* ' be off in a tryce !
Nine Carol bank nwores mudder shpt i' my pocket,
And fadder neet ge' me reet holesome adveyce.

Says he, "keep frae t' lasses ! and ne'er luik ahint
thee."

"We're deep as the best o' them, fadder," says I.
They pack'd up ae sark, Sunday weastswat, twa
neckcloths,

Wot bannock, cauld dumplin, and top stannin pie :
I mounted black filly, bade God blees the auld fwock,
Cries fadder, "Tou's larn'd, Jwohn, and hes
nought to fear ;

Caw and see cousin Jacop ! he's got aw the money ;
He'll gie thee sum guverment pleace, to be seer !"

I stopp'd on the fell, tuik a lang luik at Skiddaw,
And weist at the schuil-house amang the esh trees ;
Last thing saw the smuik rising up frae our chimley,
And fun' aw quite queer, wid a heart ill at ease :

But summet within me cried, "Pou up thy spirits!"

There's luck, says auld Lizzy, in fearin the sun;
 Toa's young, lark, and cheer, may wed a feyne leady,
 And come heame a Nabob—aye, sure as a gun!

Knowing manners, what, I doff'd my hat to aw
 strangers,

Wid a spur on my heel, a yek-splin in ham',
 It tak me nine days and six hours comin up bank,
 At the Halloweysage, 'twas Higghet, a chap had
 me stan' :

Says he, "How's all friends in the North, honest
 Johnny!"

"Akwanters!" I says, what, ye do ent ken me'
 I paid twen wheyte shillins, and fan was to see him,
 Nae thinkin on't rooad onic 'quaintance to see.

Neist thing, what lug kirk, gilded coaches, hee
 houses,

And fook runnin thro' other, leyke Carel fair,
 I ax'd a smart chap where to fin' cousin Jacep,
 Says he, "Clown, go look!" "Friend," says I,
 "tell me where!"

Fadder's letter to Jacep hed got nae subscription,
 Sae, when I was glowin and seelin about,
 A wheyte fear'd young lass, aw dress'd out leyke a
 leady,

Cried, "Pray, Sir, step in!" but I wish I'd kept
 out.

She pou'd at a bell, leyke our kirk-bell it sounded,
In com a servant lass and she order'd some wine,
Says I, I'mn dry, see, pray Madam, excuse me,
Nae, what see mester I wad stop and dine
She mearle varr trey—twas a shen and a byen!
I thought her to have wi my pious, for sure;
And promis'd to cam again,—as for black tilly,
(Wad ony believ't) she was storn frae the dour!

Od dang't' waur than that—when I grasp'd my
breck pocket,
I fanfudler watch, and the notes were aw gone,
It was next, and I luk' I lang and wat for kent
feates,
But Burnsedale back I could never see neane.
I slept on the flags, just abent the kirk corner,
A crop wi a zitt stick and lantern com by,
He caw'd me peate breaker—says I, tou's a leat—
In a plecte leyke a saller they fwer'd me to lie.

Nae raff bed or blanket for silly jolgarth;
Deil a wink cou'd I sleep, nay, nor yet see a
sreyme;
Next day I was ta'en to the Narration Offish,
When a man in a wig said, I'd dum a sad ereyme.
Then ang aw'd my neame, and he put on his speckets,
Says I, " Joohny Cruckdeyke—T's Burnsedale
boom;"
Wha think ye it prov'd but me zwa cousin Jacep.
He sav'd me frae t' gallows, ay that varra mwa.

He spak to my lword, some hard words quite
outlandish,

Then caw'd for his cwoach, and away we rode
beame;

He ax'd varra kind efter fadder and mudder,

I said they were bravely, and neist saw his deame;

She's aw puff and powder, as for cousin Jacep,

He's got owre much gear to teake naotish o' me;

But if onie amang ye sad want a lish sarvant,

Just bid me a weage—I'll uphod ye, we s'gree.

January, 1867.

THE LAST NEW SHOON OUR BETTY GAT.

Aunt—“Tak your auld cloak about ye.”

The last new shoos our Betty gat,

They pinch her feet, the deil may care!

What, she mud hae them leady like,

Tho' she hev corns for evermar!

Nae black gairn stockings will she wear,

They mun be white, and cotton teyne!

This meks me think o' other teymes,

The happy days o' auld lang teyne!

Our dowter, too, a palace* bought,

A guid reed cloak she cannot wear;

And says, she says, spoil leady's sheps—

Oh! it wad mek a parson swear.

* Pelisse.

Nit ae han's turn o' work she'll du,
She'll noother milk, nor sarra t' su-cyne—
The country's puzzen'd round wi' preyde,
For lasses work'd reet hard lang seyne'

We've three gual rooms in our clay house,
Just big enough for see as we ;
They'd hev a parlour built wi' licks,
I mud submit—what coo'd I dect
The wattle nest was thrown aseyde,
It meecht hae sarra'd me and mine,
My mudder thought it merr'd a house—
But we think shem o' auld lang seyne !

We us'd to gae to bed at dark,
And rose again at four or five ;
The morn's the only time for work,
It took are only healthy and wad thring ;
Now we get up—may, God knows when '
And morn's merr's sun for us to deyne ;
I'm hungry or the pot's hawf boof'd,
And wish for teymes leyke auld lang seyne.

Deute tek the fool-invented tea '
For tweyce a day we that mun have ,
Then taves get so monstrous hee,
The deil a pluck yen now can seave '
There's been nae luck throughout the kin',
Sin' fook mud like their betters—sheyne ,
French fashions mek us parfait fools ,
We're caff and san' to auld lang seyne '

THE BUCK O' KINGWATTER.

[*Act. "The Breckans of Brompton."—The vale of Kingwater lies in the Gildanl, in the immediate neighbourhood of Thormane Tower and Akerston Castle. "The Buck o' Kingwater," supplied the title to one of Sir Walter Scott's poems.]*

When I was single, I mil a kye-neig,

And was call'd the Buck o' Kingwater :

Now the coat o' my back has got but ae sleeve,

And my breeks are aw in a litter

Sing, Oh ! the lasses ! the lize lasses !

Keep frae the lasses o' Branton !

I ne'er sad hae married, that day I married,

But I was young, foolish, and wanton.

I courted a lass—an angel I thought—

She's turn'd out the picture of evil ;

She gapes, yen may count ev'ry tooth in her head,

And shouts fit to frighten the devil.

Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

To-day she slipt out, some 'bacco to buy,

And bade me mind rock the cradle ;

I cou'd ower asleep, but soon she cam in,

And brak aw my head wi' the liddle

Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

I ne'er hed a heart to handle a gun,

Or I'd run away, and leave her

She pretends to win purns, but that's aw fun,

They say she's owre kind wi' the weaver.

Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

I dinnerless gang an' haud o' the week .

If we get a bit mair on a Sunday ,

She cuts me nae mair than wad physie a soupie ,

Then we've 'lutry and poult ev'ry Monday

Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

Tho' wey o' life, o' this good for naught wife,

I wish I cou'd get see another ,

And then I cou'd gie the deevil the tane,

For takin away the tudder !

Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

MADAM JANE.

AIR: "I will have a wife."

Money meks us bonny,

Money meks us glad;

Be she auld or ugly,

Money brings a lad.

When I'd ne'er a penny,

Deil a lad hed I—

Pointin aye at Jenny,

Laughin they flew by.

Money causes flatt'ry,

Money meks us vain;

Money changes aw things—

Now I'm *Madam Jane*.

Sen auld Robby left me
 Houses, fields, nit few,
 Lads thrang round i' clusters,
 I'm a beauty now !

Money meks us merry,
 Money meks us bra' ;
 Money gets us sweethearts—
 That's the best of a' !
 I hae fat and slender,
 I hae shwoot and tall ;
 I hae rake and miser—
 I despise them all !

Money they're aw seeking,
 Money they's got neane ;
 Money sends them sneaking
 Efter *Madam Jane* !
 There's ane poor and bashfu',
 I hae i' my e'e ;
 He's got han' and siller,
 Gin he fancies me.

YOUNG SUSY.

AIR: "Dainty Davie."

Young Susy is a bonny lass,
 A canny lass, a tye-dey lass,
 A mett'd lass, a hearty lass,
 As onie yen can see ;

A clean-heer'd lass, a weel spok lass,
A baulk linn'd lass, a kirk-gawn lass,
I wanna how it com to pass,

She's meide a full o' me.

I's tir'd o' workin, ploughin, sowin,
Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin,
Seeghin, greasin, never known
What I's gawn to de.

I met her yae, 'twas this day week'
Od die' thought I, I'll try to speak,
But tried in vain the beale to seek,

For see a lass is she!

Her jet black hair hauf hules her benn,
Her een just shirl yae than' and thro'—
But oh! her cheeks and cherie mou'
Are far ourt sweet to see!

I's tir'd o' workin, &c.

Oh, could I put her in a sang'
To hear her praise the beale day lang,
She muid consent to kirk to gang,

'There's nae mair trok than me'

But I can nae mair rhyme nor rase,
Luvv macks yen see a coward slave;
I'd better far sleep i' my grave—

But, oh, that munnit be!

I's tir'd o' workin, plowin, sowin,
Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin,
Seeghin, greasin, never known
What I's gawn to de.

PEGGY PEN.

AIR: "Miss Forbes' Farewell."

The morn shone breet the milder neet;
 The lye was milk't, an' i' wark was dum,
 I wash'd my face, an' cewot my hair,
 Threw off my claes, put on creas'd shoon;
 The clock strack eight, as out I stule,
 The road I tuk, neet weel I ken,
 An' crost the water, clam the ball,
 I hopes to meet wi' Peggy Pen.

When i' the wood, I heard some talk;
 They cutter'd on, but varra low;
 I hld mysel ahint a yek,
 An' Peggy wi' a chap suin saw:
 He smackt her lips, she cried, "Gave owre!
 We lasses aw are pleag't wi' men;"
 I tremblin stul, but darsent speak,
 Tho' fun wad coddled Peggy Pen'

He callt her Marget, sometimes Miss,
 He spak queyte feyne, and kiss'd her han';
 He bragg'd of aw his fadder hed,
 I ugh'd, for we've nae house or lan'.
 Said he, "My dear, I've watch'd you oft,
 And seen you link through wood and glen,
 With one George Moor, a rustic poor,
 Not fit to wait on sweet Miss Pen'"

She drew her han', and turn'd her roan";
 "Let's hae nae mair set talk," says she,
"Tho' Gwondie Mair be nobbler pair,
 He's dearer nor a prince to me!"
My fadder scauls, maworn, mair, and neet;
 My mudder fratches sair — what then?
This warl's gear could never buy
 Frac Gworge, the luive o' Peggy Pen!

"O Mrs!" says he, "forget such fools;
 Nae heed the awkward, stupid clown;
If such a cretcher spoke to me,
 I'd quickly knock the booby down."
"Come on," says I, "thy strength e'en try;
 An' head ower heels see chaps I'd sen'
Lug off thy coat — I'll fight aw neet,
 Wi' thee, kyke thee, for Peggy Pen."

Now off he flew, my arms I threw
 Around her waist, away we went;
I ax'd her, if she durst be meyne;
 She squeez'd my han', an' gev consent:
We takt and jwakt, as lovers sud:
 We parted at their awn byre en";
And ere another month be ower,
 She'll change, to Muis, frac Peggy Pen!

THRESCORE AND NINETEEN

Sung by the Author.

Aye, aye, I'm feeble grown,
And fexkless—weel I may;
I'm three-score and nineteen,
Aye, just this varra day!
I hae nae teeth, my meat to chew,
But little sarras me:
The best thing I eat or drink,
Is just a cup o' tea.

Aye, aye, the burns mak gam,
And plague me soun and late;
Men faek I like i' my heart,
But burns and lasses hate.
This gown o' mine's lang i' the waist,
Auld fashion'd i' the sleeve;
It maks me look like foursewore,
I verily believe.

Aye, aye, what I'm deaf,
My hearn's quite geane;
I'm fash'd wi' that sad cough an' neet,
But little I complain.
I smuik a bit, and cough a bit,
And then I try to spin;
And then I daddie to the dais,
And then I daddie in.

Aye, aye, I wonder much,
How women can get men ;
I've tried for three-score years and mair,
But never could get yen.
Deil tek the cat — what is she at
Lie quiet on the chair :
I thought it e'en was Daniel Strang,
Comin' up the stair.

Aye, aye, I've bed and box,
And kist, and clock, and wheel,
And tub, and rock, and stool, and pan,
And chair, and dish, and reel ;
And linking glass, and chamber pot,
And bottles for snaw beer ;
Moose trap, saut box, kettle, and—
That's Danny sure I hear.

Aye, aye, he's young enough,
But, oh, a rest nice man ;
And I wad ne'er be cauld in bed,
Cou'd I but marry Dan.
Deace tek that cough, that weary cough
It never let's me be ;
I's kilt wi' that and gravel beath —
Oh, Daniel, come to me.

CAREL FAIR.

ALL : " Woe'd and married and a' "

My neame's Jurry Jurden, frae Threlkelt ;
 Just seat down, and listen my sang ;
 I'll mappen affword some diversion,
 And tell ye how monie things gang.

Crops o' aw make us guid, crops lang as lap-tears, and
 dry as meal. Times are nae sic : for the thin-chop'd, half-
 break'd beggars flock to our house lyke bees to a hive, and
 our Cweelie bit nae mair, I just rack & turn up the wheel.
 Mudder bods turn a hoop o' Lammie Dams, every day, and
 fadder gets tem t' turn to hie in. If some be yel'd to work,
 wey he pays them rest weel ; efter aw the rattle !

Some threep 'at the tyme's 'll git better ;
 And laugh to see onie repeyne ;
 It's nae pollytishin, that's wartin,
 But England seems in a deepleyne !

I rose afore three, tudder mornin',
 And went oot to see Carel fair ;
 I'd heard monie tales o' thur dandies
 Odswinge ! how they mak the frok stare "

Thur flay-crows wear lawer stays, and bay my Lwood
 Wellroom's buns ; coken, but nae -moot-bardit. May varrey !
 see a laugh I get, to see a turner meeken scatter on yon o'
 their legs ! They're -sauty mangroes, half-monkey breed ;
 shapt for awt' wail lyke waps, waps o' middle. To see
 their post pasten about, puts me t' meys o' our sad gender ;
 na' if they meet a bonny lass, they da'n't turn round to look at
 her ; efter aw the rattle !

But, shaff o' see odd trinkum trankums !

Thur haud settled varmen hang aw ;

They'd fretten auld Nick, and they meet him—

A dandy's just fit for a show !

I new took a glower 'mang the butchers,

An' gleynt at their lamps o' fat meat ;

They've aw maks the gully can dive at —

It meks peer fwock hungry to see't.

* * * * *

An odd sect I saw, 'twas t'waig market,

Where aw were as busy as bees ;

See hurryan an' trotter an' scamper—

I ord help them '— they're meade up o' bees !

"Try a game, Dever!" "Whoo ga te t' p'ony, Tim?"

"Woe, at Stighe!" "Haw! a blind awer," says auld
Brakshie, "dew is gitten by Nanny, an' out o' Madam Wag-
ton, she an' t' king's plate at Bucketer, raddel year."

"Wan the dore!" says yon tall hin, "Tee meast' bundle
at Kingston, an?" "Here's a nag! rubbet just meast'ch
hoo'er!" "Dew ye not see yon awk, set a tail waist' a pepper-
crown?" "What mae ye as for him, caddy man?" "Wey,
he's weel worth twenty pun; but I'll make him!" "Twenty
deems!" "I'll ge thee twenty shillin: ower an the rattle!"

Newt daunderin down to the cow fair,

A farnish rough rampus I saw ;

For Ruckergate twoses her charter,

And theer be nae feightin at aw.

shew o' them ' thur peer country hannels,

That sink into Carel to feight'

Ded tun them ' when free frae hand labour,

Low pleasmess, be their deleyte.

"Sees is Ellek, there's a peer haken chap et meks aw t' bits
o' Cumberlaid' bellers!"—"The deevil 'sye Jobby, let's aff
frye him, for fear!" "Here's yer schillinger, lark and lean,
but cheap an' chear!" says yer—"Buy a pair of elegant
shan, young gentleman!" craps a dandy frock, "they were
made for Mr. Justice Tarnet. Weyges are here, and leather's
dear; but they is nobbut twelve shillin!" Then a fat chap
wid a hammer sell clocks, cabinets, tables, chairs, pots and
pans, for naught at aw, efter on the sattle!"

Then peer lots o' haw'drunken farmers

In leggins, were struttin' about;

Were teymes guid, they d'aw become dandies—

We'll ne'er leeve ta see that, I doubt!

See screagin and squeekin' mang t' fiddlers,

I crap up the stairs, ta be seen,

But ruin trotted down by the waiter,

For ded a lut cap'n' was there.

What, lads an' lasses, are fir own proud to dance now a-
days? I stenter about in a cass an' keyke a ginghamed
quon, an' when I get a glit at her, who said it be let Jenny
Munthet, my auld sweetheart? I used to give her a buss, but
couldnt touch her mouth; for she wore ven o' that maul
scamp bonnets. Je sup'll be a wondrous mous, in my
stays, does a wall-pet? An' not hake a house in? As for
me, I's nobbut a peer l'aprosken, but she'll be meiper, efter
aw the sattle!

Sae we hink'd, an' we laugh'd, an' we chatter'd,

Few busseys leyke Jenny ye'll see

O hed we but Lien off to Greta,

Nin wad been sae happy as we."

We went thro' the big kirk, an' caw'd,

And neist tunk a rammel thro' t' streets—

What, Caret's the place for feyne houseys,

But munn, a peer bodh xen meets.

Ay! ye m' tatters, ye are a' shoutet, "Hare's last speech,
e' m' bairns, and thair mairk o' Martha Mump; she was
hangt, for a' sin it is a' gae on 't that shaft! I langt' her
name." And let tither kinsman say, "Come, buy a full
cheese-buty mackerel, to bid' ye gae a' ha'penny a yard!"
Jenny langt ye, an' it was rotten as muck. Then there was
lots o' things wi' their mollys, and reekin' up' lanes,
"Blug-k' ship muck!" See chertan, meekin, wheedlin,
kiss, kissin, weein, drunken, fightin, maks Fair now wi'
dow; eber aw the mairk!

Tho' leyfe we hev aw mairk among us;
Sad changes ilk body mun share:
To day we're just pacen'd wi' pleasure;
To-morn we're bent double wi' care!

September, 1819.

THE DAWTIE.

ALL. "I'm o'er young to marry yet."

"Tho' weel I like ye, Johnny lad,
I cannot, munnet marry yet!
My peer auld mudder's unco bad,
Sae we a wheyle mun tarry yet;
For ease or comfort she hes neane—
Life's just a lang, lang neet o' pain;
I munnet leave her aw her leane,
And wunnet, wunnet marry yet!"

"O Jenny! dunnet brek this heart,
And say, we munnet marry yet;
Thou cannot act a jillet's part—
Why sud we tarry, tarry yet!

Think, lass, of aw the pains I feel ;
 I've lik'd thee lang, nia kens how weel !
 For thee, I'd feace the vamma deil—
 O say not, we mun tarry yet !”

“ A weddet life's oft dearly bought ;
 I cannot, munnet marry yet ;
 Ye hae but little —I hae nought,
 Sae, we a wheyle mun tarry yet !
 My heart's yer awn, ye needna fear,
 But let us wait anodder year,
 And luive, and toil, and screape up gear—
 We munnet, munnet marry yet !

“ 'Twas but yestreen, my mudder said,
 ‘O, dautie ! dunnet marry yet !
 I'll sun lig i' my last cauld bed ;
 Tou's aw my comfort—tarry yet.’
 Whene'er I steal out o' her seet,
 She seeghs, and sobs, and nought gangs reet—
 Whisht !—that's her feeble voice ;—guid neet !
 We munnet, munnet marry yet !”

THE CODBECK WEDDIN.

AIR : “ Andrew Carr.”

They slag of a weddin at Worton,
 Where aw was feicht, fatchin, and fun ;
 Fergh !—see a yen we've hed at Codbeck,
 As niver was under the sun :

The brydegrum was weaver Joe Bewley,
He cam frae about Louthet Green ;
The bryde, Johnny Dalton's lish dowter,
And Betty was neel to be seen.

Set patchin, and weshin, and bleachin,
And starchin, and darning sodd duds ;
Some lasses thought lang to the wedding —
Unax'd, others sat i' the suds.
There were twess-wore and sebben inveysted,
God speed tem, 'gean Curscummas day ;
Dobson' lads, but wha they mun come bodder—
I think they were better away.

Furst thing Oggle Willy, the fiddler,
Caw'd in, w' auld Jonathan Strang ;
Neist-stuff and stout, lang, leame, and lary,
Frae aw pups com us wi' a lang :—
We'd lads that wad eat for a weager,
Or feicht, ay, till blood to the knees,
Fell seyders, and powerby ruff-raff,
That dree a bann beahe dare sear.

The bryde hang her head, and bak'd sheepish,
The brydegrum as wheyte as a clout ;
The bairns an gleym'd thro' the kark windows,
The parson was verra devout.
The ring was lost out of her pocket,
The bryde meade a bonny te dee ;
Cries Goffet' wife, " Mine's meade o' pinchback,
And, la, ye 't fits till a tee."

Now buck'd, wi' tiddler's afore them,
They gey Michael Crosby a caw :
Up spak canny Bewley the breydegrum,
"Get stocken'd, lads, lubber pays aw"
We drank till aw seem'd blue about us,
We're aw murrer doerls, tho' jist,
Michael's wife says, "Without onse leein,
A duck mud hae swam on the fleet."

Now, aw baccen'd owre, and hand drunken,
The men fook wad needs kiss the breyde :
Joe Head, that wae reckon'd best spokesman,
Whop'd "Guid wad the couple beteyde"
Says Michael, "I've reet glad to see you,
Supposin I gat ne'er a plack."
Cries t' wife "That'll nowther pay brewer,
Nor get bits o' sarks to yen's back."

The breyde wad dance "Coddle me Cuddie,"
A threesome then caper'd Scotch reels :
Peter Weir cleck'd up and Mary Dalton,
Leyke a cock round a hen nest he steals :
Jwohn Bell yelp'd out "Sowerby Lasses,"
Young Jwosep a lang country dance,
He'd got his new pumps Smithson made him,
And fain wad show how he cou'd prance.

To march round the town, and keep sober,
The women fook thought was but reet :
"Be wise, din, for yencer," says Jwohn Dyer,
The breydegrum mud reyde shoulder heit, —

The youngsterik hurried about them,
Till ether morn Bell meade a beck,
Tom Radley was aw hane d wi' drinkin,
And plung'd off the steps o' the beck.

To Houghless's row off they swell'd,
And there gat wear than enough,
Miller Hodgson soon brast the punch ladle,
And fall'd every glass wi' his leul,
He thought he was takin his moult,
And ded a bit conscience has he;
They preys on him wi' stiff perch and pollop,
Till Sally Sweet thought he wad dee.

Joe soon roared out, "Baw, we've dunn wonders!
Our Maky turn'd hame t' the weans!"
Wi' three strings awcen them, the fiddlers
Strack up and they ael'd towards heame,
Meyner Lyle wad now bear a standin—
Peer man "he coud not dandle far,
But stuck in a pant-ben the mulldik,
And yon tuck him heame in a car.

The bryple gearin aw round about her,
Cries, "Wans! we forgot butter sups!"
The bryplegrum far' nae time for talkin,
But wi' stannan pae greas'd his chops,
We'd toppet'd milk, skimm'd milk, and kern'd milk,
Well water, samar beer, aw at yence.
"Shaff' bring yell in puggins!" roars Dalton,
"Ded tek them that cares for expense!"

Now aw cut and cleck'd frae their neighbors,
 'Twas even down thump, pull and haul :
 Joe Head gat a geuse aw together,
 And off he trap into the faul :
 Muckle Nanny cried, " Shem o' see weastry "—
 The lullie she brak ower il Bell :
 Tom Dalton sat thrang in the corner,
 And eat nar the weight of his sel.

A hilibuloo was now started,
 'Twas " Rannagal! whee cares for tee!"
 " Stop, Tommy—whee's wife was i' the carna!
 Thou'd ne'er been a man but for me!"
 Od dang thee!—To jail I coo'd send thee!
 Peer scrabbles!—Thy lan' grows nar gurse!
 Ne'er ak' it's my awn, and it's paid for!
 But whea was't stail auld Tim Jwohn's purse!

Ned Balman wad fight wi' George Goffet—
 Peer Gwordy he nobbet stript than,
 And hulk il leyke a cock out o' fedder,
 But soon gat a swel bleaken'd skin :
 Nerst Sanderson fratch'd wad a hay stack,
 And Deavison fought wi' the whims ;
 Smith Leytle fell out wi' the riddles,
 And peel'd aw the bark off his shins.

The hay-bay was now somewhat seyded,
 And young froek the maw-men muss'd,
 They'd drucken leyke fiddlers in common,
 And fawn ower ayont an auld kna'.

Some mair folk that next were a maun,

Than Wally, and Jonathan Strang

But decency whispers, "What matter"

"You cannot put them in the sang"

Auld Dalton thought he was at C'airl,

Says he, "Jacob, see what's to pay,

Come, oot'er heaste—get out the horses,

We'll e'en take the road, and away."

He coup'd off his stul leyke a wind bag,

Tom Radley he'd out, "Ded may care!"

For a quart o' het yel, and a stek m't,

Dak Simpson 'll tell ye far mair.

Come, bumper the Cumberlan' lasses,

Their mairrows can seldom be seen,

Ard he that won't leight bookleted them,

I wish he may ne'er want black een.

May our murrer neets, clay doulons, ricee,

And weidins, aye finish wi' glee,

And when ought's amang us worth sweetish,

Lang may I be present to see,

THE ILL-GIEN WEYFE.

Ann: "My wife has ta'en the ger."

A toidome leyfe for thirty years,

I patiently have spent,

As one yea o' onie rank,

I' this weyde wad e'er kent,

For when at hame, or when away,
 Nae peace there is for me ;
 It's pester'd wi' an *ill-gie'd weyfe*,
 That niver lets me be :
 Aye tearin, ne'er ceasin,
 Leyke an angry sea ;
 Nae kirk bell e'er hied her a tongue,
 And oft it deafens me !

When young, I wish'd for weyfe and weans,
 But now the thought I sworn ;
 Thank Heav'n, a bairn o' oather sex
 To me she neer has born '—
 Leyke fash we wad our youth away,
 When happy we muid be—
 Aw ye that's pleagu'd wi' scaublin weyves,
 I wish ye suin set free !
 Gae, gramin' !—din, dinsein' !
 Toil and misery !
 Better feel the kirk yard wonus
 Than leeve her slaves as we !

- I's past aw wark, it's hard to want,
 And auld and poor am I ;
 But happiness i' this weyle warld,
 Nae gear cou'd ever buy ;
 O were I on some owre-sea land,
 Nae woman near to see,
 At preyde an' grandeur I wad smyle,
 An' thanks to Heav'n wad gie

O woman! see to man!
A blessin thou sud be;
But use to him that wears thy chain,
Peer wretch unblest lyke me!

When wintry blasts blow loud an' keen,
I's fain to sink frae heame;
An' rather leave the angry storm,
Than her I hate to neame:
Whyle she wi' stand'rous crimes met,
Sits hatchin' mase a lee,
The sect wad flay auld Nick away,
Or vex a saint to see.
Put, jatten—snuff, swatten!
Ne'er frae mischief free;
Him weak is boozily boozin' man,
On see to cast an e'e!

If to a neighbor's house I steal,
To crack a wheyle at neet,
She hurnes to see lyke a deil,
An' flays the fauk to see't.
Whate'er I do, whate'er I say,
Wi' her a feat men be;
I fret an' fret bauld neet an' day,
But seldom choose an e'e:
W'ke, wakin'—shake, shakin'!
Then she teks the gee;
He's happy that lives aw his heame
Compar'd wi' chaps like me.

To stop the never-ceasin' storm,
 I brang her cowan here;
 She aw has brak the wee thing's heart,
 An' cost her monie a tear:
 If chance a fien' poper in his head,
 Off to the dunt she'll flee.
 She snarls leyke onie angry cat,
 An' sair I's vex'd to see!
 Now frae him, twist scritch him,
 Oft wi' bleaken'd e'e;
 I pray auld Nick hed see a deame,
 I trow he vex'd wad be!

How blithe man meets the keenest ill,
 In this short voyage o' leyfe,
 And thanks nae palace leyke has heam,
 Best wad a kindly weyfe
 But sure the greatest curse hard fate
 To good man can gie,
 Is see a filthy slut as meyne,
 That ne'er yince comforts me:
 Lads jeerin, lasses sneerin,
 Cuckold some caw me;
 I scrat an auld grey achan pow,
 But dam't say they lee.

They're happy that have beydey weyves,
 To keep peir bodies clean;
 But meyne's a freetfu' lump o' filth,
 Her marrow ne'er was seen:

Ik, dail she wears upon her back,
Is poison to the e'e;
Her smock's leyke aulh Nae's nuttin bag,
The deil a word I lee;
Dour an' darty house aw clarty'
See her set at tea,
Her face deities haith scape and van',
To mek'n just fit to see!

A bite o' meat I munnet eat,
Seave what I cunk mysel',
As patch or chum she'll nu stak on,
Sae beames just leyke a boll.
By day or meet, if out o' sect,
Sae be true this cunk'd she,
I gear an' I gear wi' aw my heart,
Death, ruin tek her or me!
Fleevie, deatin'—fright, frightin'
How her luik I dre'e!
Come tyrant red me o' this curse,
Dun tek her' I'll thank thee'

THE LASSES OF CARL.

The lasses o' Carl are weel shap'd and bonny,
But he that wad win yen mair brag of his gear;
Yen may follow, and follow, till heart sick and weary,
To get them mair siller, and bryne claes to wear.

They'll catch at a red coat, lyke as monie mak'tel,
 And jump at a fop, or e'en hassen a fool;
 Just beg of an uncle that's got heaps of money,
 And dail a bit o'ld, if you've ne'er been at school!

I yince follow'd Muzet, the trust amang aw maks,
 And Peg had a red cheek, and honey dark e'e,
 But soon as she fan' I depended on labour,

She snuff'd up her nose, and I nae want look'd at me.
 This miks my words gude, nobbet brag o' yer uncle,
 And get a peer hand wit to trumpet your praise,
 You may catch whae you will, they'll caress ye, and
 bless ye—

It's money, not merit, they seek now-a-days!

I neer follow'd Nelly, an I thought her an angel,
 And she thought me aw that a mortal sud be:
 A rich whupper-snapper just step in atween us,

Nae words efter that pass'd atween Nell and me:
 This miks my words gude, nobbet brag o' yer uncle,
 They'll freight, ay lyke mool cats, to win yer sly
 smile;

And watch ye, to catch ye, now gazin' and praisin',
 They're angels to look at, an' hearts full o' guile!



JOHN RAYSON.

JOHN RAYSON was for many years the sole survivor of those writers who, commencing with Relfe, have swelled the poetical literature of Cumberland to so considerable a volume. On the father's side he was descended from a family which has been settled at Aghonby, near Carlisle, from time immemorial. The name is found in the Court Rolls spelled as Rarson, Raeson, &c., and the probability is that the family has lived at Aghonby since the Norman conquest. The early part of Rayson's life was spent on his father's estate, but the intention seems to have been to make him a draper. He was in business at Carlisle, and also in London, and in both instances failed. For some time, too, he filled the situation of attorney's clerk, at Penrith, but did not relish the drudgery of such employment. Undoubtedly the kind of life best suited to his own temperament was that of village schoolmaster, and to this occupation he devoted himself for many years of his life, teaching in various parts of Cumberland with more or less success. In the free and easy style of living followed by the schoolmasters of the last

generation, Rayson was quite at home. He was a favourite with the farmers, writing their letters, and making their wills, and received as the principal part of his remuneration free "whittlegate," as customary at that time. In 1845 he obtained the appointment of assistant overseer to the Penneth Union, and became a very efficient parish officer. But having got embarrassed in his circumstances he was obliged to resign this situation, which, no doubt, preyed upon his mind, and perhaps shortened his existence. He died of disease of the heart, in 1859, and was buried in Warwick churchyard.

Rayson commenced as a rhymester about the time that Robert Anderson was in the zenith of his fame, and it must be added, in the lowest deep of depression and neglect. Whilst Anderson, in despair, was about "to commit his unpublished pieces to the flames" (1824), Rayson made his first appearance in the columns of the *Citizen*, a fortnightly periodical then issuing in Carlisle, with "Lines on the Cumberland Bard," written for the purpose of bringing aid to the elder poet. Rather poor encouragement for poets! nevertheless, Rayson continued a contributor to the *Citizen* while it lasted, and subsequently to other local prints. Several years ago he published a small volume of his ballads, but it was not until 1858 that he was enabled to bring out a complete edition to include his latest and best pieces. Of the merits of his productions we can only speak comparatively, as the best of

Anderson's ballads come near the general level of Burns's effusions, so are the best of Rayson's up to the average of Anderson's. In them we get a slight insight into the fast-changing manners of Cumberland, but in this respect Anderson is an undoubted superior to the other Cumbrian writers. The greater part of Rayson's ballads are of course written on the "lasses," and of heroines there is an abundance; but we cannot discover much variety in the delineation, or individuality in the characters. Certain it is, however, that with Rayson, as with many other writers, where his feelings are enlisted the poetical inspiration is most manifest. The *Auld Peeper*, the *Tom Cat*, &c., are instances.

Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte employed him to versify the Song of Solomon, to form part of a large work on languages and dialects, and to him Rayson inscribed his volume of poems. "The last Bard of Cumberland, may his verses live, and his failings be forgotten! Such as his writings are the philologist must now take them, and the muse of Cumbria may inscribe "finis" on her last page, and close the volume."^{*}

* Did the writer of these remarks have fallen into error here, will be sufficiently apparent when the "Songs and Ballads by the author of "Joy and the Sad Song" appear in this work. Such a person would appear to want good judgment, if we are concerning proofs that Cumberland still possesses a great writer who can sing her own lasses skilfully and attentively, and one who has puzzled him.

JOHN RAYSON'S BALLADS.

THE AULD PAUPER.



WE'RE auld and feeble now, Jean,
Our days will not be lang ;
They've telt me at the Board, Jean,
To workhouse we moun gang ;
My heart was lyke to break, Jean,
But them I could not bleame,
They said it was not law, Jean,
To give us bread at hame.
We've toil'd together lang, Jean,
Content wi' frugal fare ;
'Tis hard to part us now, Jean,
When we can work nae mair :
We'll for our few days left, Jean,
Be frae each other torn ;
I hop'd we would hae died, Jean,
In peace where we were born.
'Twas hard when our three sons, Jean,
Aw nearly up to men,
And fit to doi us guid, Jean,
Death summon'd yen by yen ;
And that sweet last in Heaven, Jean,
Wha taught us how to pray—
At neet I hear her voice, Jean,
Oft calling us away.

We'll hae nae mair a beamie, Jean,
Till we're among the blest,
Where waked cease oppressing,
" And weary are at rest ;"
Sae dry thy tilling tears, Jean,
It gives my bursum pain,
We'll meet where cruel fates, Jean,
Will ne'er part us againe.

ANN O' HETHERSGILL.

The fairest meads o' Britain's isle
"Mang Cumberland's mountains dwell,
Sweet budding flowers unseen they bloom
By meadow, glen, or fell.
An' yea, the fairest o' them aw,
My heart eard ne'er be still,
To see her at the kirk or fair,
Sweet Ann o' Hethersgill

Her fence was like the blushing rose,
Her heart was leet and free,
Ere she had felt the world's cares,
Or love blink'd in her e'e.
This fair bewitching fence wi' love
The kindest heart wad fill,
The flower o' a' the country scyde
Was Ann o' Hethersgill.

She cheerful wrought her war-day work,
 Then sat down at her wheel,
 And sang o' luve the winter's weeds,
 Hae she its pow'r did feel
 And at the kirk, on Sunday morn,
 None sang sae sweet and shrill,
 The charming voice abun them aw
 Was Ann's o' Hethersgill.
 But she saw Jock at Cavel last,—
 She nae mair was hersel,
 She culdn sang when at her wheel,
 And sigh'd oft down the dell
 Jock is the laird o' Souier Mun,
 He's now come o'er the hall
 And teane away his bonny brude,
 Sweet Ann o' Hethersgill

THE TOM CAT.

[Tom, the subject of the following ballad, was brought up by the author at his office in Exmouth. "He was," says the *Abroad Magazine*, "decidedly a power amongst cats, and no cat ought to have been more proud of his position. Unhappily, however, he had a great predilection for a vagabond life. He left his comfortable home on the Bannockburn the wild woods, when he lived for weeks together, and though he occasionally returned to his household master, and made sundry promises of reformation, yet he ultimately became one of the most abandoned cats in the country."]

Thou's wander'd frae thy beame, Tom,
 Past thy accustomed rounds,
 And left thy own gnauldams here
 For cats o' other towns :

Thoult be, nae doubt, ere lang, Tom,
Caught in the poacher's snare,
Or kill'd wi' dogs and guns, Tom,
Then wad see thee nae mair.

Thy milk was set for thee, Tom,
And has been an' the week ;
The mice now, as they run, Tom,
In every corner squeak :
They can't see for the kitten, Tom,
That play'd wi' thee at neet ;
It often mews for thee, Tom,
And makes yen wae to see't

It hank'd in the garden, Tom,
Where thou wast last time seen,
And runs an' runn' about the house
Where thou and it have been.
It has nae cat to play with now,
To chase it round the room ;
It will not jump at ribbons now,
But sits in silent gloom.

Thou d'ldst to do but eat, Tom,
And lie in cushan'd chair ,
Thou kens not when thou's weel, Tom,
Thou's ower like mome naur—
Just like the houseless wanderer
Who happy might hae been,
But ranks among the vagabonds,
The meanest o' the mean.

When thou is far frae heame, Tom,
 Thou'lt miss auld Crummy's milk,
 Which made thee fat and fast, Tom,
 Wi' skin like *ony* silk.
 Sir Jeune's^a naval store, Tom,
 Avoid wi' aw thy care,
 The basins o' the cats, Tom,
 Or milk thou'lt taste nae mair.

I've little hopes left now, Tom,
 That ever thou wilt mend,
 But I would be content, Tom,
 If I could know thy end.
 How wilt thou face thy mistress, Tom?
 Wi' her, black is thy name,
 Content be, like thy master, Tom,
 Wi' some cat nearer heame.

I try thee to excuse, Tom,
 To right and wrong thou'st blind.
 Yet thou but plays a like part
 Wi' brutes o' human kind.
 When human bodies err, Tom,
 We cannot thee condemn,
 Thou seems a harmless brute, Tom,
 Compar'd to seer as them.

^a It was reported, that Sir James Gordon, when Lord of the Admiralty, stopped the usual supply of milk to the cats kept in the naval store,

When e'er I stray frae beame, Tom,
Past my appointed time,
Whiles musing in the wood, Tom,
In "blethering up a rhyme,"
I oft get hints o' thee, Tom,
In wandering away—
Come beame, and we'll reform, Tom,
And gang nae mair astray

CHARLIE M'GLEN.

Tal Charlie M'Glen, he was laung up a soldier,
A useless bat hav'rd, a conceited yape,
He selt haggard mink, caps, muslins, and cottons,
Gowns, neck'cloths, and stockings, thread, needles,
and tape.

Trouth ispert by deet than he's made lots o' money,
His actions noo prais'e him the weale o' bad men;
He's guilty o' crimes that deserve him a galley—
For biggest o' rascals is Charlie M'Glen

Poor Bella, the weyfe, she's a decent man's douter,
And prays oft that Heaven wad give her relief,
She've'een been bedevil'd, leyke meast o' young lasses,
And claims to our pity, she's join'd till a thief.
A reave, fur, or market, he seldom yen misses,—
The Carol street robbers he kens monie yen.
For bands of a feather they ay flock together,
And sae were then victims wi' Charlie M'Glen

At Skanburness reaves he pock'd a man's pocket—
 For slape finger'd art he is equal'd by meane ;
 But he was o'erseen, and they seiz'd the vile sharper,
 And fustic'd him to give back the money agane.
 At Abbey, last week, he fell in wi' Kit Stewart,
 And crann's frae his pocket he got nine or ten ;
 But sum'tor that job he was teane by the heaylies,
 But money frae prison se wi'd Charlie McGlen.

He's seldom at heame, and his weyfe's kept in
 terror,—

At meet's i' the lonnings he's seen at aw teymes ,
 A wammill' rascal he's been frae his cradle,
 It's nat in yon's power to outnumber his crimes ,
 For he steals hens and ducks wi' thur meet-strolling
 fellows,

Oh ! happy's the country that's clear o' sic men !
 I shope that my bawlk, at the next Canal-sizes,
 Will ship o'er the herring dub Charlie McGlen

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO A ROBIN WHICH HAD METHURPED ON
 HIS GARDEN WALL DURING THE WINTER

What, Robin, wilt thou leave me now !
 The wintry storms are past—
 The snow from off the mountain's brow
 Is disappearing fast ;

Again there's music in the wood,
Thy mate's on yonder tree ;
The lark and thrush in concert join
In sweetest harmony.

Seek some retreat to build thy nest
In woodside bowers among,
And cease thy doleful winter chirp,
And tune thy summer song ;
And when I walk at evening's hour
Along the shady lane,
I'll hear thee in the hawthorn bush
Pour forth thy plaintive strain.

So, Robin, go and leave me now,
I never can thee blame,
When all to me of humankind
Have ever done the same.
Pretending friends I us'd the best
Who on my bounty fed,
When once I felt adversity
I found they all had fled.

It matter'd not what'er they were,
False friends or open foes,
They hushly all combin'd to add
Fresh burthens to my woes
They stole my purse and left me poor,
And now in life's decline ;
They'd take from me what's dearer still,
" Good name " and peace of mind.

But, Robin, thou'rt "not man but land"
 From which we never find
 Such proofs of base ingratitude
 As shown by human kind :
 So join the vocal throng, and pass
 The summer months away :
 I know thou'lt sometimes come at eve
 And sing thy grateful lay
 And when the wintry blasts return,
 And ice-bound is the rill,
 Come to my garden wall again,
 And thou shalt have thy fill :
 And through the storms of frost and snow,
 My plain and humble fare,
 Both thee and thy red-breasted mates
 Are welcome still to share.

LADY FAIR AT WIGTON.

ALL : " Barrowdale Jockey."

At Wigton fair last, see a show o' faine lasses
 I never hae seen aw the days o' my lyster, — [cherries,
 They're young, lish, and hunny, hev cheeks red as
 Fook aw sud gaun there if they're want o' a weyfe.
 Let Carol fooke brag o' their wheyite hats o' leadies,
 Wid Abbey Holme beauties they ne'er can compare.
 When dree-staw in wheyite, and green veils and straw
 bonnets,
 Along wad stean d horses to now at the fair

Furst thing, Jacob Wulson frae 'bout Netherwelton,
Coom here wi' six douters in his tummel car,
Then swores o' lish huzzey's frae Caldbeck and
Hesket,

Frae Curthwaite coom in, and frae aw far and near,
Some butchers and barbers frae Carl we'll nwotish,
They war best at dancing, ay twenty to yen,
They'd sweethearts anew, but of that we'lld mention,
For 'wend cause a dust if their weyves dā but ken.

Says Johnson's lang Joe, let's gang up to Joohn
Aichen's

We'll see lots o' sport ye ken at the Half Mum,
We fan' Jenny Dalston wi' lā Betty Coulthard,
Says Joe as them out, and I'll gang git a toot:
But Jenny, poor lass, had just stran'd aw her ankle,
Sae we danc'd Betty Coulthard and lā Peggy Muir;
But Joe wad fain put in some steps Adams Len'd
him,

And doon, leyke a sleater, fell flat on the flur.

We sat 'beyde the window, and luik'd at stran'd
horses,

Says Betty yon brown on' belongs Wully Weir,
It's strang bean'd, weel action'd a famish froal-gitter,
For just the last season it cover'd our meate;
We tret them wi' peppermint, punch meade o' brandy,
We drank, danc'd, and chatter'd there while it was
leet,

I set Betty heame aw the way to Kirkbanton,
And on the sul' cattle we coold'd aw neet.



JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENT

MY life has been so erratic and so singularly varied by unprecedented events that a volume of considerable compass might be filled to excite wonder, laughter, tears, or the deepest sorrow. It would be vain, however, to attempt any such task, as the space allowed will only admit of fragmentary portions or the barest outline.

My great grandfather, John Graves, lived and died a man of some property at Hesketh-Newmarket. I never heard much of my grandfather, John Woodcock, but know that he had two sons and a daughter. My father's name was Joseph. He was a plumber, glazier, and ironmonger at Wigton, and married Ann the seventh daughter of Thomas Mathews of the same place. I was the only son of the name, and my mother used to tell very precisely that I was born at eight o'clock on the morning of the 9th of February, 1795,* and christened in the same manse as was Count Henry Jerome De Salis.

* I think I am correct with the year; but how far this is so may be seen at Wigton Church.

When six or seven years old I lived at Cocker-mouth with my uncle George. We boarded at an inn kept by his aunt, a widow, and I was sent to school, where I learned to read and cipher. When nine years old my father died, and we went to Wigton to attend the funeral, which I did not see as I was off at the time playing at marbles with my cousins. There I remained, and was sent to school in a "Clay Tablin" in a back yard. I passed through arithmetic and could excel my teacher in writing. I think this is all the school teaching I ever had. My mother strove to make my father "an honest man" by paying his debts when he was dead, saying, "I was his wife, and by that compact am responsible; though God knows that while I was saving he was spending." Widowed, helpless, and in debt, she walked to Carlisle to administer, but was told that she must have witness to the intestate effects; so her first journey to the county town was in vain.

About the age of fourteen I took off again to my uncle at Cockermouth, and remained with him till I was twenty. He was a house, sign, and coach painter, but rarely taught me anything. His wife and he kept a lathing hotel at Skimbarness, which occupied a good deal of his time. He had a clever foreman, for whom I cared nothing, so I frequently went beating with the hounds of Joseph Steel, Esq. — An old bachelor, whose name was Joseph Falder, and his sister lived opposite; and to that man I

own anything good I have done or know. I spent every spare moment with this old pair. Mary, his sister, was a kind old woman, but occasionally took drink. Joe was most abstemious, and retired as a hermit. He lived a hundred years too soon. He was John Dalton's* intimate friend, and I could now portray them shaking hands, such a thrilling effect did their meeting produce on my young mind. Whenever I look back on what I have read and seen through life I cannot find a single man to compare to my old mentor. Dear amiable Joe Fakler! he fixed in me a love of Truth, and bent my purpose to pursue it, guarding me against having my mind weakened by the false theories or superstitions which would inevitably arise around my walk in life.

My uncle declining business at Cockermouth, I felt a strong desire to go to France, Italy, &c. I had often talked with Joe about painters and sculptors; so I thought I would work, travel, and learn. I had made some drawings; and as he had taught me a little of comparative anatomy—grace—the line of beauty—that nature must always be our great guide—that copies from others are odious even in excellence—I was determined to strike out a path for myself on general principles, and to receive nothing as correct until I had learned, as

* John Dalton, the celebrated mathematician and natural philosopher, born at Eaglesfield, near Cockermouth, in 1766, died in 1844.

Euclid phrases it, *not only that the thing was true, but why it was so.* With my box on board at Skinburness to go to Liverpool, I went to Wigton on foot to bid farewell to my mother and sisters; but my friends pressed me so much to remain that I finally yielded much against my will. I was not long in Wigton before I was introduced to Miss Jane Atkinson of Rosley, whom I married. She only lived about twelve months after, and I was left to retirement in the house we had taken on Market-hill, Wigton.

I had a friend named Walter Simpson who was a very superior young man. We spent days and nights together; were subscribers to a library; and thus read, studied, and experimented. So the time passed for four or five years, when I thought I would marry a neighbour's daughter, whom I had known from childhood. I was daily in her father's house. One evening I had staid late reading in the parlour. She was sewing; the rest of the family had retired. After asking what o'clock it was, I laid down the paper and placing my arms on the table, said to her, "Miss Porthouse, I have been for some time thinking of putting a question to you." "And pray," asked she, "what kind of a question is it? A foolish one, I'll warrant." "I've been thinking," said I, "of proposing marriage to you!" She started, looked me sternly in the face, then without a single word snatched up the lighted candle, and indignantly stalked away—up stairs—and slammed

the door to. " " " " " However, we were married afterwards and lived at Caldbeck, and have had eight children. I married her because I thought that she possessed a strong mind and mild temper.* She was as tall, or nearly so, as myself, exceedingly graceful in her deportment, and of good education. She could not be called a beauty, yet to a stranger there was that which won esteem in preference to beauty. Her friends were ardently attached to her, while her parents and the rest of the family stood in awe of her as the superior mind.

I was connected with the woollen mills at Caldbeck for some time; but these turned out a ruinous game. I was cheated, robbed, and galled to such an extent, by those who ought to have been my best friends, that I resolved to go to the farthest corner of the earth. I made a wreck of all, left machinery, book debts, &c., in the hands of a relative, to provide for my two dear daughters whom I left behind, and landed in Hobart Town, Tasmania, in 1833, with my wife and four children, and about £10 in my pocket. I cannot now begin an endless narrative of my travelling, voyaging, and adventures in these distant colonies. But if it should be my fortune to see the bonny hills of "Auld Commerlan" again I will relate you

* This marriage was the fatal end of my life of prosperity, happiness, and peace. She died in 1856. God be thanked for his mercy!

sufficient strange incidents to make a book; and then, by waiting a little, you may fill in my death also.

In stature I am about the middle height, straight, proportionate, and of lithesome gait. I used to be called "ish," with a temper inclined to merriment, which has floated me over many woes; but, alas! how often have I thought that my poor mother's *grave mantle* ought to have been my shroud! I have frequently been called inventive, and during late years have brought to considerable perfection several machines—especially one for preparing the New Zealand flax. I think I am yet as free in thought as ever I was. I have always made a point of smashing my best work whenever I have found my ideas forestalled. I hate the man who apes the manner and habits of another.

Nearly forty years have now wasted away since John Peel and I sat in a snug parlour at Caldbeck among the Cumbrian mountains. We were then both in the hey-day of manhood, and hunters of the olden fashion; meeting the night before to arrange earth stopping; and in the morning to take the best part of the hunt—the drag over the mountains in the mist—while fashionable hunters still lay in the blankets. Large flakes of snow fell that evening. We sat by the fireside hunting over again many a good run, and recalling the feats of each particular hound, or narrow neck-break 'scapes, when a flaxen-haired daughter of mine came in saying,

"Father, what do they say to what granny sings?" Granny was singing to sleep my eldest son—now a leading barrister in Hobart Town—with a very old rant called *Burnie (or Cammie) Burnie*. The pen and ink for hunting appointments being on the table, the idea of writing a song to this old air forced itself upon me, and thus was produced, unprompted, *Dye lee John Peel with his coat as grey*. Immediately after I sung it to poor Peel who snaked through a stream of tears which fell down his manly cheeks; and I well remember saying to him in a joking style, "By Jove, Peel, you'll be sung when we're both run to earth."

As to John Peel's general character I can say little. He was of a very limited education beyond hunting. But no wile of a fox or hare could evade his scrutiny; and business of any shape was utterly neglected, often to cost far beyond the first loss. Indeed this neglect extended to the paternal duties in his family. I believe he would not have left the drag of a fox on the impending death of a child, or any other earthly event. An excellent rider, I saw him once on a moor put up a fresh hare and ride till he caught her with his whip. You may know that he was six feet and more, and of a form and gait quite surprising, but his face and head somewhat insignificant. A clever sculptor told me that he once followed, admiring him, a whole market day before he discovered who he was.

I remember he had a son Peter, about twelve

years old, who seemed dwarfish and imperfect. When Peter was put upstairs to bed, instead of prayers, he always set out with the call to the hounds. From the quest upwards he hunted them by name till the view halloo, when Peel would look delighted at me, and exclaim, "Dam it, Peter has her off! Noo he'll gat to sleep." On such occasions the father always listened as to reality, and abstractedly would observe, "Noo Peter, that's a double—try back. Hark ye, that's Mopsy running foit"—(then laugh)—"Run Peter, Dancour leev—dog him—my word he'll git it noo—but don't kill him quite, &c."—(and then laugh again.)

Peel was generous as every true sportsman ever must be. He was free with the glass "at the heel of the hunt," but a better heart never throbb'd in man. His honour was never once questioned in his life time. In the latter part of his life his estate was embarrassed, but the right sort in all Cumberland called a meet some years since, and before parting they sang *John Peel* in full chorus, closing by presenting him with a handsome gratuity which empowered him to shake off his encumbrances, and die with a "hark tally ho!"

SONGS

BY

JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES.

D'YE KEN JOHN PEELE?

[AIR: "Barney for Cannel Anne."—The history of this celebrated hunting song is very curious, as will be seen by reference to the interesting autographical sketch of its author. Thirty years since no person could walk through the streets of Carlisle, without hearing some one or other either whistling the air, or singing the song. Since then its popularity has spread far and wide. It has been chanted wherever English hunters have penetrated in the world. It was heard in the soldiers' camps at the siege of Lucknow, and was lately sung before the Prince of Wales. Story papers, and generally unprinted ones, have got into the newspapers; but it is supposed to be the first time in a general collection. The hunt is supposed to commence at Low Denton bridge, near Carlisle. Thence across a rugged stretch of moor in a westerly direction, and bold beyond a firth run into on the heights at Scritherside Seat, near Lanchester. The old run of "Barney Anne" is shown.]

D'YE ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning!

'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft times led,
For Peel's view holloa would 'waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

D'ye ken that bitch whose tongue is death ?
D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith ?
D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Cur'd them all as he died in the morning ?
'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby, too,
Ranter and Royal and Bellman as true ;
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

And I've follow'd John Peel both often and far,
O'er the raspence and the gate and the bar,
From Low Denton-holme up to Scratchmere Scar,
When we used for the haush in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

Then, here's to John Peel with my heart and soul,
Come fill—fill to him another strong bowl :
And we'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul
While we're wak'd by his horn in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

* These were the real names of the brands which Peel in his old age used were the very best he ever had or saw.

MONODY ON JOHN PEEL.

[After having hunted as no other man could, a pack of his hounds, to the delight of all Cumberland, for upwards of forty years, John Peel died full of honours in 1854, at the ripe age of seventy-eight. When intelligence reached Woodcock Graves, he at once took up his pen and, like a true sportsman, wrote the following mournful tribute to the memory of his friend, the famous old hunter. It was sent to Mr. McMechan of the *Wigan Advertiser*, and first published in that paper. We should like much to see this fine Monody set to appropriate music.]

O heave not my heart, for this tear from mine eye
 I would dash were it not that I feel
 That the time will be soon when all hunters shall die,
 So I'll drop this one down for John Peel.
 Then turn up the glass,
 And so let the sand pass
 From one end to t'other: it may be
 Again death may strike,
 But can ne'er on the like,
 Or the next stroke may fall upon me.

Whenever in the chase, he was first of the field
 Who has gone to the land of the dead —
 What made the woods ring, till the stubborn oak reel'd,
 But the hounds and the horn of John Peel?
 Old Caldew may roll,
 And the shepherd may cull,
 To listen, but listen in vain,
 Who gave the horn blast,
 Now has blown out his last,
 And there ne'er will his like sound again

Now Reynard may prowl in the wide open day,
Nor the hare out so lightly need steal;
The hounds have all singled and slunk far away
When they boded the death of John Peel.

The huntsman may climb,
And no more hear the chime
That often has jingled below;
But ware the moor-hen,
Of the fox's keen ken,
For he hears not the shrill tally-ho!

Each hound gave a howl and last look at the horn,
(Who saith that a dog cannot feel?)
Then singled to pine, all dejected, forlorn,
And died on the death of John Peel.

But foxes that prowl,
In the graveyards to howl,
Keep far from his tomb when ye go,
Or to your surprise,
By Jove he may rise,
With a shriek and a wild tally-ho!

Then hang up the horn on the blighted old tree,
That some hunter who passeth may kneel;
And when the wind dangles that horn it may be
That it looms the last sigh of John Peel.

Then fill up the glass,
And, though dumb, let it pass
To him in the land o' the leal;
Like him far away,
Who has tender'd this lay,
Remember the hunter, John Peel.

AT THE GRAVE OF JOHN PEEK.

Here first printed.

[The valley of T. dillack is shut out, by lofty green mountains, from the noise and turmoil of the busy world. The Cable cars murmuring by the side of its quiet village churchyard, and under the shadows of tall cypresses and yews may become the grave of John Peek, remembered by a memorial stone designed after this haunting tale is told.]

Did you hear that old man as he sat by the mound
Down by the white church in the vale?
But little you'd hear for the babbling sound
(If the brook as it moan'd to his tale,

His hair was as white as the light on the snow,
Yet still there was life in his eye;
And something was big at his heart you might know
As he gaz'd on the mound that was by.

He lean'd on his staff with his trembling hands,
So wrinkled and wetted with tears;
For long he had lived in far distant lands,
And his face was now furrow'd with cares.

'Twas the grave of his friend of bright joy in the field,
Whose delight was the hounds in full cry;
And whose loud tally-ho oft shook the wild woods
Till bold reynard had yielded to die.

He sang, ah! now mournfully, of manhood's bright
When two hearts swell'd as one in full glee. [day,
Whilst the sound of the horn to the hounds far away
Had oft thrilled to his soul's melodie

Then he dash'd off his tears and I heard his voice say,
{For he cry'd to the dead one below,}
"Ah, Peck! you have *choke'd** me for once but a day,
So I'll give thee a hark tally ho!"

O GIVE ME BACK MY NATIVE HILLS

[A RHYMELESS — Here first printed.]

O give me back my native hills
If bleak or bleakly, grim or gray;
But still to those my bowmen dwell,
In gulden lands and far away.

For all the gold ne'er yet could buy,
That gushing glow I've felt and feel,
When Cumbrina's name shines to the eye,
Then down a listless tear will steal.

Men's haunts I've shunn'd for forest drear,
To lonely scan the sweeping stream;
Down by a dell to ponder there
On things gone by in memory's dream.

And then, God knows, my heart would fill
A homeless, friendless, sackless wight
The sun gone down below the hill,
And I regardless of the night.

* *Choke'd*, a hurting term, when one cut off a turn to be
felt in at the death.

E'en then I've seen in fitful dreams,
That most lov'd, dearest, long-lost home,
Of glassy lakes and mountain streams —
'Yea, jocund back to them I come !

But let this stream rush on and hear,
Nought but the skirl of hush-night clatter,
Discordant to a British ear,
As raven's croak or magpie's chatter.

To hear the wild-dogs shriek and bay ;
While mighty trees crash from the height,
Down frightful gulphs and far away,
More deep and darker still than night.

Strange jumble of a mighty freak —
And vast ! nor can the eye
Discern, nor ever voice could speak
To tell its aim or destiny.

O give me back my own lov'd fells,
Nor spangled birds for linnets gray,
For linnets' song the bosom thrills,
While gaudy birds are lost display.

Then I could sleep and rest contented
Tho' ne'er a stone told where I lie
If little lov'd, still less lamented,
I'd crave no brighter dreams

NURSERY SONG.

Here first printed.

[AIR: "Miss M. C. C."] This is an old nursery song, partly my own, that in my wanderings among the hills of Vermont and other backwoodsland found me a welcome with the young ones in fire or house, and has always been rewarded by a round robin. My attachment to the young is the sole cause of writing it. It is innocent and may be lost. If it be printed it may amuse many a homely and peaceful heart in a timberland when I am no more. It must be very old, as I have known part of it for sixty years — J. W. G.]

My father he died and I didn't know how,
And left me his horses to follow the plough

With my wing, wing waddle O
Jackey sing saddle O
Bessy be the babble O
Under the broom.

I sold my horses and I bought a little cow,
But when I went to milk her I never knew how.
With my wing, wing waddle O, &c.

I sold my cow and I bought a little calf,
And I never made a bargain but I lost the better half
With my wing, wing waddle O, &c.

I sold my calf and I bought a little hen,
And if she laid an egg I never knew when.
With my wing, wing waddle O, &c.

I sold my hen and I bought a little cat,
A pretty little pussy, but she never caught a rat.
With my wing, wing waddle O, &c.

I sold my cat and I bought a little mouse,
 And its tail caught fire and it burst down my house.
 With my wing, wing saddle O
 Jackey sing saddle O
 Bessy be the babble O
 Under the broom.

OH LET ME BUSS THE LASSES YET.

[An unfurnished fragment — Here first printed.]

You surely never think me old,
 As that you know would make me fret,
 For tho' I'm wearing grey and bald,
 I' faith I buss the lasses yet.

Then cheerly kick up your heels wi' the darlings,
 For merry goes the fiddle as the night flies away;
 The moon is laughing loud, and all the little stars
 Shine on the dance to the light roundelay.

* * * * *

I'd rather life were ta'en away
 The jaunting jakes then I'd forget
 Or in that breath at last I'd say,
 "O let me buss the lasses yet."

Then cheerly kick up your heels wi' the darlings,
 For merry goes the fiddle as the night flies away,
 The moon is laughing loud, and all the little stars
 Shine on the dance to the light roundelay.



SONGS AND BALLADS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'JOE AND THE GEOLOGIST.'

LAL DINAH GRAYSON

[Here first printed.]

LAL Dinah Grayson's fresh, frowsome, an free
 And a bit o' her step an' a glint o' her e'e;
 She glowers ebbem at me whatever I say

An' meastly meek's answer and "M'appen I may."

"M'appen I may," she says, "m'appen I may ;

Thou think'st I believe thee an' m'appen I may."

Gay often, when I Dinah I manish to meet

O' Mondays, i' t' market i' Cocker-muth street,

I whisper "There's meet neet wrote here to-day,"

An' she cocks up her chin an' says, "M'appen I may."

M'appen I may, my lad, m'appen I may ;

There's wrote here to crack me an' m'appen I may."

"Are there any of our readers to whom *Joe and the Geologist* is not unknown? If so, let them at once make the acquaintance of this little tale. It is full of genuine humor, full under the veil of mock simplicity, and is by far the cleverest and most original new fiction in the market."

She's smart oot o' dooars—she's tidy i't' hoose ;
 Snod as a mowdy warp—sleek as a moose.
 I' blue goon, i' black goon, i' green goon or grey,
 I tell her she's reeght an' git " M'appen I may !"
 " M'appen I may," she'll say, " m'appen I may,
 Then kens lal aboot it but m'appen I may !"

There's nait mickle on her, —we ken 'at gud stuff
 Laps up i' lal bundles, an' she's lal aneuf ;
 There's nowte about Ditch were better away
 But her comical* ower wurd " M'appen I may."
 " M'appen I may," it's still, " m'appen I may."
 Whatver yan wants yan gits " m'appen I may !"

An' it shaps to be snittal ; whoatsoever I gang,
 I can't tell a stwory—I can't sing a sang—
 I can't bod a crack, nay !—I can't read nor pray
 Walout bringin' in her dang't " M'appen I may."
 " M'appen I may," it eams, " m'appen I may ;"
 Astred o' Amen, I say " m'appen I may."

But she met me ya neeght aside Pand'aw Lea yatt—
 I took her seel bearn, but I keep't her oot leit,
 An' often I soul i' my oan canny way,
 " Will t'e like me a lal bit i'?"—" Whey,—M'appen I
 may !
 M'appen I may, Harry—m'appen I may ;
 Then's royder a hoaf thock, but m'appen I may !"

* I should, used thus, mean *Pied*, in central Cumberland.

I put her to wed me— I said I was poor,
Just addin' an'ef to keep hunger fragt' door.
She luk't t' my face, an' than, hoo! turn't away.
She hung down her head and said "M'appen I may"
M'appen I may" (low down) "m'appen I may,
I think thou means larly, an' m'appen I may."

We're hangin' t' bell ropes" —to t' parson I've toket,
An' I gev him a hint as he maffet an' jwoker,
'To mind when she said say "love, honour, oaks,"
'At she doesn't slip through wid her "M'appen I
may."
M'appen I may, may be —m'appen I may,
But we moont put up than wid a "m'appen I may."

JOHNNY, GIT OOT!

[Here first printed.]

"Git oot wid the', Jwohnnny, thou's no'but a fash:
Thou'll come till thou raises a desperat clash,†
Thou's here every day just to put yan about,
An' thou moulers yan terribly— Jwohnnny, git oot!
What says 'ee! I's bunnie! Whey! That's nowte 'at's
new.
Thou's nantin' a sweetheart!—Thou's hed a gay few!
An' thou's cheatin' them, yan efter t' fadder, s'adoubt;
But I's nôt to be cheatin' w'a— Jwohnnny, git oot!

* During the period required for the publication of *hunnies*, to appear such, figuratively, to be "hanging to t' bell ropes."

† Clash—Scandal.

There's plenty o' lads i' beith Lamplugh an' Dean
 As yabble as thee, an' as weel to be seen ;
 An' I med tak' my pick amang o' there about—
 Does t'e think I'd ha'e thee, than? Hut, Jwohny,
 git oot !

What? Nae yan amang them 'at likes mé sa weel ?
 Whey, min—there's Dick Walker an' Jonathan Peel
 'At ola's foorsett mé i't' lonnings about,
 An' beith want to sweetheart mé—Jwohny, git oot !

What?—Thou will hev a kiss?—Ah, but tak't if
 thou dar !
 I tell the', I'll squeel, if thou tries to ed' nair.
 Tak' care o' my collar—Thou byspel, I'll shoot.
 Nay, thou sha'n't hev anudder—Noo Jwohny, git
 oot !

Git oot wid the', Jwohny—Thou's tew't me rectsaír,
 Thou's brocken my comb, an' thou's toovelt my hair
 I willn't be kiew't, thou unmannerly loot !
 Was t'ere iver sec impudence? Jwohny, git oot !

Git oot wid the', Jwohny—I tell the', he deün.
 Does t'e think I'll tak' up wid Ann Dixon's oald
 sheün ?

Thou ma' gk till Ann Dixon, an' pu' hur about,
 But thou s'allsn't pu' me, v'sa—Jwohny, git oot !

Well! That's sent him off, an' I's sworry it hes;
He med kem 'at yan river means boaf 'at yan says.
He's a reet canny fellow, howver I float,
An' it's growin' o' wark to say Jwahny, git out!"

THE RUNAWAY WEDDING

[Here first printed.]

My fudder said "Nay" an' my mudder said "Niver!"
When Will com' an' telt them we wantit to wed;
We mud part—they both said—part at yance an'
for iver,
An' they deav't me to deeth about foats 'at he hed.
A sailor was Will, horret, free-tonguet, an' funny,
An' gien till o' manner o' teulment was he;
Rapier loose i' religion, an' careless o' money,
But dear was my wild, throwless Willie to me.

His life seemed moid up of arrivin's an' sailin's—
Rough hard-ship at sea, an' fair dustiness at helm.
I cry't ou'r his danger—I pray't ou'r his failin's,
An' often forgot what I cudn't but bleim.
An' many a friend, an' relation, an' neighbour
Drong hints an' queer teals about Will to poor me;
But neighbors an' friends gat the'r pains for the'r
labour,
For t'mair he was toket on t'mair thoust on was he.

An' upshot of o' the'r fine hints an' advices

Was 'at, ya neet, weel happ't i' Will's greet sailer
We dreäv, afoor dayleet, to Foster Penrice's [cwoat,

An' shp't ow'r till Annan t' Skinburneese bwoat.
An' theer we wer' weddit, i' their way o' weddin';—

I duden't hafe like't, but they said it wad dee ;
An' I dör-say it may'd—for a lass 'at was bred in
Their ways—but it wasn't like weddin' to me.

An' when Will brong me back, varra shäm fökret
an' freetent,

Owert'sin an' disgrace on't my madder went wild,—
Her wands meid my heart sink, but bravely it heeten't

When Will drew me close up beside him, an' smil'd.
My fadder said lil, no bat whishut my mulder,

An' pettit an' blest me wid tears iv his e'e ;
Tall bekth on us ract what hed cost him sec bodder,
An' shäm't of oor darak steud Willie an' me.

Eigh —for loave, he was kind! an' he wad hev us
weddit,

As t'rest of his barns hed been—menseful an' reet—
He leak't at oor Scotch weddin' writin' an' read it.

But went up to't Priest's about t' license that neet.
An' he keep't me at heäm, though we hed a hoose
riddy.

He said he wad hev me, while Will follow't t' sea.
An' Will!—weddin' meid him dounce, careful, an'
stiddy,

An' he's hoddently been a gud husband to me.

He seem hed a ship o' his oan an' mead money,

An' saw't it, what he reckoned harder by far,

An' old's weel natur't, free heartit an' funny

He mead his sel funds and whatever com' nâr,

An' ev' for my milder, 'at thowt us so silly,

An' lang moute but had i' poor Willie wad see,

I's thankful shee'veet to say—"Bless thee now Willie,

"Many comforts we've hed but neekst cûmfort i'
thee."

BILLY WATSON'S LONNING.

[Here first printed.]

O for Billy Watson' lonnin' o' a lownd summer
neeght!

When t' stars come few an' daytely efter weern'oot
day-loeght—

When t' black late lèsson shows itsel' i' half-seen
gliffs o' grey,

An' t' huncy suckle's seckit mair nor iver it is i' t'
day.

An' nae a shadow, shap' or sound, or seeght, or
sign 'at tells

'At oots it's whick comes santerin' theer but you,
yet oan two sel's.

Ther' cannot be aadder spot so private an' so sweet,
As Billy Watson' lonnin' o' a lownd summer neeght!

T' Hempgarth Broo's a cheertsome plectce when t'
 whims bloom full o' floor—
 Green Hecklebank turns greener when it's water't
 wid a shogar—
 There's bonnie neeks about Beckside, Stocks-hill,
 an' Greystone Green—
 High Woker Broo gies sec a view as isn't offen
 seen—
 It's glorious doon ont' Sandy beds when t' sun's just
 gin to set—
 An' t' Clay-Dubs isn't far aslee when t' weckler isn't
 wet; [meat
 But nîn was meald o' pûrpose theer a bonnie lass to
 Like Billy Watson' lonnin' of a lound summer neeght.

Yan likes to trail ow'r t' Sealand-fields an' wait for t'
 comin' tide,
 Or slare whaar t' Green hes t' Ropery an't Shore of
 ayder side—
 T' Weddriggs road's a lil-used road, an' reeght for
 coortin toke—
 An' Lowca lonnin's reeght for them 'at like a lung-
 some woke—
 Yan's reeght aneuf up t' Lase road, or t' Waggon-way,
 or t' Ghyll,
 As' reeght for ram'lin's Cûnning-wood or Scatter-
 mascot hill.
 Ther's many spots 'ats reeght aneuf, but nîn o' ways
 so reeght
 As Billy Watson' lonnin' of a lound summer neeght.

See thouties as that com' thick lang ven to yan a
lonsterin' lad,

Wid varra lal to lang on but a spirit niver sad,

When he went strouding far an' free about his sea
side healm,

An' stamp't a mark upon his heart of ivery frind like
neim ;—

A mark 'at seems as time drees on to deepen mar
an' mair—

A mark 'at ol's beeghtens meist it' gloom o'
comin' care;

But naste upon his heart has left a mark 'at hods
so breicht

As Billy Watson' lunnin' of a lownd summer neecht'

Oor young days may'd be wastet days, but dör
their mem'ry's dear !

And what wad yan not part wid noo ageins to hev
them here ?

Whatiser truides fash't us than, though nayder leet
nor few,

They niver fash't us hafe so lang as less an' fash
us noo ;

If want o' thewte broog bodderment, it pass't for
want o' luck,

An' what cared we for Fortune's bats hoover fource
she struck ?

It mud be it' time o' life 'at mield oor happiness
complete

I' Billy Watson' lunnin' of a lownd summer neecht'

THE LILY OF LOWESWATER.

The crimson Heath-blossom glows bright on the fell;
The Vilet is sweet in the leaf-shaded dell;
And the white mantled Hawthorn is fragrant and fair,
Enriching with perfume the dew-laden air,
But brighter by far than the red Heather bell,
And sweeter than Heartsease in woodland or dell,
And fairer than May-bloom in hedgerow or brake
The Lily that blooms all alone by a lake !

She's lovely and gentle, she's fair as the dawn,
She's graceful and gay as the fairy-limbed fawn,
She's kind as she's comely, she's free as she's fair,
And her spirit is pure as her beauty is rare.
Thrice happy will he be who gathers that flower,
And bears her away from her mountain-girt bower ;
The care-clouds of life will look distant and dim
When the Lily of Loweswater blooms but for him.

'Mongst the flaxen-haired fair ones of Scotland I've
dwelt,
At the shrine of their beauty entranced have I knelt,
And I deemed that no flower could be fairer than
they,
While unseen and unknown was the theme of my lay.
Enchanted I've roved in the Emerald Isle,
With maidens bewitching in feature and smile,
And oft did their beauty my fancy enthrall,
But the Loweswater Lily surpasses them all !

THE FLOWER OF LAMPLUGH.

A floweret blooms in Lamplugh Dale,
Where Nature's richest green is spread
Where all shews bright e'en through the veil
Of morning mist or mountain shade.
To match that bud all search were vain
On northern heath—in southern vale ;
Nor lonely glen nor peopled plain
Holds aught like her of Lamplugh Dale.

O beauteous is the new blown Rose —
The Argent Lily pure and sweet ;
But purest, fairest, either shews
In her where Rose and Lily meet ;
For o'er her cheek and o'er her brow
The native hues of both prevail ;
Their blended sweets a magic throw
Round her who blooms in Lamplugh Dale.

The V'ilet yields, when wet with dew,
And first it meets the morning beam,
A humid sparkling tinged with blue,
A soft, but lustrous, azure gleam ;
But oh ! one gleam from her blue eyes
Makes e'en the lights above look pale,
Whilst earthly lustre vainly vies
With her dear glance in Lamplugh Dale.

The Tulip rears its stately head
 And greets the sun with graceful pride,
 The Primrose in it's woodland bed
 It's lowly beauty seeks to hide
 And beauty, dignity, and grace
 With meekness joined in her we hail:
 Whate'er in fairest flowers we trace
 Adorns the Pride of Lamphugh Dale.

MEENIE BELL. ' "

[Here first printed.]

Wull ye meet me, Meenie Bell? Wull ye tryste yince
 mair wi' me?
 Where the sauchs half hide the burnie as it wimples
 on its way?
 When the sinking sun comes glensing through the
 feathery birken tree,
 Till ye'd trow a thousand fairy fires wer' flichtering
 on the brae.

Wull ye meet me, Meenie Bell? Wull ye say ye'll
 meet me there?
 An' come afore the gloaming fa's to hear what I've
 to tell?
 For I'm gawn away the morn, an' I'll weary lang
 an' sair
 'Or I see ye're bonnie face again—sae meet me,
 Meenie Bell!

I'll be far awa' frae Middlebie for monie an' mone
a day ;

An' I want ae curl o' gowden hair to treasure ever
more.

I've a keepsake brow for you, an' I've something
mair to say— [afore.

Aye ! a hantle mair to tell ye than I've ever tell'd

Thus I fleech'd wee Meenie Bell till her heart grew
soft and kin'

An' she met me near the burnie as the simmer
gloaming fell ;

We paintit or 'twas day, an' o' a' the nights I min'

The brichtest in my mem'ry is that nicht wi'
Meenie Bell.

I thoct her heart was troth-fast, but my image
faded out,

An' a stranger took the place in't that she said she'd
keep for me ;

For time gae'd creeping on, an' her hopes changet
into doobt

An' doobt to caul' mistrusting, while I toiled ayont
the sea.

I've warlet wi' the worl' weel—I've run a winning
race,

But, ah ! I'm o' en wushing when I maunder by myself,

An' a' my weary strivings through lang lanesome
years I trace, [Bell.

I had hidden pair i' Middlebie and mainet Meenie

"A LOCKERBYE LICK."

[Hallidykes, in the parish of Dyfodsisic, Denbighshire, where the writer passed some years of his boyhood, was formerly the seat of a branch of the Herbert family; and, with three or four adjacent farms, it formed almost the last remnant of the large border estates, held by the descendants of that anciently powerful and noble house, from the Hallidykes branch of which sprang the ardent Bunkers and the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer of that name. Like most old family seats in the same district, Hallidykes possessed, nominally speaking, a highly respectable cargo of bogles (as the writer knew to his great and frequent satisfaction), the origin and mode of development of one of the most prominent of which is related pretty faithfully, according to local tradition, in the following rhyme, published many years ago in *Tan's Magazine*.—NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.]

Ye've aiblins heard o' Wulleye Smythe,
 And heester wychte was he;
 Quha wonn't at the sygne o' the bonnie Black Bull,
 I' the toon o' Lockerbye,
 For Wulleye could draw the best o' wyne,
 An' brew the best o' yell,
 An' mix the best o' brandye punch,
 As neebour Lairds could tell.
 For aft the neebour Lairds convenet
 At Wulleye's to drynke theyre wyne,
 An' heh! quhan they yokit the brandye punch,
 But they rayset ane unco schyne.
 An' ance, on the nychie o' a huntin' tryste,
 A blythesome companye
 There lychtit doon i' the Black Bull close,
 Wychte Wulleye's wyne to proe.

An' there were Johnstones an' Jardines routh
Among the rattlin' crew,
Wi' Herbert Herryes o' layre Ha' Dykes,
An' his bairnlike bairn Hughe;
An' gallant Wulffe o' Berks was there,
Wi' Wulffe o' Kyrkletoon :
Sae they buik't awa' at the reid, reid wyne,
As the toasts gae roun' an' roun'.
Whyle up an' spak' wyld Wulffe o' Berks,
An' there fashless toasts he curst,
"We'll a' toon a glasse to ilk man's lassie,
An' Ha' Dykes mair name his first!"
Than up gat the laird o' bonnie Ha' Dykes
"Weel" eather nor mair layre mythe,
Here's wyne Jean o' the Wylle Hoke,
The flower o' Tumblengarth;
An' he quha wanna drynke layre to that,
Mair put this compair;
An' he quha lyketh that sweet lassie,
Mair answer it weel till me."
Than up spak' Wulffe o' Kyrkletoon,
(A sleekie deyd I trow),
"Folke saye, up the Water o' Mylke, that she lyketh
Ye're bulle faire better nor yow!"
The reid make brunt on the Herryes his brey,
An' woe but he lookit gryme:

* Friends of the author introduced here synchronally, as
sails Willie Smith who kept the Black Bull some century
after the times here depicted were said to have been erected.

"Can ye thynke that the flower o' the Mylke suld bloom
 For a beggarlye loon lyke hymme !
 Can ye thynke that ane haughtye dame lyke her
 Coude looke wi' a kyndlye e'e
 On ane quha for everye placke that he spens,
 Or wastes, maun sorn on me !"
 "An' do ye thynke," cryet the wrathfu' Hughe,
 "It's noo my turne to speer
 That ever a heal heartit lasse could lo'e
 A sumph for the sake o' his gear !
 An' do ye thynke"—mayre scornfu' wordes
 Young Hughe essayet to speak,
 But his beiber's rychte han' rase high in wrathe,
 An' fell on his lowin' cheeke,
 Than doon at that unbritherly stroke
 Did Hughe the Herryes fa',
 An' for to redde this fearsome fraye,
 Up lappe the gentles a' :
 An' auld Wallye Smythe cam' toytlyu' ben—
 "Quhat's wrang amang ye noo !
 It's a wonnerfu' thyng that 'sponsibill men
 Maun fecthe or they weel be fow."

* * * * *

Fu' slawlye did Hughe Herryes ryse,
 An' the never a word he sayde,
 But he gloom't an' he toot his glove wi' his teeth,
 An' furthe frae the room he gaed.
 He muntyt his gude grey weare i' the close,
 An' he gallopyt aff lyke wudde.

"Eh, sirs!" quo said Wullie Smythe, "Eh, sirs!"

That never man come till gude;

For quhan ever a Herries he chows his glove,

It's in earnest o' deidlie lead!

That mythesome hande they tynte theyre mythe,

The gude wyne tynte its power,

An' ilk man glower't at his neichour's face

Wi' a glum an' eerye glower.

The Herries he lootyt his heed to the board,

I' somwee but an' shame;

The lairn' was ca't - ilk took till his horse,

An' sochte his ain gate hame.

Kynde Wullie o' Beck's sayde hame till his fraen',

We mun ryde Ha' Dykes his waye,

But the Herries overheard, an' shook his heed,

An' doubtit did he saye -

"Alane! alane! I mun dree my weide

For the deede this nychte saw done;

But O that the palsey had wuther't my han',

Or it strook my father's son!"

PART II.

Atwees't Ha' Dykes an' the Water o' Mylke

Rosebanke lyes half waye doon,

An' Clayrife Herries laye there that nychte,

An' he was sleepin' soon.

Quhyle he was rouset i' the howe o' the nychte

Wi' a dyne at his window board,

For his youngest brother was dunneryng there

Wi' the hylie o' a sheenless sword.

"Brither Chayrlye, I've made ye a Laird the nychte,
 An' I maunna be here the morn,
 My blade is barken't wi' Herbert's blude,
 An' he lyes at Horkell Burn."
 He maastyt his meare i' the fayre muinlychte,
 An' he pryckit her ower the greene,
 An' never agayne in Annandale
 Was blythe Hughe Herryes scene.
 There wer' some folke sayde that his wynsome corse
 I' the fathomless sea was sunke;
 Some sayde he was slain i' the German wars—
 An' some that he doct a monke.

* * * * *

Quhan Chayrlye Herryes had ca't his men,
 I' dool but an' i' frychte;
 He boun't him awaye to Horkell Burne,
 An' saw ane awsome sychte.
 For there the chief o' his ancient house
 In wæfu' plychte did lye,
 Wi' his heid on the banks, his feet i' the burne,
 An' his face to the sternye sky.
 Ane hastye batte wrochte ane unco change,
 Young Chayrlye noo was Laird,
 An' Herbert layde i' the Herryes' aisle,
 I' Dry'esdale auld Kirk-yarde.
 But fearfu' sychtes hae been seen sinesyne,
 An' monye a late-gaune wychte
 Quhan stayverin' hame by Horkell Burne,
 Has gotten a lyfe lang frychte.

A voice ilk year as that nychte comes roun'
Yells a' the plantins throo—

*"There never was Henry that drest a stroke,
But he gart't the snyder rue."*

An' what has been seen I downa telle,
But this I ken fu' weel

'That rather see cross that burn at e'en.
There's monye wad face the deil.

An' ance quhan I was a smayke at the schule,
I was late on Lockerbye Hill,

An' sure o' a weel-earn't flyte at hame,
I gaed wi' hittle gude will;

But thinking on monye a layre excuse,
Just anger awaye to turne,

I'd got a rychie feasible storye framet,
As I looupit oore Harkell Burne.

Quhan something rase wi' ane eldritch skraich,
An' a deerilish dynne it made,

As doon the burne whyne ! whyne ! whyroo !
Lyke a slaughte o' fyre it gaed.

My layre lyfit up my cap frae my heid
Could sweite ran oore my bree,

The strengthe was rctt frae my trummelling limbs,
An' I cower't upo' my knee.

'Twas ane horryble thochte to foregaither wi' ghaists,
Quhan I'd just been coynig a lee.

But awaye belyve like a troute frae a gedde,
Or a maukin frae yammerin' tykes,

I fledde nor styntit to breathe or look back,
Quhyle I wan to the bonnie Ha' Dykes

My tale was tauld. They kuche, an' quo' they,
 "A frychtit pheasant springs [doon
Wi' a skraich an' a rhyme ;"—but I threepit them
 That I kenn't it was nae sic things,
For nochtie could pit me i' sic mortal deide
 That flees wi' mortal wings.
The girse grows green about bonnie Ha' Dykes,
 On meadow, brae and lea ;
The corn waves wyde on its weel wrochte rygges,
 An' its woods are sayre to see.
Its auld Ha' house 'mang the chestnut trees
 In stately beauty stan's ;
But I wadna 'gaen back by the burnie that nychtie
 For Ha' Dykes an' a' its lan's.

BANKS OF MARKON,
CUMBERLAND





WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

"Sole king of rocky Cumberland."

BORN AT COLKERNOUTH 1770

DIED AT RYDAL MOUNT 1850.

TO THE CUCKOO.



BLITHE New comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.

O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours

Twice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ,
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ,
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place ;
That is fit home for Thee!

IT IS THE FIRST MILD DAY OF MARCH.

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you ;—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress ;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar :
We from to-day, my Friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth :
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason :
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey :
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls :
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister ! come, I pray,
With speed ! put on your woodland dress ;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

MY HEART LEAPS UP.

[This is one of the many productions of Wordsworth which was singled out to be panegyrized by the Edinburgh Reviewers. Since then the tide has turned; and we of this generation are able to take a juster estimate of the mind of the poet—and of his genius, too. Lord Jeffrey boasted that he had crushed the *Lancasterian* at its birth : to which Southey replied—“*He crush the Lancaster!* Tell him, he might as easily crush Skiddaw !”]

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !

The Child is father of the Man ,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

LUCY GRAY.

[When Mr. Wordsworth and I were on that noble spot, the amphitheatre at Rydal, I observed his eyes fixed in a direction where there was little to be seen; and looking that way I beheld two very young children at play with flowers, and I overheard him saying to himself, "O you darling, I wish I could put you in my pocket and carry you to Rydal Mount!" — *Recollections of a Tour in Italy by H. C. Robinson.*]

Oh I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the lawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father ! will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
'The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon !"

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet ;"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed .
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost ,
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank ;
And farther there were none !

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

Ever rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

[There is an anecdote told of a crazy woman who lived near Rydal, which shows strikingly the habits of the great poet. This woman was once asked if she knew Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was. "Oh, indeed," said she, "he is crazy enough at times; and then he goes *having his folly* thro' the woods, he will now and then say, 'Hoo d'y'e do, Nancy?' as wild as ye or me."]

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man ?

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

[The class of Beggars to which the Old Man here described belongs, will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighbourhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.—NOTE BY WORDSWORTH.]

I saw an aged Beggar on my walk ;
And he was seated, by the highway side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep rough road
May thence remount at ease. The aged Man
Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone
That overlays the pile ; and, from a bag
All white with flour, the dole of village dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one ;
And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small pile,
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,
He sat, and ate his food in solitude :
And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,
That, still attempting to prevent the waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers
Fell on the ground ; and the small mountain birds,
Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,
Approached within the length of half his staff.

Him from my childhood have I known; and then
He was so old, he seems not older now;
He travels on, a solitary Man,
So helpless in appearance, that for him
The sauntering Horseman throws not with a slack
And careless hand his alms upon the ground,
But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin
Within the old Man's hat; nor quits him so,
But still, when he has given his horse the rein,
Watches the aged Beggar with a look
Sidelong, and half reverted. She who tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at her door
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees
The aged beggar coming, quits her work,
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.
The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake
The aged beggar in the woody lane,
Shouts to him from behind; and, if thus warned
The old man does not change his course, the boy
Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside,
And paces gently by, without a curse
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary Man;
His age has no companion. On the ground
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,
They move along the ground; and, evermore,
Instead of common and habitual sight
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,
And the blue sky, one little span of earth
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,

Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,
He paces his weary journey; seeing still,
And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,
Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,
The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
Impressed on the white road,—in the same line,
At distance still the same. Poor Traveller!
His staff trails with him; scarcely do his feet
Disturb the summer dust; he is so still
In look and motion, that the cottage eaves,
Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,
Weary of looking at him. Boys and girls,
The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,
And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by.
Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind.

* * * * *

No—man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head!
And while in that vast solitude to which
The tale of things has borne him, he appears
To breathe and live but for himself alone,
Undamed, uninjured, let him bear about
The good which the benignant law of Heaven

Has hung around him : and, while life is his,
Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.
—Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !
And, long as he can wander, let him breathe
The freshness of the valleys ; let his blood
Struggle with frosty air and winter snows ;
And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath
Beat his grey locks against his withered face.
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness
Gives the last human interest to his heart.
May never *HOUSE*, misnamed of *INDUSTRY*,
Make him a captive !—for that pent-up din,
Those life-consuming sounds that clog the air,
Be his the natural silence of old age !
Let him be free of mountain solitudes :
And have around him, whether heard or not,
The pleasant melody of woodland birds.
Few are his pleasures : if his eyes have now
Been doomed so long to settle upon earth
That not without some effort they behold
The countenance of the horizontal sun,
Rising or setting, let the light at least
Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.
And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down
Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank
Of highway side, and with the little birds
Share his chance-gathered meal, and, finally,
As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die.”

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

BY DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

[I may sum up in one brief abstract the amount of Miss Wordsworth's character, as a companion, by saying that she was the very wisest (in the sense of the most natural) person I have ever known; and also the truest, most inevitable, and at the same time the quickest and readiest in her sympathy with either joy or sorrow, with laughter or with tears, with the realities of life or the larger realities of the poet's! " " " Her knowledge of literature was irregular, and thoroughly unsystematic—she was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be described—in the temple of her own most loved heart.—*Dr Quinsey.*]

A month, sweet Little-ones, is past
Since your dear Mother went away,—
And she to-morrow will return;
To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings! thought of joy!
The eldest heard with steady glee;
Silent he stood; then laughed again,
And shouted, "Mother, come to me!"

Louder and louder did he shout,
With witless hope to bring her near;
"Nay, patience! patience, little boy!
Your tender mother cannot hear."

I told of hills, and far off towns,
And long, long vales to travel through;—
He listens, puzzled, soon perplexed,
But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast .
She wars not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day ;
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly ,
She dances, runs without an aim,
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,
And echoes back his sister's glee ;
They hug the infant in my arms,
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
We rested in the garden bower ;
While sweetly shone the evening sun
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done, —
Our rambles by the swift brook's side
Far as the willow-skirted pool,
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,
Of birds that build their nests and sing,
And all " since Mother went away ! "

To her these tales they will repeat,
To her our new-born tribes will show,
The goslings green, the ass's colt,
The lambs that in the meadow go

—But, see, the evening star comes forth!
To bed the children must depart;
A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart:

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They run up stairs in gamesome race,
I, too, infected by their mood,
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and, O the change!
Asleep upon their beds they lie;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye. 1807

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

The days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thou, my pretty Love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one *aw*, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou!

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light ;
 'Tis but the moon that shines so bright
 On the window pane bedropp'd with rain :
 Then little Darling ! sleep again,
 And wake when it is day. 1805.

TO A REDBREAST—(IN SICKNESS.)

BY SARAH HUTCHINSON.

[In 1836, Sarah Hutchinson, his wife's sister, and dear to him as an own sister, was taken away, and carried to Gainsmere churchyard. *Memoirs of Widdowell, Vol. I.*]

Stay, little cheerful Robin ! stay,
 And at my casement sing,
 Though it should prove a farewell lay
 And this our parting spring.
 Though I, alas ! may ne'er enjoy
 The promise in thy song ;
 A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,
 Doth to thy strain belong.
 Methinks that in my dying hour
 Thy song would still be dear,
 And with a more than earthly power
 My passing Spirit cheer.
 Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
 Come, and my requiem sing,
 Not fail to be the harbinger
 Of everlasting Spring.



CUMBERLAND BORDER BALLADS.

For why?—the good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can.—WORDSWORTH

HUGHIE THE GRÈME

[This ballad originally appeared in "The Scots Musical Museum." It was sung by Burns, whose copy was obtained from oral tradition. Other readings will be found in Ritson's "Ancient Songs," and Scott's "Border Minstrelsy."]



OUR lords are to the mountains gane,
A-hunting o' the fallow deer,
And they hae grippet Hughie Grème,
For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

And they hae tied him hand and foot,
And led him up thro' Carlisle town,
The laes and lasses met him there,
Cried, "Hughie Grème, thou art a loun,"
"O loose my right hand free," he says,
"And put my braid sword in the same,
He's no in Carlisle town this day,
Daur tell the tale to Hughie Grème."

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
 As he sat by the Bishop's knee,
 "Five hundred white stots I'll gie you,
 If ye'll let Hughie Graeme gae free."

"O haud your tongue," the Bishop says,
 "And wi' your pleading let me be ;
 For tho' ten Graemes were in his coat,
 Hughie Graeme this day shall dee."

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
 As she sat by the Bishop's knee,
 "Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
 If ye'll gie Hughie Graeme to me."

"O haud your tongue now, lady fair,
 And wi' your pleading let it be ;
 Altho' ten Graemes were in his coat,
 It's for my honour he maun dee."

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
 He looked to the gallows tree,
 Yet never colour left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blin' his e'e.

At length he looked round about,
 To see whatever he could spy,
 And there he saw his auld father,
 And he was weeping bitterly.

"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
 And wi' your weeping let it be :
 The weeping's sairer on my heart,
 Than a' that they can do to me.

- " And ye may gie my brother John
My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
And let him come at twelve o'clock,
And see me pay the Bishop's mare.
- " And ye may gie my brother James
My sword that's bent in the middle brow,
And bid him come at four o'clock,
And see his brother Hugh cut down.
- " And ye may tell my kith and kin
I never did disgrace their blood,
And when they meet the Bishop's cloak,
To mak' it shorter by the hand."
-

GREME AND BEWICK.

[This ballad has been partly restored from a copy obtained by the recitation of an older in Carlisle. The quartet of the two old clinkers, once their wine, is highly characteristic. Two generations have elapsed since the custom of drinking deep, and taking asilly advantage of slight differences, produced very trivial results on the Border, so which the custom of going armed to festive meetings continued not a while. A minstrel who flourished about 1790, happened to be performing before one of these parties, when they betook themselves to their sword. The custom, however, descended to such scenes, died beneath the table. A moment after, a man's hand, struck off with a back sword, fell beside him. The minstrel secured it carefully in his pocket, as he would have done any other house warlike; sagely observing, the owner would miss it sorely next morning.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

Gude Lord Greme is to Carlisle gane,
Sir Robert Bewick there met he;
And arm in arm to the wine they did go,
And they drank till they were baith merne

Gude Lord Graeme has ta'en up the cup,
 "Sir Robert Bewick, and here's to thee"
 And here's to our twae sons at hame,
 For they like us best in our ain countrie."—

"O were your son a lad like mine,
 And learn'd some books that he could read,
 They might hae been twae brethren baird,
 And they might hae bagged the Border side.

"But your son's a lad, and he is but bad,
 And bilbe to my son he canna be,

* * * * *

"Ye sent him to the schools, and he wadna learn;
 Ye bought him books, and he wadna read."—
 "But my blessing shall he never earn,
 Till I see how his arm can defend his head."—

Gude Lord Graeme has a reckoning call'd,
 A reckoning then call'd he,
 And he paid a croon, and it went roun',
 It was all for the gude wine and trey

And he has to the stable gane,
 Where there stude thirty steeds and three
 He's ta'en his ain horse among them a',
 And hame he rade sae mantillae

"Welcome, my auld father," said Christie Graeme,
 "But where sae lang frae hame were ye?"—
 "It's I hae been at Carlisle town,
 And a baffled man by thee I be.

"I hae been at Carlisle town,
Where Sir Robert Bewick he met me ;
He says ye're a lad, and ye are but lad,
And bullic to his son ye canna be.

"I sent ye to the schools, and ye wadna learn ;
I bought ye books, and ye wadna read ;
Therefore my blessing ye shall never earn,
Till I see with Bewick thou save thy head."

"Now, God forbid, my auld father,
That ever we a thing sold be !
Bilie Bewick was my master, and I was his scholar,
And aye we weel as he learned me."—

"O hald thy tongue, thou limmer loon,
And of thy talking let me be !
If thou does na eel see this quarrel soon,
There is my glove, I'll fight wi' thee."—

Then Christie Grasse he stooped low
Unto the ground, you shall understand ;—

"O father, put on your glove again,
The wind has blown it from your hand !"—

"What's that thou says, thou limmer loon !
How darest thou stand to speak to me !
If thou do not end this quarrel soon,
There's my right hand thou shalt fight with me."—

Then Christie Grasse's to his chamber gane,
To consider weel what then should be ;
Whether he should fight with his auld father,
Or with his bullic Bewick, be.

" If I wuld kill my billie dear,
 God's blessing I shall never win ;
 But if I strike at my auld father,
 I think 'twald be a mortal sin.

" But if I kill my billie dear,
 It is God's will, so let it be .
 But I make a vow, ere I gang frae hame,
 That I shall be the next man's die."

Then he's put on's back a gude auld jack,
 And on his head a cap of steel,
 And sword and buckler by his side ;
 O gin he did not become them weel !

We'll leave off talking of Christie Graeme,
 And talk of him again belive ;*
 And we will talk of bonny Berwick,
 Where he was teaching his scholars five.

When he had taught them well to fence,
 And handle swords without any doubt,
 He took his sword under his arm,
 And he walk'd his father's close about.

He look'd atween ham and the sun,
 And a' to see what there might be,
 Till he spied a man in armour bright,
 Was riding that way most hartlie.

" O wha is yon, that came this way,
 Sae hartlie that hither came ?

I think it be my brother dear '
 I think it be young Christie Graeme.—

- "Ye're welcome here, my bilitie dear,
And thrice ye're welcome unto me!"—
- "But I'm wae to say, I've seen the day,
When I am come to fight wi' thee.
- "My father gaed to Carlisle town,
Wi' your father Bewick there met he;
He says I'm a lad, and I am but bad,
And a baffled man I trow I be.
- "He sent me to schools, and I wadna learn;
He gat me books, and I wadna read;
Sae my father's blessing I'll never earn,
Till he see how my arm can guard my head."
- "O God forbid, my bilitie dear,
That ever such a thing sould be!
We'll take three men on either side,
And see if we can our fathers agree."—
- "O hald thy tongue, now, bilitie Bewick,
And of thy talking let me be!
But if thou'rt a man, as I'm sure thou art,
Come o'er the dyke, and fight wi' me."
- "But I hae nae harness, bilitie, on my back,
As weel I see there is on thine."—
- "But as little harness as is on thy back,
As little, bilitie, shall be on mine."
- Then he's thrown off his coat o' mail
His cap of steel away flung he,
He stuck his spear into the ground,
And he tied his horse unto a tree

Then Bewick has thrown aff his cloak,
 And's psalter book frae's hand flung he ;
 He laid his hand upon the dyke,
 And ower he lap most manfalle.

O they hae fought for twae lang hours ;
 When twae lang hours were come and gane,
 The sweet drapp'd fast frae aff them bath,
 But a drop of blude could not be seen,
 Till Graeme gae Bewick an awkward* stroke,
 Ane awkward stroke stricken sickerlie ;
 He has hit him under the left breast,
 And dead wounded to the ground fell he.

" Rise up, rise up, now lillie dear !
 Arise and speak three words to me !—
 Whether thou's gotten thy deadly wound,
 Or if God and good beeching may succour thee !"—

" O horse, O horse, now, lillie Graeme,
 And get thee far from hence with speed ;
 And get thee out of this countrie,
 That none may know who has done the deed."—

" O I have slain thee, lillie Bewick,
 If this be true thou tellest to me ,
 But I made a vow, ere I came frae hame,
 That aye the next man I wad be."

He has pitch'd his sword in a nowhie-hill,
 And he has leap'd twenty lang feet and three,
 And on his ane sword's point he lap,
 And dead upon the ground fell he.

- 'Twas then came up Sir Robert Bewick,
And his brave son adventur'd he;
"Rise up, rise up, my son," he said,
"For I think ye hae gotten the victorie." —
- "O hold your tongue, my father dear!
Of your proudful talking let me be!
Ye might hae drunken your wine in peace,
And let me and my bilitie be.
- "Gae dig a grave, bairn wude and deep,
And a grave to hold both him and me;
But lay Christie Graeme on the sunny side,
For I'm sure he wan the victorie." —
- "Alack! a wae!" and I Bewick cried,
"Alack! wae! I not much to blame!
I'm sure I've lost the bestest lad
That ever was born unto my name." —
- "Alack! a wae!" quo' gude Lord Graeme—
"I'm sure I hae lost the deeper luck!
I durst hae ridden the Border through,
Had Christie Graeme been at my back
- "Had I been led through Liddesdale,
And thirty horsemen guarding me,
And Christie Graeme been at my back,
Sae soon as he had set me free!"
- "I've lost my hopes, I've lost my joy,
I've lost the key but and the lock
I durst hae ridden the world round,
Had Christie Graeme been at my back.

HOBBIE NOBLE.

[Hobbie Noble was an Englishman, who finding less difference in the laws of "mine and thine" on the Scotch side of the border, and more sympathy with such loose notions of property as he possessed, established himself among the Scotch and helped them to ravage the country, to Carlisle southward, whenever opportunity offered. The Scotch, however, proved false to him, as will be found described in the ballad.]

Foul fa' the breast first Treason bred in !

That Liddesdale may safely say ,
For in it there was baith meat and drink,
And corn unto our geldings gay.

And we were a' stout-hearted men,
As England she might often say :
But now we may turn our backs and flee,
Since brave Noble is sold away.

Now Hobbie was an English-man,
And born into Newcastle dale ;
But his misdeeds they were so great,
They banish'd him to Liddesdale.

At Kershope foot the tryste was set,
Kershope of the lilye lee ,
And there was traitour Sim o' the Mains,
And with him a private companie.

Then Hobbie has graithed his body fair,
Baith wi' the iron and wi' the steel ;
And he has ta'en out his fringed grey,
And there, brave Hobbie, he rade him weel.

Then Hobble is down the water gane,
E'en as fast as he could hae ;
Tho' a' should hae bursten and broken their hearts,
Frae that riding tryst he wad na be.

" Well be ye met, my feres* five !
And now, what is your will wi' me i'—
Then they a' cried wi' ac consent,
" Thou'rt welcome here, brave Noble, to me.

" Wilt thou with us into England ride,
And thy safe warrand we will be !
If we get a horse worth a hundred pound,
Upon his back thou sure sall be."

" I dare not by day into England ride ;
The Land-Sergeant has me at feid :
And I know not what evil may betide,
For Peter of Whitfield, his brother, is dead.

" And Anton Shield he loves not me,
For I gat twa drifts o' his sheep ;
The great Earl of Whitfield loves me not,
For nae gear frae me he e'er could keep.

" But will ye stay till the day gae down,
Until the night come o'er the grund,
And I'll be a guide worth ony twa
That may in Liddesdale be found ?

" Though the night be black as pick and tar,
I'll guide ye o'er yon hill sae hae ;
And bring ye a' in safety back,
If ye'll be true and follow me."—

* *Companions.*

He has guided them o'er moss and muir,
 O'er hill and hope, and mony a down;
 Until they came to the Foulbogshiel,
 And there, brave Noble, he lighted down.

But word is gane to the Land Sergeant,
 In Askerton where that he lay—
 "The deer, that ye hae hunted sae lang,
 Is seen into the Waste this day."—

"The Hobbie Noble is that deer!
 I wat he carries the style fu' hie;
 Aft has he driven our bluidhounds back,
 And set ourselves at little lee.

"Gar warn the bows of Harlie-burn,
 See they sharp their arrows on the wa'!
 Warn Willewa and speir Edom,
 And see the morn they meet me a'.

"Gar meet me on the Rodric-haugh,
 And see it be by break o' day;
 And we will on to Conscoothart-green,
 For there, I think, we'll get our prey."—

Then Hobbie Noble has dreumt a dreim,
 In the Foulbogshiel where that he lay;
 He dreumt his horse was aneath him shot,
 And he himself got hard away.

The cocks 'goud craw, the day 'goud daw,
 And I wot sae even fell down the rain;
 Had Hobbie na wakened at that time
 In the Foulbogshiel, he had been ta'en or slain.

"Awake, awake, my feres five"

I trow here makes a fa' ill day ;

Yet the worst cloak o' this company,

I hope shall cross the Waste this day."—

Now Hobbie thought the gates were clear ;

But, ever alas ! it was na sae :

They were beset by cruel men and keen,

That away brave Hobbie might na gae.

"Yet follow me, my feres five,

And see ye keep of me guid ray ;

And the worst cloak o' this company

Even yet may cross the Waste this day."—

But the Land-Sergeant's men came Hobbie before,

The traitor Sim cam Hobbie behin'.

So had Noble been wight as Wallace was,

Away, alas ! he might na win.

Then Hobbie had but a laddie's sword ;

But he did mair than a laddie's deed ;

For that sword had clear'd Conscowthart green,

Had it not broke o'er Jersingham's head.

Then they hae ta'en brave Hobbie Noble,

Wi's an bowstring they band him sae ;

But his gentle heart was ne'er sae sair,

As when his ain five bound him on the brae.

They hae ta'en him on for west Carlisle,

They ask'd him, if he kend the way :

Though much he thought, yet little he said ;

He knew the gate as weel as they.

They hae ti'en him up the Ricker-gate ;

The wives they cast their windows wide ;
And every wife to another can say,

"That's the man loosed Jock o' the Side !"—

"Fy on ye, women, why ca' ye me man !

For it's nae man that I'm used like ;
I am but like a forloughen* hound,
Has been fighting in a dirty syke."

They hae had him up through Carlisle town,

And set him by the chimney fire ;
They gave brave Noble a loaf to eat,
And that was little his desire.

They gave him a wheaten loaf to eat,

And after that a can of beer ;
And they a' cried, with one consent,
"Eat, brave Noble, and make gude cheer."

"Confess my lord's horse, Hobbie," they said,

"And to-morrow in Carlisle thou 's na dee."—

"How can I confess them," Hobbie says,

"When I never saw them with my ee?"—

Then Hobbie has sworn a fu' great aith,

By the day that he was gotten and born,
He never had anything o' my lord's,
That either eat him grass or corn.

"Now fare thee weel, sweet Mangerton !

For I think again I'll ne'er thee see .
I wad hae betray'd nae lad alive,
For a' the gowd o' Christentie.

* Quite fatigued.

" And fare thee weel, sweet Laddesdale '
Rash the hie land and the law ;
Keep ye weel frae the traitor Mains '
For goud and gear he 'll sell ye a'.

" Yet wad I rather be ca'd Hobbie Noble,
In Carlisle, where he suffers for his faul't,
Than I'd be ca'd the traitor Mains,
That eats and drinks o' the meal and maul."

KINMONT WILLIE.

[The rescue of Kinmont Willie from Carlisle castle was a dramatic plot, and has long attracted the young Queen Elizabeth, when she heard of it, was highly indignant and "stormed not a little." Two years afterwards the bold Blackheath was in England, and Elizabeth was anxious to see so courageously a chieftain. In a rough and presumptuous manner she demanded of him how he had dared to undertake an enterprise so desperate and presumptuous. "What is it," replied the undaunted chieftain, "that a man dare not do?" Elizabeth, struck with his boldness, turned to a lord on waiting, and said, "With ten thousand such men, our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe !"]

O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde ?
O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope ?
How they hae ta'en hauld Kinmont Willie,
On Harbree to hang him up ?

Had Willie had but twenty men,
But twenty men as stout as he,
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
Wi' eight score in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
 They tied his hands behind his back ;
 They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
 And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.

They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
 And also thro' the Carlisle sands ;
 They brought him to Carlisle castell,
 To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

" My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
 And whae will dare this deed avow?
 Or answer by the Border law?
 Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch ?"

" Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver !
 There's never a Scot shall set thee free :
 Before ye cross my castell yate,
 I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

" Fear na ye that, my lord," quo' Willie :
 " By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope," he said,
 " I never yet lodged in a hostelry,
 But I paid my lawing* before I gaed."—

Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,
 In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,
 That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinsmont Willie,
 Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
 He garr'd the red wine spring on his—
 " Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
 " But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be !

- "O is my basnet* a widow's eurch!†
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree;
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly me ?
- "And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide !
And forgotten that the hauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side !
- "And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear ?
And forgotten that the hauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear ?
- "O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Though it were buidd of marble stone.
- "I would set that castell in a low,
And doken it with English blood !
There's never a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.
- "But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be :
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be !"
- He has call'd him forty Marchmen hauld,
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, call'd
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

* Helmet.

† Widow's cap.

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
 Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
 With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,*
 And gleeves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
 Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright:
 And five and five came wi' Buccleuch,
 Like warden's men, array'd for fight.

And five and five, like a mason gang,
 That carried the ladders lang and hie;
 And five and five, like broken men;
 And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the Bateable Land,
 When to the English side we held,

The first o' men that we met wi',
 Whae should it be but fause Sakelde!

"Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?"
 Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell to me!"—

"We go to hunt an English stag,
 Has trespass'd on the Scots countrie."

"Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?"
 Quo' fause Sakelde; "come tell me true!"

"We go to catch a rank reiver,
 Has broken faith wi' the bauld Buccleuch."

"Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
 Wi' a' your ladders, lang and hie?"—

"We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
 That wons not far frae Woodhouselee."—

* *Arms on shoulder.*

"Where be ye gane, ye broken men?"
Quo' fause Sakehole, "come tell to me!"—
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
And the next a word of ken had he.
"Why trespass ye on the English side?
Rout-footed outlaws, stand!" quo' he;
The next a word had Dickie to say,
Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.
Then on we held for Carlisle town,
And at Staneshaw bank the Eden we cross'd;
The water was great and meikle of span,"
But the next a horse nor man we lost.
And when we reach'd the Staneshaw bank,
The wind was rising loud and hee;
And there the Land garr'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and see.
And when we left the Staneshaw bank,
The wind began fall loud to blow;
But 'twas wind and weat, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.
We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we plac'd the ladders against the wa',
And sae ready was Blackleuch himsell
To mount the first before us a'.
He has ta'en the witchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
"Had there not been peace between our lands,
Upon the other side thou hadst paid!"

" Now sound out, trumpets ! " quo' Buccleuch ;
 " Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie ! "—

Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—

O who dare meddle wi' me !

Then speedilie to wark we gaed,

And raised the slogan ane and a',

And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,

And so we ran to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men

Had won the house wi' bow and spear ;

It was but twenty Scots and ten,

That put a thousand in sic a stear !

Wi' coulters, and wi' forehammers,

We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,

Until we came to the inner prison,

Where Willie o' Kinnmont he did lie.

And when we cam to the lower prison,

Where Willie o' Kinnmont he did lie—

" O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinnmont Willie,

Upon the morn that thou's to die ! "—

" O I sleep saft, and I wake aft ;

It's lang since sleeping was they'd frae me !

Gie my service back to my wife and bairn's,

And a' gude fellows that 'spier for me. '—

Then Red Rowan has bent him up,

The starkest man in Teviotdale—

" Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,

Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.

" Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope !
My gude Land Scroope, farewell ! " he cried—

" I'll pay you for my lodging maul,*
When first we meet on the Border side. "—

Then shoukler high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder lang ;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont's arms play'd clang !

" O mony a time, " quo' Kinmont Willie,
" I have ridden horse baith wild and wood ;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

" And mony a time, " quo' Kinmont Willie,
" I've prick'd a horse out oore the furs ;
But since the day I back'd a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs ! " —

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank,
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men on horse and foot,
Cam wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buceleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flang he—
" If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me " —

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
 He stood as still as rock of stane ;
 He scarcely dared to trow his eyes,
 When through the water they had gane.
 " He is eicher himsell a devil frae hell,
 Or else his mother a witch maun be :
 I wadna have ridden thar wae water
 For a' the good in Christentie."

KINMONT WILLIE.

Willie had ridden and Willie had ren'd,
 Willie had burn'd and Willie had thiev'd ,
 Lord Scroope he march'd wi' rank and file,
 Poor Kinmont Willie to auld Carlisle.
 For Willie had mounted many a stile,
 But now he is chain'd in auld Carlisle.

The news soon o'er the border ran ;
 Buccleuch petition'd to save the man :
 England's queen wad gie Willie his due,
 " Then mount and away," said bold Buccleuch.
 For Willie had mounted many a stile,
 But now he is chain'd in auld Carlisle.

The neet was dark and the Eden strang
 As o'er the Stanwix they fill'd along ;
 At the head of his horse he forded through,
 " Let us storm the castle," said brave Buccleuch.
 For Willie had mounted many a stile,
 But now he is chain'd in auld Carlisle.

While loudly the bells of Carlisle rang,
A thousand men to their armour sprang ;
They drew their swords to the point of the bell,
But the castle was ta'en before they could tell.

Wi' the stroke of a sword instead of a file
They ransom'd Willie in auld Carlisle

'Twas horse and away with bold Buccleuch,
As he rode in the van of his border crew ;
" You may tell your virgin queen," he cried,
" That Scotland's rights were never defied."

Wi' the stroke of a sword instead of a file
He ransom'd Willie in auld Carlisle.

THE FRAY OF SUPPERT

[“Of all the Border ditties,” says Scott, “which have fallen into my hands, there is by far the most unsmooth and strange.”—] An Englishman, residing at Suppert, a small man, near the foot of the Keskope, having been plucked a the night by a host of Scottish mountaineers, is supposed to compose his crimes and faults for the purpose, or *Blat Blat*, upbraiding them at the same time, in harsh phrase, for their negligence.]

Sleep’ry Sim of the Lamb-hill,
And sooring Jock of Suppert-milk,
Ye are baith right het and fou’,
But my wee wakers na you.
Last night I saw a sorry sight—
Nought left me o’ four-and-twenty gude mousen and
kye,
My weed ribben gadding, and a whate quoy.

But a toom byre¹ and a wide,
 And the twelve nogs² on ilka side.
 Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' gane.

Woe! may ye ken,
 Last night I was right scarce o' men :
 But Toppet Hob o' the Mains had guesen'd in my
 house by chance ;
 I set him to wear the fore-door wi' the speir, while
 I kept the back door wi' the lance ;
 But they hae run him thro' the thick o' the thie,
 and broke his knee-pan,
 And the mergh³ o' his shin-bane has run down on
 his spur-leather whang :
 He's lame while he lives, and where'er he may gang.
 Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' gane.

But Poenye, my gude son, is out at the Hagbut-head,
 His een glittering for anger like a fiery gleed ;⁴
 Crying—" Mak sure the nooks
 Of Maky's-muir crooks ;
 For the wily Scot takes by nooks, hooks, and crooks.
 Gin we meet a' together in a head the morn,
 We'll be merry men."
 Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' gane.

¹ Empty cowhouse.² Sticks.³ Harrow.⁴ A bar of iron passing on the anvil.

There's doughty Cudly in the Hough-head,
Thou was aye gude at a need :
Wih thy brock-skin bag at thy belt,
Aye ready to mak a jist man help.
Thou maun awa' out to the Caul-craigs
(Where anes ye lost your ain twa saugs,)
And there toom thy brock-skin bag.

Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Doughty Dan o' the Houlet Hurst,
Thou was aye gude at a birst :
Gude wi' a bow, and better wi' a spear,
The bauldest March man that e'er follow'd gear.
Come thou here.

Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' gane.

Rise, ye carle coopers, frae making o' kims and tubs,
In the Nicol-forest Woods,
Your craft has-na left the value o' an oak rod,
But if you had ony fear o' God,
Last night ye had-na slept sae sound,
And let my gear be a' ta'en.

Fy, lads ! shout a' a' a' a' a',
My gear's a' ta'en.

Ah ! lads, we'll fang them a' in a net,
For I hae a' the fords o' Liddel set ;
The Dunkin and the Door-loop,
The Wallie ford, and the Water slack,

¹ Burst, battle, fight.

The Black rack and the Trout-dub of Liddell;
 'There stands John' Forsger, wi' five men at his back
 Wi' buffi coat and cap of steel;
 Boo! ca' at them e'en, Jock;
 "That ferd's sicker," I wat weel.

Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' ta'en.

Hoo! hoo" gar raise the Red Souter, and Rangan's
 Wi' a broad elshint and a wicker, [Wat,
 I wat weel they'll mak a ferd sicker,
 Sae, whether they be Elliot's or Armstrongs,
 Or rough-riding Scots, or rude Johnstones,
 Or whether they be frae the Tarras or Ewsdale,
 They maun turn and fight, or try the deeps o' Liddell.

Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' ta'en.

"Ah! but they will play ye anither jig,
 For they will out at the big rig,
 And thro' at Fargy Grame's gap."
 But I hae another wile for that:
 For I hae little Will, and Stalwart Wat,
 And lang Aicky, in the Souter Moor,
 Wi' his sleuth-dog sits in his watch right ware,
 Shou'd the dog gie a bark,
 He'll be out in his sark,
 And die or woe.

Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' ta'en.

* Secure.

† A chieftain's seal.

Ha! boys!—I see a party appearing—wha's yon!
Methinks it's the Captain of Newcastle, and Jephtha's
John,

Coming down by the foal steps of Carludric's loan.
They'll make a' sicker, come which way they will

Ha, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',

My gear's a' ta'en.

Captain Musgrave, and a' his band,
Are coming down by the Silver strand,
And the Muskie toun-bell o' Carlisle is rung:
My gear was a' weel won,

And before it's earned o'er the Border, mony a
man's gae down.

Ey, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',

My gear's a' gane.

CARLISLE YETTS.

[“An old lady of Dunderdree, says Allan Cunningham, often mentioned to me the horror which she felt when she saw several heads on the Scottish gates of Carlisle, one of which was that of a youth with very long yellow hair. The story of a lady, young and beautiful, who came from a distant part and gazed at this head every morning at sunrise, and every evening at sunset, is also told by many. At last the head and the lady disappeared.”]

White was the rose in my love's hat,
As he rowed me in his lowland plaidie
His heart was true as death in love,
His hand was aye in battle ready.

The Black rack and the Trout-dub of Liddel;
 There stands John Forsaker, wi' five men at his back
 Wi' bufft coat and cap of steil;
 Boo! ca' at them e'en, Jock;
 That ford's sicker,* I wat weel.

Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' ta'en.

Hoo! hoo' gar raise the Red Souter, and Rangan's
 Wi' a broad elshunt† and a wicker, [Wat,
 I wat weel they'll mak a ford sicker,
 Sae, whether they be Elliot's or Armstrangs,
 Or rough-riding Scots, or rude Johnstones,
 Or whether they be frae the Tarras or Ewsdale,
 They maun turn and fight, or try the deeps o' Liddel

Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' ta'en.

"Ah! but they will play ye anither jugg,
 For they will out at the big rig,
 And thro' at Fargy Grame's gap."
 But I hae another wile for that
 For I hae little Will, and Stalwart Wat,
 And lang Aicky, in the Souter Moor,
 Wi' his sleuth-dog sits in his watch right ware,
 Shou'd the dog gie a bark,
 He'll be out in his sark,
 And die or won.

Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',
 My gear's a' ta'en.

* Secure.

† A shewmaker's awl.

Ha' boys!—I see a party appearing—wha's yon!
Methinks it's the Captain of Bewcastle, and Jephia's
John,

Coming down by the foul steps of Carlordie's loan;
They'll make a' sicker, come which way they will

Ho, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',

My gear's a' ta'en.

Captain Musgrave, and a' his band,
Are coming down by the Siller strand.

And the Muckle town-bell o' Carlisle is rung
My gear was a' weel won.

And before it's carried o'er the Border, many a
man's gae down.

Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a',

My gear's a' gane.

CARLISLE YETTS.

["An old fishwife of Dumfriesshire," says Allan Cunningham, "often mentioned to me the horror which she felt when she saw several heads on the scaffold-gates of Carlisle, one of which was that of a youth with very long yellow hair. The story of a lady, young and beautiful, who came from a distant part and gazed at this head every morning at sunrise, and every evening at sunset, is also told by many. At last the head and the lady disappeared"]

White was the rose in my love's hat,
As he rowed me in his lowland plaidie
His heart was true as death in love,
His hand was aye in battle ready.

His long, long hair, in yellow banks,
 Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddy;
 But now it waves o'er Carlisle yetts,
 In dripping ringlets, soil'd and bloody.

When I came first through fair Carlisle,
 Ne'er was a town sae gladsome seeming;
 The white rose flaunted o'er the wall,
 The thistled pennons wide were streaming.
 When I came next through fair Carlisle,
 O sad, sad seem'd the town and eerie!
 The old men sobb'd, the gray dames wept,
 "O lady! come ye to seek your dearie!"

I tarried on a heathery hill,
 My tresses to my cheeks were frozen;
 And far adown the midnight wind
 I heard the din of battle closing.
 The gray day dawned—among the snow
 Lay many a young and gallant fellow;
 And O! the sun shone bright in vain,
 On twa blue een 'tween locks of yellow.

A tress of soil'd and yellow hair,
 Close in my bosom I am keeping—
 Since earthly joys are torn from me,
 Come welcome woe, and want, and weeping!
 Woe, woe upon that cruel heart,
 Woe, woe upon that hand sae bloody,
 That lordless leaves my true-love's hall,
 And makes me wail a virgin widow!

THE BOY AND THE MANTLE.

[From Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, where will also be found the "pure and gay" copy of this ballad. Percy was Dean of Carlisle from 1778 to 1782.]

In Carlisle dwelt king Arthur,
A prince of passing might ;
And there maintain'd his table round,
Beset with many a knight.

And there he kept his Christmas
With mirth and princely cheare,
When, lo ! a strange and cunning boy
Before him did appear.

A kirtle, and a mantle
This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches
Full daintily bedone.

He had a sarke of silk
About his middle meet ,
And thus, with seemly curtesy,
He did king Arthur greet.

" God speed thee, brave king Arthur,
Thou feasting in thy house.
And Guenever thy goodly queen,
That fair and peerlesse flower

Ye gallant londs, and londlings,
 I wish you all take heed,
 Lest, what ye deem a blooming rose
 Should prove a cinkred weed."

Then straitway from his bosome
 A little wand he drew;
 And with it eke a mantle
 Of wondrous shape, and hew.

"Now have thou here, king Arthur,
 Have this here of mee,
 And give unto thy comely queen,
 All-shapen as you see.

No wife it shall become,
 That once hath been to blame."
 Then every knight in Arthur's court
 Syc glaunced at his dame.

And first came lady Guenever,
 The mantle she must trye.
 This dame, she was new-fangled,
 And of a roving eye.

When she had tane the mantle,
 And all was with it claddle,
 From top to toe it shiver'd down,
 As tho' with sheers be-bradde.

One while it was too long,
 Another while too short,
 And wrinkled on her shoulders
 In most unseemly sort.

Now green, now red it seemed,
Then all of sable hue.
"Beshrew me," quoth king Arthur,
"I think thou beest not true."

Down she threw the mantle,
Ne longer would not stay ;
But storming like a fury,
To her chamber flung away.

She curst the whoreson weaver,
That had the mantle wrought :
And doubly curst the froward impe,
Who thither had it brought.

"I had rather live in desarts
Beneath the green-wood tree :
Than here, base king, among thy groomes,
The sport of them and thee."

Sir Kay call'd forth his lady,
And bade her to come near :
"Yet dame, if thou be guilty,
I pray thee now forbear."

This lady, pertly giggling,
With forward step came on,
And boldly to the little boy,
With fearless face is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
With purpose for to wear ;
It shrank up to her shoulder,
And left her b^oside bare.

Then every merry knight,
 That was in Arthur's court,
 Glib'd, and laught, and flouted,
 To see that pleasant sport.

Downe she threw the mantle,
 No longer bold or gay,
 But with a face all pale and wan,
 To her chamber slunk away.

Then forth came an old knight,
 A pattering o'er his creed ;
 And profess'd to the little boy
 Five nobles to his meed ;

" And all the time of Christmass
 Plumb-porridge shall be thine,
 If thou wilt let my lady fair
 Within the mantle shine."

A saint his lady seemed,
 With step demure, and slow,
 And gravely to the mantle
 With mincing pace doth goe.

When she the same had taken,
 That was so fine and thin,
 It shrivell'd all about her,
 And show'd her dainty skin.

Ah ! little did *her* mincing,
 Or *his* long prayers bestead ;
 She had no more hung on her,
 Than a tassel and a thread.

Down she threw the mantle,
With terror and dismay,
And, with a face of scarlet,
To her chamber hyed away.

Sir Cradock call'd his lady,
And bade her to come neare :
"Come win this mantle, lady,
And do me credit here.

"Come win this mantle, lady,
For now it shall be thine,
If thou hast never done amiss,
Sith first I made thee mine."

The lady gently blushing,
With modest grace came on,
And now to trye the wondrous charm
Courageously is gone.

When she had tane the mantle,
And put it on her backe,
About the hem it seemed
To wrinkle and to cracke

"Lye still," shee cryed, "O mantle!
And shame me not for nought,
I'll freely own whate'er amiss
Or blameful I have wrought.

"Once I kist Sir Cradock
Beneath the greenwood tree :
Once I lost Sir Cradock's mouth
Before he married mee."

When thus she had her shriven,
And her worst fault had told,
The mantle soon became her
Right comely as it shold.

Most rich and fair of colour,
Like gold it glittering shone :
And much the knights in Arthur's court
Admir'd her every one.

Then towards king Arthur's table,
The boy he turn'd his eye :
Where stood a boar's-head garnished
With bayes and rosemarye.

When thrice he o'er the boar's head
His little wand had drawne,
Quoth he, "There's never a cuckold's knife,
Can carve this head of brawne."

Then some their whittles rubbed
On whetstone and on hone :
Some threwe them under the table,
And swore that they had none.

Sir Cradock had a little knife
Of steel and iron made ;
And in an instant thro' the skull
He thrust the shining blade.

He thrust the shining blade
Full easily and fast :
And every knight in Arthur's court
A morsel had to taste.

The boy brought forth a home,
All golden was the rim :
Said he, " No cuckold ever can
Set mouth unto the brim.

" No cuckold can this little home
Lift fairly to his head ;
But or on this, or that side,
He shall the liquor shed."

Some shed it on their shoulder,
Some shed it on their thigh ;
And hee that could not hit his mouth
Was sure to hit his eye.

Thus he, that was a cuckold,
Was known of every man :
But Cradock lited easily,
And wan the golden can.

Thus boar's head, horn, and mantle
Were this fair couple's meed :
And all such constant lovers,
God send them well to speed.

Then down in rage came Guenever,
And thus could spiteful say,
" Sir Cradock's wife most wrongfully
Hath borne the prize away.

" See yonder shameless woman,
That makes herself so clean :
Yet from her pillow taken
Thrice five gallants have been.

" Priests, clerkes, and wedded men
Have her lewd pillow prest :
Yet she the wondrous prize forsooth
Must beare from all the rest."

Then bespake the little boy,
Who had the same in hold :

" Chastise thy wife, king Arthur,
Of speech she is too bold :

" Of speech she is too bold,
Of carnage all too free ;
Sir king, she hath within thy hall
A cuckold made of thee,

" All frolick light and wanton
She hath her carriage borne :
And given thee for a kingly crown
To wear a cuckold's home."

NOTE.—For the convenience of those who may wish to pursue the study of the old ballad literature of Cumberland still farther, we subjoin the following list of subjects, and where they can be found :—

Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of A. barreshe.
The Marriage of Sir Garside.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.

Armstrong and Musgrave.

The Drinking Match of Eden hall.

Johnnie Armstrong.

Hutchinson's History of Cumberland.

Dick o' the Cow.

The Lechnaben Harper.

Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Docthead.

Scott's Border Minstrelsy.

Bishop Thornton and the King of Scots.

Evans' Collection of Old Ballads.



MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

THE SUN SHINES FAIR ON CARLISLE WALL.

[This fine old ballad was known to Sir Walter Scott in childhood, and is quoted by him in Albert Gervase's song in the "Days of the First Marshal." Many copies of it exist, to which different versions are attached. How quaintly and delicately this old ballad expressed the mark of a nation in this tragedy.]

SHE lean'd her head against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa'.
And there she has her young babe born,
And the Lyon shall be lord of a'.

"Smile no sae sweet, my bonnie babe,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa'.
An ye smile sae sweet ye'll smile me dead,"
And the Lyon shall be lord of a'.

* * * * *

She's bowket a grave by the light o' the moon,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa'.
And there she's buried her sweet babe in,
And the Lyon shall be lord of a'.

As she was going to the church,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 She saw a sweet babe in the porch,
And the Lyon shall be lord of a'.

"O bonnie babe, an ye were mine,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 I'd clead you in silk and sabelline,"—
And the Lyon shall be lord of a'.

"O mother mine, when I was thine,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 To me ye were na half sae kind,
And the Lyon shall be lord of a'.

"But now I'm in the heavens hie,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa' ;
 And ye have the pains o' hell to dree"—
And the Lyon shall be lord of a'.

THE CUMBERLAND LASS.

[From "Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to purge Melancholy," being a collection of the best merry lullies and songs, old and new, fitted to all humours. &c. Vol. II., 2nd Edition, 1707. The air and a full history of this old song will be found in Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*. The chorus has been slightly modified.]

There was a lass in Cumberland,
 A bonny lass of high degree :
 There was a lass, her name was Nell,
 The blithest lass that e'er you see.

Oh! the lass that makes the bed to me,
Blythe and bonny may she be,
Blythe and bonny may she be,
The lass that makes the bed to me.

Her father lov'd her passing well,
So did her brother fancy Nell :
But all their loves came short of mine
As far as Tweed is from the Tyne.

She had five dollars in a chest
And four of them she gave to me ;
She cut her mother's winding sheet,
And all to make a sark for me.

She pluck'd a box out of her purse,
Of four gold rings she gave me three ;
She thought herself no whit the worse,
She was so very kind to me.

If I were lord of all the North
To bed and board she should be free,
For why? she is the bonniest lass
That is in all her own countree.

When I embrace her in my arms
She takes it kind and courteouslie,
And hath such pretty winning charms
The like whereof you ne'er did see.

There's not a lass in Cumberland
To be compar'd to lovely Nell,
She hath so soft and white a hand
And other charms I need not tell.

* * * * *

THE CUMBERLAND MAID.

[From a "Complete Collection of old and new English and Scotch Songs, with their respective tunes prefixed. Vol. I. London: Printed and Sold by T. Boreman, new Child's Coffee House, 26. Paul's Churchyard; and sold likewise at his shop at the Cock in Ludgate Hill, 1735."]]

In Cumberland there dwells a maid
Her charms are past compare ;
The gods, to show their works, have made
Her virtuous as she's fair.

Such beauties deck her lovely face
As mortals never saw ;
Her charms command each finish'd grace,
Her looks respect and awe.

Her modest mien and gentle air
Proclaim her foe to pride ;
Her eyes and thoughts conceal no snare
Nor female scorn to chide.

Her wit, her choice companions know,
Is mix'd with innocence ;
Too quick to pierce, but yet too slow
To give the least offence.

Her merit kingdom's would command,
And empires would not prove
A price too small, should they demand
Her heart when warm'd with love.

Before I saw her, gloomy night
Reign'd in my hemisphere ;
But when she shone, diffusive light
My wand'ring soul did cheer.

The climate doom'd for my abode
Too chilling was to love ;
But now I'm happy, blest like a god,
Her warmth doth me retrieve.

No sun I ever saw by day
Besides the charming fair,
Whose gentle beams such joys convey
As gods themselves might share.

I ne'er observe Sol's golden light—
To *her* I homage pay ;
For when she's absent, then 'tis night,
And when she shines 'tis day.

My soul was chaos till I heard
Her sweet seraphic tongue :
Then muse's charms did soft appear,
And love was all my song.

For ever on her I could gaze,
Such beauties round her shine,—
On her soft bosom end my days
And ne'er at death repine.

So mild she seems, sure she can't hate
A heart replete with truth,
Or triumph o'er the hapless fate
Of a despairing youth.

Some gentle breeze, oh! to her bear
My sighs, her heart to move ;
In some soft strain tell my despair,
And let her know I love.

THE FICKLE NORTHERN LASS.

[AIR : "There was a lass in the North-Countrie."—From the Roxburghe Collection of Old Ballads, in the British Museum.]

There was a lass in the North-Countrie
And she had lovers two or three ;
But she unkindly dealt by one,
Who had to her great favour shown :
Which made him thus for to complain,
I never will see my love again :
For since that she has chang'd her mind,
I'll trust no more to woman-kind.

As she was fair, had she been true,
I should have had no cause to rue ;
But she was fickle in her mind,
Subject to waiver with the wind :
With each new face that she did see,
She presently in love would be.

I must confess that in my eye,
She was a pearl I valued high,
But what is beauty without grace,
Or one where virtue has no place !
Her false alluring smiles no more
Shall draw my senses out of doore.

I gave her heart, I gave her hand,
And all I had at her command ;
She could not ask what she would have,
But presently the same I gave :
Yet all my favours prov'd in vain,
For she would not requite my pain :

When I did think her most secure,
Another did her mind abuse ;
And by some crafty wiles she went,
To undermine my sweet consent :
So that I now repent the day,
That e'er I cast my love away.

But in some dark and dismal place,
There will I build myself a cave ;
And in some low and barren ground,
Where none but shepherds can be found ;
I'll find a place for to bewail
The sorrows which doth me assail.

The parting streams with me shall mourn,
And leaves relenting all shall turn ;
The wood-nymphs who my plaints do hear
Shall now and then afford a tear :
All blaming her for cruelty,
That brought me to this misery.

And when my time is drawing nigh,
I will prepare myself to die ;

The Robin-Redbreasts kind will be,
 Perhaps with leaves to cover me ;
 Then to the world I'll bid adieu,
 And unto her that proved untrue.

COLIN AND LUCY.

[THOMAS TICKELL, the author of this fine ballad, was born at Bredlock, near Cockermouth, of which place his father was clergyman. He studied at Oxford, and obtained a fellowship. Through his friendship with Addison he was loved for life—he was made under-secretary of state, and was afterwards appointed secretary to the lord justices in Ireland. He translated the first book of the *Iliad*, and thereby raised the use of Pape; was a contributor to "The Spectator," and wrote an elegy on Addison, which, in Dr Johnson's opinion, is one of the "most sublime and elegant funeral poems in the whole compass of English literature." His ballad of *Colin and Lucy* has been warmly praised by two poets. Goldsmith says, "Through all Tickell's works there is a strain of ballad thinking, and in this professed ballad he seems to have surpassed himself. It is, perhaps, the best in our language in this way." Gray remarked that he "always thought Tickell's ballad to be the prettiest in the world. Wordsworth has acknowledged the testimony. "Tickell's merits," said he, "are not sufficiently known. I think him one of the very best writers of occasional verse."—*Ibid.* 1686: died 1740.]

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace ;
 Nor ere did Liffey's limped stream
 Reflect so fair a face.
 Till luckless love, and pining care
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend ?
So droop'd the slow convancing maid ;
Her life now near its end.
By Lacy warn'd, of flattering swains,
Take heed, ye easy fair :
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flap'd his wing.
Too well the love-kon maiden knew
That solemn boding sound ;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

“ I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay :
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I ?

“ Ah Colin ! give not her thy vows ;
Vows due to me alone :
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare ;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

"Then bear my corse ; ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet."
She spoke, she dy'd ;—her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts ?
How were those nuptials kept ?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swell :
The damps of death bedew'd his brow
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more !)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen ;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear ;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

[“These beautiful verses,” says Robert Burns, “were the production of RICHARD HEWITT, a young man whom Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, kept as an amanuensis.” Hewitt was a native of Cumberland, but to what part of the county he belonged we cannot learn. After leaving the service of Blacklock, he became secretary to Lord Milton, and died in 1794.]

’Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nannie’s charms the shepherd sang :
The hills and dales with Nannie rang :
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back his cheerful strain.

“Awake, sweet muse! The breathing spring
With rapture warms: awake, and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song :

To Nannie raise the cheerful lay ;
O, bid her haste and come away,
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

" O look, my love ! on every spray
A feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song :
Then let the raptur'd notes arise :
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes ;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

" Oh come, my love ! Thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls : O, come away !
Come, while the rose this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine,
O ! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine ! "

VULCAN'S CAVE.

[This fragment is by MARK LONSDALE. The burden, *Ticant-a-dilla, &c.*, with the music, was sent to us by JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES of Hobart Town, TASMANIA.]

Thus we work, like jovial fellows,
Drink and sing and blow the bellows,

When hissing sparks around us fly,
And lips are parch'd and throats are dry,
Then, then's the time to wet your eye,
And blow, blow the bellows. — (Blow) —
 *" Twank a dille, twank dille,
 Twank a dille—dille—dille;
And we play'd our merry pipes
Down by the green willows."*

MARGERY TOPPING.

[MARK LONSLAKE — This, and the five following songs, have been found in the library of the British Museum since the sheets specially devoted to Mark Lonslake, (from page 220 to 252,) were printed off. They are copied from the "*Lysons & Mount, a Musical Fanny, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Composed by Thomas Linley*" (1784?)]

When I was in Cumberland I went a-wooing,
But love to my sorrow had nigh been my ruin;
I was dying by inches, and look'd so shocking,
And all for the sake of one Margery Topping.
 Alas! dear Margery, Margery Topping.

When thinking of her so handsome and proper,
I sobb'd all the day and I sat by my supper;
My mother cook, "Peter, nay make thyself easy;"
But that wasn't Margery, — (ah! 'lack a daisy.) —
 Sweet Margery, Margery Topping.

I pluck'd up my heart, and I ask'd this maiden,
 If ever she thought it would come to a wedding;
 She look'd in my face, and she call'd me a "Nanny;"
 "Have thee!" quoth Margery, "No, not for a
 guinea!"

O cruel Margery, Margery Topping!

Thought I to myself what the devil can ail her,
 I wouset stay here, but I'll gang for a sailor;
 So I went my ways, and I writ in a letter,
 "Oh! fare-thee-weel Meg, till thou likest me better,"
 O scornful Margery, Margery Topping!

LAST MARTINMAS GONE A YEAR.

MARK LONSDALE.

Last Martinmas gone a year,
 Odzooks! how pleas'd was I.
 When hiring day was come,
 And flails were all hung by;
 Our hearts and heels were light,
 We danc'd an' we were mad,
 Wi' every lad his lass,
 And every lass her lad.
 Ay, you'd hae laugh'd to see,
 'Twas neither heck nor gee,
 As the fiddler shog'd his knee,
 Tee iddle tee dump tee dee;
 Wi' a whoop, lads, whoop,
 And hey for bonnie Cumberland!

I've ne'er forget the time,
I went to Rosley fair,
Wi' a pair of new solid pumps,
To dance when I got there ;
How I oth' auld gay nag,
Was mounted like a king,
And Dae k ran on before,
Wi' Hawkie on a string.

Then soon as I'd sold my cow,
And drunk till I was faw,
Wi' " Neighbour, how's a' wi' "—
And " Neighbour, how's wi' you ?"
Tee iddle tee dump tee dee ;
Wi' a whoops, lads, whoop,
And hey for bonnie Cumberland !

THE GALLANT WAITING MEN.

HARRY LONSDALE.

The gallant waiting men in town,
Address me as a goddess fair,
Yet what of that? 'tis better known,
I'm but as other women are :
Ne'er shilly shally can I wait,
When choice of lovers come to woo ;
But as I wish to change my state,
Why let the best e'en buckle to !

My good old granny often said,
(And now I speak it frank and free,)
That men were for the women made,
And surely *one* was made for me :
But should I find my spousy naught,
As many better women do,
Ne'er think I want my lesson taught,
Depend upon't I'll fit him too.

SO TEASING, PLEASING IS THE PAIN.

MARK LONSDALE.

Young Carlos came one afternoon
To pay his humble duty,
And put me sadly out of tune,
By praising Annie's beauty :
Offended I must needs complain ;
He kiss'd, and we were friends again :
So teasing, pleasing is the pain,
To quarrel, kiss, and friends again.

He told me then in pleasant mood,
Young fellows must be joking ;
That he could have me when he would,
And wasn't that provoking ?
I talk'd—but words were all in vain ;
He kiss'd, and we were friends again :
So teasing, pleasing is the pain,
To quarrel, kiss, and friends again.

When after that at romps we play'd,
I call'd aloud for quarter,
The rascal'd rogue no answer made,
But snatch'd away my garter :
I slap'd his face with might and main ;
He kiss'd, and we were friends again ;
So teasing, pleasing is the pain,
To quarrel, kiss, and friends again.

Old disappointed prudes may rail
When Hymen oft deceives 'em ;
And loudly vow to take the veil,
But who the deuce believes 'em ?
Should e'er a struggling youth remain,
They'd kiss him and be friends again ;
So teasing, pleasing is the pain,
To quarrel, kiss, and friends again.

WHEN THE BRAVE WOULD WIN THE
FAIR.

MARK LONSDALE.

What impels to gallant deeds
Like a heart replete with love ?
He no threatening danger fears,
Who a noble mind will prove :
All are trifles light as air,
When the brave would win the fair.

'Twas for this I shunn'd repose,
Forc'd by adverse fate to prove,
Danger which the soldier knows,
Who fights for glory and for love :
All are trifles light as air,
When the brave would win the fair.

STILL THE LARK FINDS REPOSE

MARK LONSDALE

Still the lark finds repose
In the fall waving corn,
Or the bee on the rose,
Tho' surrounded with thorn :
Never robb'd of their ease,
They are thoughtless and free,
But no more gentle peace,
Shall e'er harbour with me.

Still the lark finds repose
In the fall waving corn,
Or the bee on the rose,
Tho' surrounded with thorn :
While in search of delight,
Ev'ry pleasure they prove,
Ne'er tormented by pride,
Or the slights of fond love,

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF ALBION

[HENRY HOLT STANB — From his *Poetical Works*, published at Carlisle, 1818.]

On the white cliffs of Albion, as musing I stood,
Surveying the waves of the rough swelling flood,
I saw from the surface a female arise,
And with wings, like an eagle, she mount'd the skies.

Her figure was noble, and comely her mien ;
I look'd and I knew it was Liberty's Queen ;
With sword in her hand she shouts as she flies,
Ye rulers of Britain be generous and wise.

This island I chose, long before you had birth,
For the seat of my empire, the freest on earth ;
And tho' you have forg'd them, no chain will she wear,
Nor e'er be enslav'd whilst a sword I can bare.

So saying she brandish'd her sword in the skies,
And aloud to the sons of Britannia she cries :
Will you boldly endeavour your freedom to gain,
Or still lazely submit to this ignoble chain ?

We will not submit, soon was echo'd all around,
By millions of people that stood on the ground ;
Then Burdett and Cartwright appear'd in the van,
Saying, We'll live to be free, or die to a man.

But deign, gentle Goddess, the way to impart,
To crush the fell monster that preys on the heart
Of you noble structure, now gone to decay,
Which once was the glory and pride of our day.

With look all complaisance and smiling, said she,
 The charter I gave you was Britons be free :
 And tho' rank corruption its beauty hath torn,
 'Twill blossom again after timely reform.

Reform ! Reform ! then arose from the crowd ;
 We'll die for Reform, rang deeply and loud :
 The Goddess smil'd sweetly and waving adieu,
 Cried, Be true to yourselves and to you I'll be true.

MY LOVELY FAIR.

[Written by CHRISTOPHER BRYMAN, stonemason, Kirkcaldy. The heroine of these verses was one Jessie Duff, a neighbour's daughter, who was possessed of a fair share of personal attractions. Jessie, however, became the wife of another, and died recently at an advanced age. Bryman was cut off early in life, after having run a somewhat dissipated course. The song was taken down from the recitation of Mr. James Hope, Staphington ; and is here printed for the first time.]

Whene'er I gang to see my love,
 She makes my heart aye fain ;
 She is sae blythe—and welcomes me
 Sae cheerfu' back again !
 There's ne'er a lass that e'er I saw,
 Wha can wi' her compare ;
 To me she's dear as dear can be,
 My own sweet lovely fair.

There's not a charming chorister
That sings on bush or tree ;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
Can gie sic joys to me.
The virtuous grace seen in her face,
Aye free's my heart frae care ;
She is sae neat wi' mind complete,
My own sweet lovely fair.

Whene'er I clasp wi' fond embrace,
She fills my heart wi' love ;
She's aye sae charming in my eyes,
My mind it will not rove.
Such angel form of woman been,
The like was ne'er before ;
So straight, so small, and proper tall,
Is my sweet lovely fair.

How pleas'd I'm still to meet wi' her,
But, oh ! how wae to part .
The throbbing sigh which heaves my breast,
Is like to rend my heart.
Ye guardian Powers, wha rule above,
And make mankind your care,
Grant me but this — for ever bless
My own sweet lovely fair.

AN EVENING LAY TO THE VALE OF SEBERGHAM.

[THOMAS SANDERSON, the writer of these verses, was by profession a schoolmaster. He edited an edition of *Ralph's Poems* in 1797; wrote the *Essay on the Peasantry of Cumberland* prefixed to *Anderson's Ballads*, and was an unwearied contributor, for nearly fifty years, to the local press. His melancholy end, in 1823, is thus described by the poet Wordsworth:—"Shelley's death rounded me off a and close of the life of a literary person, Sanderson by name, in the neighbouring county of Cumberland. He lived in a cottage by himself, which, from want of care on his part, took fire in the night. The neighbours were alarmed; they ran to the rescue; he escaped dreadfully burned from the flames, and lay down (he was in his 70th year) much exhausted under a tree, a few yards from the door. His friends, in the meantime, endeavoured to save what they could of his property from the flames. He inquired most anxiously after a box in which his manuscripts had been deposited with a view to the publication of a laboriously corrected edition; and upon being told that the box was consumed, he expired in a few minutes, saying, or rather sighing out the words, 'Then I do not wish to live.' Poor man! though the circulation of his works had not extended beyond a circle of fifty miles diameter, perhaps, at least, he was most anxious to survive in the memory of the few who were likely to hear of him."]

Sweet Vale! O take a wanderer home,
Oh take me to thy wild wood shades;
To thee at that still hour I come,
When ev'ning's dews imppearl thy glades.

Thy sun-beams on thy pilgrim-swain,
Chill'd by the hoar of seventy years,
Will bring the pulse of joy again,
And dry the fount of sorrow's tears.

Unnerv'd by age, by care, and grief,
Sickly and pale I come to thee;
To die, like yonder fallen leaf,
Beneath the shade of parent-tree.

My home shall be some lonely dell,
Where oaks in towering grandeur rise ;
Where the sweet peal of village bell
Blends with thy woodland melodies.

There Mem'ry, ranging o'er Time's waste,
Shall many a long lost scene restore;
Shall re-illumine the shadowy past,
And shew the hours that beam'd before.

Oh ! could her magic powers but bring
Back to the heart that sweet delight
Which flow'd when life was in its spring,
And all around me green and bright !

Amidst an alter'd world I range,
Thy plains have lost the hues they wore:
In ev'ry spot I see a change—
Some feature fled that pleas'd before

I sigh amid thy youthful race
Disporting on thy village green ;
For there I meet a stranger's face,
And, ah ! a stranger's distant mien.

Time's ruthless hand has rent yon tow'r
That spreads its shadow o'er the glade ;
There was an hour—a brilliant hour,
When brave hearts beat beneath its shade.

For there the pride of chivalry,
The Dacres and the Dentons shone ;
Why, in the fields of gallantry,
Wreaths of undying verdure won.

Those were the times when Beauty spread
In banner'd halls her roseate blooms ;
When crested knights, by honour led,
Threw o'er her their protecting glumes.

In ruins lie my father's bow'rs,
That were a bright spot on thy plain,
When Youth and Pleasure strew'd their flow'rs
And joy came unalloy'd with pain.

There round the Christmas festive board,
Time seemed to pause upon his wing ;
For there the harper's sprightly chord
Found in each heart a kindred string.

If Happiness e'er left the sky,
And lighten'd our dark world of care,
The joy that sat in ev'ry eye,
Announced her in each bosom there.

How sweet, in that sequester'd home,
Upon me shone life's orient day ;
I never dream'd that ills would come—
That present joys would soon decay.

And who would breathe a wish to know
The colour of his future years,
In this mixt state of joy and woe,
Of shade and sunshine, hopes and fears?

Had it been given to mortal eye,
To view the stream of future hours,
Life would have been a lethargy—
A shadowy scene of torpid powers.
Thy school, grey in the moss of age,
Beside the church still rears its head,
Where stubbs hung o'er the classic page,
And 'midst its flow'rs thy youngsters led.
In yonder hallow'd ground repose
Thy village-race of former days;
They had their time, as well as those
Who glitter in the poet's lays.
Yon tomb contains my parents' dust.
Blest shades! Oh! take these sighs of mine;
I love to gaze upon your bust—
To linger at your sacred shrine.
Near them my infant brothers rest;
Sweet buds! how short a date was yours;
Death took you from a mother's breast,
To open, in Heav'n, unfading flowers.
And blest were you in early graves,
For age is but protracted pain;
A longer strife with winds and waves,
Upon a wild and stormy main.
My lot has been to linger here,
Till ev'ry earthly joy has fled;
Till all is gone the heart holds dear,
And gather'd sorrows bow my head.

* * * * *

A letter'd race of other days,
Sweet vale ! made thee all classic ground ;
Then o'er thee wav'd the Muse's lays—
Then ivied wreaths thy scholars crown'd.

Beside his fav'rite fountain laid,
At ev'ning's hour, Relfa tun'd his lyre ;
And sweeter notes, in wood or glade,
Ne'er warbled from the feather'd choir.

Denton was thine ; who in yon bowers,
Sung the soul's triumph o'er the grave :
Ye Nine ! if deathless wreaths be yours
O let them o'er his tombstone wave.

Those too were thine, in olden time,
Who Valour's brightest laurels won ;
Who gather'd fame in ev'ry clime,
Where Britain's battle-standards shone.

Rear'd in the glens of liberty,
Their hearts beat warmly in her cause ;
Bold, vig'rous, independent, free,
Like their own forest-oaks they rose.

In all thy scenes there is a spell,
That binds my throbbing heart to thee ;
And Oh ! what notes around me swell
Of nature's sweetest minstrelsy !

If some old friend, whom death hath spar'd,
Still suns his grey locks in thy dell,
A heart, with warmth all unimpair'd,
Will breathe his welcome to my cell :

We there will talk of days gone by,
That brightly flew in Pleasure's train ;
The bosom shall suspend its sigh,
And beat to joy and mirth again.
And I will string again the lyre,
And round me draw the village-throng ;
Gay notes shall vibrate from each wire,
Responsive to the shepherd's song.
The bowl shall chase the chill of age,
And round the heart its sunshine throw ;
No blot shall dim life's closing page,
But o'er it sweetest flow'rets blow.

THE SHIP-BOY'S LETTER.

[JOHN JAMES LAUSDAL, the author of this and the two following songs, was a relative of Mark Twain's. Like most men who have possessed the "accomplishment of verse," he was of a quiet, retiring disposition, and sensitive to a remarkable degree. A correspondent of the *Harvard Herald* writes: "I only saw him once and heard him once of the most noted men to his own talents I ever met with. He had been a great sufferer for years." Besides the three songs printed in this work, he also wrote, *The Captain's Window*, *Little Golden Hair*, *The Prince and the Beggar*, *Separation*, *The Children's Kingdom*, and many others, which have obtained considerable popularity. Most of his songs have been set to music by Miss Vague's school. Mr. Lamsdale resided principally at Sturmis, Canada; and died there on Sunday, May 29th, 1864, aged thirty-five years.]

Here's a letter from Robin, father,
A letter from o'er the sea,
I was sure that the spark i' the wick last night
Meant there was one for me ;

And I laugh'd to see the postman's face
Look in at the dairy park,
For you said it was so woman-like
To put my trust in a spark.

" Dear father and mother and granny,
I write on the breech of a gun ;
And think as I sit at the port-hole
And look at the setting sun,
Father's smoking his pipe beside you,
While you're standing in the porch
Or are getting clean rigging ready
For to-morrow's cruise to church.

" You musn't be hard on the writing,
For what with ropes and with tar,
My fingers won't crook as they ought to,
And spelling is harder far ;
And every minute a lurch comes
And spoils the look of my *r*'s ;
And I blot 'em instead of dot 'em
And I can't get my words of a size.

" Tell Bessie I don't forget her,
But every Saturday night
When we're chatting of home in the twilight,
And our pipes are all alight,
And I'm ask'd to toast the lass I love,
I name sweet Bessie Green."
(O father to think of his doing that !
And the monkey scarce fifteen)

" And, granny, the yarns you spin all day,
In the corner off the door,
Won't be half so long and tough as mine,
When I see you all ashore.
You maybe won't swallow flying fish
But I'll bring you one or two,
And some Mahese lace for topsail gear,
And a tin for you know who.
"Then good bye to each dear face at home
Till I present with my lips,
While you pray each night for 'ships at sea
And 'God speed all sea ships.'
I smile as I rock in my hammock
Tho' storms may shriek and strain,
For I feel when we pray for each other
We're sure to meet again "

ROBIN'S RETURN.

[Composed to the "Ship Boy's Letter" Written by
J. J. Loveland. Music by Virginia Gabriel.]

It was Yule and the snow kept falling
In silent shadowy flight,
Through the dull gray haze of daylight
Far into the starless night;
And father sat close by the fireside
With the children round his knee,
And every bonny brown face was there
But the one that was at sea.

Never a letter and never a word,
And my eyes with tears were dim,
As I wreathed the holly upon the wall,
And harked to the children's hymn ;
And father said as they caroll'd on,
With a smile nigh like a tear,
Christmas will scarce be Christmas, wife,
If our boy should not be here.

The wheel in the nook stood all unturned
And I saw not granny's face ;
But the tears dropp'd under the wrinkled hands,
Held towards the Yule log blaze ;
Poor Bessie she turn'd to the doorway,
With face both pale and sad,
So I kissed her ere we parted
For love of my sailor lad :

As I look'd down the drift-dimm'd pathway,
I said there's one we know,
Would have given a good deal, darling,
To have seen you thro' the snow ;
Then we drew near the hearth together,
And listened side by side
In the first blythe peal of the merry bells,
Which welcome Christmas tide.

Never a sound but the crackling log,
And the wind amid the thatch,
Till the clock was past the stroke of twelve,
When a finger rais'd the latch,

A merry brown face stood at the door,
The face I lov'd the best,
And the snow in the curls of Robin
Lay melting on my breast !

Dear granny she rose from her corner,
And clapped her hands in glee,
And she said, "O roving Robin,
You must keep a kiss for me !
And there's some one else will want one, too,
Who left not long ago !"
" Ah ! she got it," quoth Robin laughing,
" When I met her in the snow."

R U B Y.

[Written by J. J. LONSDALE. Music by Virginia Gabriel.]

I opened the leaves of a book last night,
The dust on it's cover lay dusk and brown,
As I held it towards the waning light,
A withered flow'et fell rustling down ;
'Twas only the wraith of a woodland weed,
Which a dear dead hand in the days of old,
Had plac'd 'twixt the pages she lov'd to read,
At the time when my vows of love were told :
And memories sweet but as sad as sweet,
Swift flooded mine eyes with regretful tears,
When the dry dim harebell skimm'd past my feet,
Recalling an hour from the vanished years.

Once more I was watching her deep fring'd eyes,
 Bent over the Tasso upon her knee,
 And the fair face blushing with sweet surprise
 At the passionate pleading that broke from me!
 Oh, Ruby! my darling, the small white hand,
 Which gather'd the harebell was never my own,
 But faded and pass'd to the far off land,
 And I dreamt by the flickering flame alone :
 I gather'd the flow'r and I closed the leaves,
 And folded my hands in silent pray'r,
 That the reaper Death as he seeks his sheaves
 Might hasten the hour of our meeting there.

THE "CRACKS" OF AN ORE CARTER'S WIFE.

BY WILLIAM DICKINSON, F.L.S., AUTHOR OF A "GLOSSARY OF CUMBERLAND WORDS AND PHRASES."

[Previous to the Cleator railway being opened, more than six hundred horses and carts were employed bringing iron ore from the mines to Whitehaven; and the transit of ore by railway caused many to be out of employment.]

Come sit thy ways down an' give us thy crack,
 I've been rayder badly an' pain't in my back :
 A crack does yan good, and I've less to dea noo
 Sen t' horses was selt an' I've nea hay to poo.
 Our Jemmy says t' horses hes done us lail good.
 Takkin o' in account it's no wonder they sud :
 For they eat sec a heap o' good things, barn, I lay
 Thou waddent believ't if I talk't for a day !

In dark winter mornings, about three o'clock,
He shout o' t' lads to git up, an' begock !
He niver could lig a bit langer his-sel
For fear t' lads and leave out undone an' not tell.

An' what could I dee when he was afoot,
But git up an' mak t' poddish, while he went to teut
Among t' horses, an' git them their crowdy an' meal ;
For how could they work if they warrent fed weel ?

Than away they wad hurry to Cleator for ore,
Wad some hay in a week an' their best leg aflore.
They com back o' sweat an' o' dust twice a day,
An' t' white horse as reed as if daub't wi' reed clay.

An' t' lads, to be sure, see seets they com heamm !
Wi' see cheese, an' see beaves' it was a fair sheamm !
An' then, they meab'd t' blankets far warse nor git-out,
For they leuk't for o' t' warkd like webs o' reed clout.

Yan med wesh, bara, an' scrub till yan's fingers
was sair,

An' niver wad t' things in yan's house be clean mair !
T' varra hair ov yan's head gat as reed as a fox,
An' I couldn't wear caps—they're lock't up in a box !

But now sen they've open't out t' railway to t' Birks*
We've parted wad t' horses an' cars, an' two stirks :
Yan lad's gisten hire't, an' I've far less to dee,
An' tudder, nought suits him but gangin to t' sea.

* An extensive iron ore field.

What changes it's meadd in our Hensingham street?
 An' instead of reed muck we'll hev't clean as a peat,
 For we've Ennerdale water* as cheap as auld rags,
 An' we'll now see laal mair ov auld cars or auld naps.

'Twas just tadder day that yan fell down in t' street,
 'Twad ha' pined thy heart, barn, to leuk on an' see't,
 How it groan'd as it laid till they reetit it up!
 Than they yok't it agean and laid at it wi't whup!

Our Jemmy, he says, if he ever gits poor,
 They'll be settin him up for a milestone he's sure,
 But he laughs when he says't, for he's summat laidbye,
 An' he'll still mak a livin as safe as he'll try.

April, 1856.

HOW LAAL BOBBY LINTON GAT OUT OF A' WHOL.

BY WILLIAM DICKINSON.

[About the end of February, 1863, a drunken man tumbled into an opening in the discharge-channel at the Workington new docks, where the steam pumps let out the water at the rate of about 6000 gallons per minute. The force of the stream from the pumps discharged him through the culvert at one stroke, and left him at the outlet, not very much worse in body, but with clothes torn to shreds, and his naked back severely scratched by the points of the unclenched nails of the tidetrap.]

This laal Bobby Linton gat drunk tadder day,
 An' fand his-sel misty, an' far, far astray:

* The water of Ennerdale lake was recently conducted to Whitehaven, by way of Hensingham.

An' he wandert about,
Sadly maywelt na doubt,
An' staywelt down ont a t' North Side.
He rockt, an' he backt,
He veert, an' he tackt,
An' his varra best judgment appli'd.
But it o' waidlent dea—he cucklent walk street
For a hefe dozen steps at a time.
He held up his heid, an' says, "now I'll be reet
I'll aim at yon thing I see shine."
That thing he saw shine was a steam-injin fire—
It was bleedin away pumpin watter for hire
Out o' Workinton Dock, frae a varra deep sump
Put'n down at that spot to draw watter to t' pump.
He knew what it was—he'd been theer afore,
An' thought he ageann wad leuk in ;
He smellt theer was danger, an' try't to leuk sour,
An' turnt hissel round und a spin ;
His spin led him wrang, for he backt into t' sump.
"Stop t' injin" they shout an' they swore.
Before they could stop't he was soekt into t' pump
An' was spew't like a frog,
Or an' cold deid dog,
Or a worn-out clog,
An' was laid on his back ont a t' shore.
Some navvies ran out
In a skatterin rout,—
"Öch! the last I seen on him was the *hale* of his
boot."—
An' peept into t' cundeth to find him ;

But he was laid sprawlin,
 An' spattens,—(nit bawlin.)
 An' to clear him o' dirt they wad sind him.
 They poo't him through t' watter an' laid him on t'
 sand,
 An' turnin him ower they gayly scun fand
 His cleazs riven off, an' his back roakt wi' spikes
 Stickin out o' t' trap dooar
 Wi' shark teeth-like poots :—
 Whoever could think o' see likes !
 They reetit him up, hofs alive, bit heall sober,
 As if he'd drank nought sen t' last day of October.
 He as't "Is I seaff, lads ? rin heamam—tell my wife
 'At I'll niver git drunk o' t' days o' my life."
 You'll know by this time that Bobby gat in
 To this cundeth by rum, or by whisky, or gin.
 An' you can't miss bit know, if you're owts of a droll,
 How laal Bobby Linton gat out o' this whol.

February, 1863.

THE RAFFLES MERRY MEET.

[Supposed to have been written about the year 1780 —
 Here first printed from an old faded MS.]

Come listen, I'll tell the' a stwory,
 Eh ! man what a tase do we've hed
 Last meet at Bob Robson's at t' Raffles :—
 I declare I've nit yet been a-bed.

There were flocks frae a' parts o' the kuntry,
Frae Newby, frae Worton an' Bow,
Frae Mworton, frae Newtown an' Grinsdel—
An' frae Caryl a canny gay few.

The Tinkers that camp about Millbeck,
An' Potters about Worton Green,
Were theer in rags an' in tatters,
Some o' them a sheame to be seen.
Lang Charlie, the Codogate Bully,
Wad feicht ere a yen o' the place ;
But nin o' them wanted ne bother,
Tho' some o' them cud him weel leace.

At last he gat quite past a' bearin',
On t' teable he smash't a girt jug,
Then Billy, the Miller o' Munkel,
Drang him a good whelt o' the lug ;
In t' garden they hed a lang larry,
For Billy's a straig hyle chap,
At last he gat Charlie on t' buttock
And whang'd him reet ower t' Bees' Cap.

I' the loft they were rwoaring an' dancing ;
Big Nancy, the greet gammerstang,
Went up an' doon t' flair hyke a haystack,
An' fain wad hev coddled Ned Strang ;
But Ned wad hev nowt to da' wid her—
They say that she's nobbut half reet,
Forby, but I waddent hev't mentioned,
She stays far ower much eot at neet.

The lads at last put oot the candles,
The lasses then raised a greet yell ;
Young Lenny, the smith, gat weel hammer'd,
For things it wad nit du' to tell.
The landword cam in i' the meantime,
As wild just as ony March hare,
An' swore he wad whang a' about him—
But to fan' them he cudient tell where.

The fiddle was broken to splinters ;
The windows went out wid a smash,
The glass was a' broken to pieces,
There was nit a yell pane i' the sash.
The fooks raised a whully ba-lurry ;
The landword was crazy an' mad ;
The landlady staid ahint t' teable,
Her haiks were beath solemn an' sad.

Odswinge! says the landword, I'll bray them,
If I hed but nobbut my flail,
I'll batter their heids soft as poddesh,
If I shou'd for it lig i' th' jail :
A parcel o' Codogate rublash,
That hevvent a penny to spen' ;
They live just by leein an' steelin—
On t' roost yea can scarce keep a hen.

He keav'd roet away to th' haymu',
Still gollerin' as loud as he cud,
An' stagger'd 'gean twa i' th' corner,
Whose object he thowt wasn't good ;

Od'dal! but I'll whet ye, he shouted—
An' rwar'd oot beath loodly an' lang,
Til t' lantern was fetch'd, when th' tweeosome
Were prised to be Nancy and Strang.

Big Nancy was ne way confounded,
She said they were doing nowt rang;
She just hed cam oot for a breathing—
An' happen'd to meet wad Ned Strang.
The lindloed hed noo gat the souple,
He'd maschief 'twas plain in his 'ee;
He struk reet an' left an' aboot him,
An' varra sūn meade them a' flee.

He struk at a' macks that he cam to,
Beath women and men hed to jump;
An' blinded wi' rage an' wi' fury,
He pelted away at the pump.
Some lads were aboot the dyke laughin',
To see him quite foam'd wi' rage;
They sūn wad ha' clabb'd him wi' clabber,
But nūn o' them durst him engage.

The lads and the lasses in t' town
Were pairin lyke t' sparrows in t' spring,
And parish things happen'd which ne doot—
On some o' them sorrow will bring;
But I's nūt th' yen to tell secrets,
Tho' mony a yen I cud tell,
I'll leave the' to guess at my meanin',
For t' present I'll bid the' farewell.

BRITISH BEER.

AIR : "The Low Backed Car."

A fig for all your treaties,
To flood us with French wine,
Our lusty, trusty Burton brew'd,
Will all their "light" outshine.
Let fops their foreign liquors prize,
In sentimental drawl;
A song we'll troll, and chorus roll,
To the monarch of them all :
To our jolly old English beer,
So sparkling, mellow, and clear,
No wine will compare,
Though never so rare,
With jolly old English beer.

Although our prim young maidens
May simper o'er their wine;
Just wet the lip—with a gentle sip—
And a grace almost divine.
But why they make such blooming wives,
When others shrink and fail,
Is owing, no doubt, to native stout,
And foaming nutbrown ale.
And each wife keeps a drop o' good beer
The heart of her lord to cheer,
And draws out his fun—
His song or his pun—
By drawing a drop o' good beer.

Should wine fed loons invade us,
Their force we need not fear,
If we but form, to meet the storm,
Engades well armed with beer,
Our forts would need no Armstrong guns,
Our Riflemen no ball ;
For the thirsty foe, without a blow,
Into our hands would fall ;
If he saw a brown bottle of beer,
Held aloft by each Volunteer,
Lord, how he would run
To throw down his gun
For a swag of old English beer.

Let Britons then, their home brew'd,
Defend with heart and hand ;
Though pump and vine in force combine
To drive him from the land.
If bright Bordeaux and Burgundy
Our ancient foes inspired,
'Twas draughts of good October brew'd
Our conquering fathers fired.
Then let us our English beer,
Like dutiful sons hold dear,
For we none of us know
How much we may owe
To jolly old English beer.

W. C.

I SAW AN EAGER SMILING BOY.

W. H. HOODLESS.

I saw an eager smiling boy

 Gaze upward at the star-gemmed sky ;
His tiny grasping hand stretched forth
 In daring hope to draw it nigh.

Each wand'ring butterfly to win,

 To cull each flower that bloomed apart,
To seize the rainbow's gorgeous arch,
 He sought with longing, childish heart.

I saw an earnest, serious man ;

 His eye was filled with thoughtful light ;
On fame his yearning heart was set,
 On love, on all that makes life bright.

Pure thoughts and aims sublimely high

 Would dwell with him, his bosom fire ;
To all the beautiful and good
 His soul did lovingly aspire.

I saw an old man, calm and bright,

 Whose face as lake at eve was still,
He sought no future earth could yield,
 His yearnings heaven alone could fill.

That eager, child-like, grasping hand,

 Each fancied treasure to obtain ;
That earnest aim of manhood's age
 Some high ideal end and gain.

What are they but the strongest proofs
Of the immortal soul we own,
Aspiring on, through Faith and Hope,
Till love in perfect trust is shown !

Oh, child ! at thy unconscious sport,
Longing for every winged toy ;
And man with thy sublime desire,
Yearning for good and all its joy :

When holy age brings peaceful trust
Thou'lt feel thy earliest hopes were given
By Him whose love eternal seeks
To guide the wand'ring heart to heaven.

THE BRIDAL EVEN.

GEORGE DUDSON.

My head is rounin' roun' about
I'm doylt and like to fa',
An' pent up feeling seeks a vent
'Twaist ilka breath I draw.
Tho' threescore years this day o' grace
It looks just like yestreen -
It looks just like a drowsy dream
Sin' our sweet bridal e'en.

Although my staff maun me support
To harple ower the floor,
An' sicht is dim wi' ilka help
An' weel kent things obscure ;

This happy date aye seems to sink
The years that intervene,
And the soul looks thro' the bars o' eild
Back to our bridal e'en.

The beggin rang wi' gleesome din ;
' Here sat—I'll no say wha—
His hand was lockit i' my ain,
He stately was an' brow.
An' sidelines aft was speert that nicht ;
Was meeter pair e'er seen !
He's i' the mools, an' but mysel'
Can min' our bridal e'en.

Life's sun is i' the west I ken,
I'm fast gaun down the brae ;
There's something tells me unco plain
I hae na far to gae ;
But the thoughts o' auld langsyne will steal
Across my min' yet green ;
It looms in retrospective licht,
The memory o' that e'en.

Carlisle, December, 1863.

G L O S S A R Y.*

A

A-bed, in bed
 Above, above
 Ae, one
 Afware, before
 A-fit, on foot
 Agan, against
 Ahint, behind
 A-horse, on horseback
 Ail, to be indisposed
 Ajy, awry
 Along, along
 Allyblaster, allabaster
 Among, among
 Ambrie, pantry
 Anent, opposite
 Anunder't, under it
 Anudder, another
 As-board, ashes-board; a
 box in which ashes are
 carried
 'At, contraction of *that*
 Atomy, skeleton
 Atween, between

Auld, old
 Aunty, aunt
 Aw, all
 Awn, own
 Ax, to ask
 Ayont, beyond

B

'Bacco, tobacco
 Bairns, children
 Bandyman, a female of
 bad character
 Bang, to beat; an action
 of haste, as, *he was in*
 wi' a bang
 Baith, both
 Bane, bone
 Bailies, bailiffs
 Bannocks, bread made
 of oatmeal, thicker
 than common cakes
 Backseyde, the yard be-
 hind a house
 Batter, dirt

* To those who find this Glossary too limited for their research, we recommend, as the best and most extensive published Glossary, *the Glossary of the Scots Language*, by W. B. and D. B. B. F. L. S. (Glasgow and London, Whitehaven.)

Bawk, a cross beam
 Behint, behind
 Bensil, to bang or beat
 Bet, a wager; beat
 Bettermer, better
 Beyde, to endure, to stay
 Belder, to bellow, vociferate
 Belsh, to emit wind from the stomach
 Biggin, building
 Bit, a small piece
 Billy, brother
 Bizen, (see shem)
 Bleaken'd, blacken'd
 Blate, bashful
 Bleur-c'ed, blear-ey'd
 Blets, blights
 Bleckell, Blackwell, a village near Carlisle
 Fluid, blood
 Blaim, bloom
 Blaw, blow
 Blerstration, the noise of a braggart
 Boggle, hobgoblin
 Bout, a turn; action
 Bodder, bother
 Bowt, bought
 Bonale, pretty
 Bow-hough'd, having crooked boughs
 Brack, broke
 Brag, boast
 Braid, broad
 Bran new, quite new

Brat, a coarse apron
 Bray, to beat
 Bravely, in a good state of health
 Breer, briar
 Breet, bright
 Brees'd, bruise'd
 Breeks, breeches
 Brig, bridge
 Brong, brought
 Brock, a badger
 Brunt, burnt
 Brulliment, broil
 Brast, burst
 'Buin, above
 Buits, boots
 Bumm'd, struck; beat
 Bunc'd, an action of haste, as, *He bunc'd in among us*
 Burk up, to subscribe
 Buss, to kiss
 Butter-shag, a slice of bread-pressed with butter
 Butter-tops, wheat or oatmeal bread, soaked in melted butter and sugar
 Bygone, bygone; past
 Byre, cow-house
 Byssel, full of vice, mischievous

C

Cabbish, cabbage
 Caff, chaff

- Cairds, cards
 Caller, fresh, cool
 Carel, Carlisle
 Canny, decent looking, well made
 Capper, one who excels
 Car, cart
 Cartas, a shed or cart-house, wherein carts are kept
 Cat witted, silly and conceited
 Ceake, cake
 Chang, the cry of a pack of hounds, the conversation of numbers
 Chap, a general term for man, used either in a manner of respect or contempt
 Chawk, chalk
 Chiel, a young fellow
 Chimley, chimney
 Chops, mouth
 Claes, clothes
 Clashes, tale-bearers
 Clarty, miry
 Claver, to climb
 Clogs, a sort of shoes, the upper part of strong hide leather, and the soles of birch or alder, plaited with iron
 Cleed, to clothe
 Clock, to catch us with a hook
 Clack clack, the noise that the pendulum of a clock makes in its vibrations
 Clink, a blow
 Clipt dinment, a thin, mean-looking fellow
 Clip and heel'd, properly dressed, like a cock prepared to fight
 Cluff, a blow
 Cockin, cock-fighting
 Cocker, a feeder or fighter of cocks
 Com, came
 Corp, corpse
 Cow'd-faced, a pudding made of oatmeal and suet
 Cowp, to exchange
 Cowt, colt
 Crack, to chat, to challenge, to boast, or do any thing quickly, as *I's daft in a crack*
 Crackets, crickets
 Crammel, to perform a thing awkwardly
 Crap, crept
 Creyke, creek
 Crouse, an old acquaintance
 Croft, a field behind the house
 Crouse, lofty, haughty
 Cruds, curds

Crain, to bellow, to hum
a tune
Cuddy Wabson, Cathbert
Wilson
Cull, cool
Cummerlan, Cumber-
land
Cuna'd, counted
Curley pow, curled head
Cursin, christening
Cursty, Christopher
Cursmas, Christmas
Cartchey'd, curtsy'd
Cutty, short
Cotten, cut down
Cutter'd, whisper'd
Cwoley, a farmer's or
shepherd's dog
Cwose-house, corse-
house

D

Daddle, hand
Daft, half wise, some-
times wanton
Daggy, drizzly
Dander, to hobble
Darrak, a day's labour
Dapper, neatly dressed
Darter, active in perform-
ing a thing
Dairstoners, inhabitants
of Dakston, a village
near Carlisle
De, do
Deame, dame

Deavie, David
Ded, or deddy, father
Dee, to die
Deens, doings
Deef, deaf
De'll bin, devil take
Deet, died; to clean
Deeth, death
Deetin, winnowing corn
Deylt, mop'd, spiritless
Deyke, hedge
Diddle, to hum a tune
Dis, does
Dispert, desperate
Disanins, a distance in
horse-racing, the 8th
part of a mile
Dirvent, do not
Doff, to undress
Doo, to dress
Donnet, an ill-disposed
woman
Downo, cannot, *i.e.* when
one has the power, but
wants the will to do
any thing
Doster, daughter
Douse, jolly, or sonsy-
looking person; solid,
grave, and prudent
Dovend, spiritless and
impotent
Dub, a small collection
of stagnant water
Dubbler, a wooden
platter

Dai, do
 Dair, door
 Dain, done
 Duds, coarse clothes
 Dunch, to strike with
 the elbows
 Dunnet, do not
 Dung owre, knocked
 over
 Durden, broad, hubbub
 Durtment, any thing
 useless
 Dust, dardem, one of the
 many provincial names
 for money

E

Ee, eye
 Een, eyes
 Efter, after
 Eley, Alice
 Eleeben, eleven
 Ellek, Alexander
 En, end
 Enough, enough
 Eshes, ash-trees

F

Fadder, father
 Famish, famous
 Fan, found, felt
 Fash, trouble
 Fares to weed, fares true
 well
 Fau't, fault
 Faul, farm-yard

Faw, fall
 Feace, face
 Feale, fail
 Feckless, feeble, wanting
 effect
 Feight, fight
 Fettle, order, condition
 Fit, foot, fought
 Fin, to find, to feel
 Flacker'd, flutter'd
 Flay, fright, to fright
 Fleek, fitch
 Flegmagories, useless
 flipperies of female
 dress
 Flair, or fleet, floor
 Flact, a stroke
 Flyte, to laugh
 Font, foolish
 Foot-ett, to anticipate,
 to way-lay
 Forhy, besides
 Foret, forward
 Fou, fall
 Fowt, a fondling
 Frae, from
 Frase, fray
 Frash-quarrel, to quarrel
 Freeten'd, frighten'd
 Freet, to grieve
 Freem'd, strange
 Frost, frosted
 Frow, a worthless woman
 Furballow, useless silk,
 frills, or gauzes of a
 female dress

Foil, fool
Furst, first
Fuss, bustle

G

Gae, to go
Gaen, gone
Gam, game
Gamblers, gamblers
Gammerstang, a tall awkward person, of a bad gait
Gang, to go: a confederated company of infamous persons
Gar, to make, to compel
Garth, orchard or garden, an enclosure
Gat, got
Gate, road or path
Gaun, going
Gayshen, a snook-faced, silly-looking person
Gear, wealth, money, the tackling of a cart or plough
Gev, gave
Git, get
Girn, grin
Girt, great
Gizzern, gizzard
Gliff, glance
Glyme, to look obliquely, squint
Glowre, to stare
Gloom'd, gloom'd

Gob, mouth
Gowd i' gowpens, gold in handfuls
Gowk, the cuckoo; a thoughtless, ignorant fellow, who harps too long on a subject
Gowl, to weep
Graen, to groan
Gruch'd, dressed, accouttered
Granny, grandmother
Grandadder, grandfather
Granson, grandson
Grace, grace
Grave, grave
Greynus, a thin covering of snow
Grousome, grim
Grype, a three-pronged instrument for the purpose of cleaning cow-houses
Gulder, to speak amazingly loud, and with a dissonant voice
Gully, a large knife
Guff, a fool
Guid, good
Gurdle, the iron on which cakes are baked
Gwordie, George

H

Hack'd, won every thing
Hae, have

Hale, whole
 Hallan, partition wall
 Hangrell, a long hungry
 looking fellow
 Hantel, large quantity
 Hankischer, handker-
 chief
 Hap, to cover
 Hardleys, hardly
 Hauld, hold, shelter
 Havey-scavey, all in
 confusion
 Hawflin, a fool
 Haw, hall
 Hawf, half
 Haver, oats
 Hay-bay, hubbub
 Heaste, haste
 Hether En'd, tough faced
 Hee, high
 Het, hot
 Head-wark, head-ache
 Helter, halter
 Hed, had
 Herry, to rob
 Hirpled, limped
 Hindmost, hindmost
 Hing, hang
 Himney, honey
 Hizzy, huzzy
 Hod, hold
 Hochlesty, frequently,
 without intermission
 Hout! gshaw!
 Hotch, shake; to shake
 Howdey, a midwife

Hug, to squeeze
 Hur, her
 Hulk, a lazy, clumsy
 fellow
 Hurde, to raise up the
 shoulders
 Hunsup, scold; quarrel
 I
 Ilk, or Ilka, every
 Ither, other
 Iver, ever
 Jaw, mouth
 Jen, or Jenny, Jane
 Jobby, or Jwosep,
 Joseph

K

Keale, broth
 Ken-gund, the example
 by which we are to
 learn what is good
 Keave, to give an awk-
 ward wavering motion
 to the body
 Keak, cake
 Keek, to peep
 Ken, to know
 Kish, acquaintances
 Kittle, to tickle
 Knop, a large tub
 Kark, church
 Kark garth, church-yard
 Kurn, churn; to churn
 Kye, cows
 Lait, to seek
 Laik, play; to play

Laid, a farmer's eldest son, or one who already possesses land
 Lal, little
 Larnin, learning
 Landword, landlord
 Lant, a game at cards
 Lanters, the players at lant
 Lave, the rest
 Lapstone, a shoemaker's stone, upon which he beats his leather
 Latch, a wooden snick, lifted sometimes with a cord, at other times with the finger
 Lap, leapt
 Lence, lace
 Leady, lady
 Leame, lame
 Leate, late
 Leane, alone
 Leet, to meet with; to slight
 Leetsome, lightsome
 Ledder, to beat
 Lec, a lie
 Leere, live
 Leather-to-patch, a plunging step in a Cumberland dance
 Lig, to lie
 Leether' lass, Lewthwaite's lass
 Lissen, to listen

Lish, active
 Lonnin, a narrow lane leading from one village to another
 Lock, a small quantity
 Loff, offer
 Loft, the upper apartment of a cottage
 Lout, an awkward clown
 Lowe, flame
 Lowse, to untie
 Lownd, calm, still
 Lowp, a leap; to leap
 Lug, pull; to pull
 Lugs, ears
 Lulk, look; to look
 Luim, loom
 Luive, love
 Lunnon, London
 Lurry, to pull
 Lythey, thick

M

Maffle, to blunder, to mislead
 Mair, more
 Maister, master
 Maist, most
 Mak, make; to make
 Mant, to stutter
 Maks, sorts
 Mangrel, mongrel
 Man thyself, act with the spirit of a man
 Mappen, may happen
 Marget, Margaret

Marrow, equal; of the same sort

Mazle, to wander as stupified

Meade, made

Mensful, hospitable, generous

Mess, indeed, truly

Meer, mare

Midden, dunghill

Mickle, large; much

Mid-thie, mid-thigh

Mid-noon, mid-night

Mitena, gloves

Moilin, pining

Moidert, bewildered, confused

Mowdywarp, a mole

Monie, many

Mud, might

Muir, moor

Muin, moon

Mun, must

Muck, dung

Murry, merry

Munnet, must not

Mudder, mother

N

Nae, or nee, no

Naigs, horses

Nar, near

Nattle, to strike slightly

Neef, fat

Neame, name

Nect, night

Neist, nest

Ne'er ak, never mind

Neb, nose

New-fangled, new fashioned

Neybor, neighbour

Nimmel, nimble

Nin, none

Nit, not

Niver, never

Nobbet, only

Nost, cattle

Nowther, neither

Nuik, nook

Nwotish, or nwotice, notice

O

Oldmoss, articles of no great value

Ol-sange' a rustic oath

Often, often

Onic, any

Onset, dwelling-house and out-buildings

On't, (contract.) of it

Or, ere

Ope'd their gills, gap'd wide, and drank much

Oaght, ought

Ome, over

Owther, either

P

Paddock red. frog spawn

Pang'd, quite full

Parfet, perfect
 Pat, put
 Fate, head
 Paut, to walk heavily
 Paughty, proud, haughty
 Pawky, shy, too familiar
 Paw mair, stir more;
 thus, "*the cat will never
 faw mair*," means, the
 cat will never stir more
 Pech, to past
 Pee'd, one ey'd
 Peer, poor
 Pell-mell, quick
 Peet, a fibrous moss
 used for fuel
 Pennystones, stones in
 the form of quoits
 Per, pease
 Piggen, a wooden dish
 Pick, pitch
 Pick'd the froal, foal'd
 before the natural time
 Pleugh, plough
 Place, place
 Pleenin, complaining
 Plesnets, abundance
 Plack, a single piece of
 money
 Plied, read his book
 Pottikary, apothecary
 Poddish, pottage
 Pops and pairs, a game
 at cards
 Pow, to pull; the head
 Prent, print

Prod, thrust
 Praive, prove
 Puil, pool
 Putzen, poison
 Pesh, to kick with the
 feet
 Pwokie, poke

R

Rattens, rats
 Reape, rope
 Rear, to raise; to rally
 Reed, red
 Reet, right
 Rievers, border robbers
 Reek, smoke
 Rin, run
 Roy-ter'd, vociferated
 Roughness, plenty; store
 Row up, to devour
 Ruddy, ready
 Rust, rest; repose
 Russlin, wrestling
 Ruse, rose

S

Sae klev, — The original
 meaning of this word
 was innocent, guilt-
 less: it is now applicd
 in the sense of feeble,
 useless, incapable of
 exertion
 Sae, so
 Sair, sore
 Sairy, poor

Sarvant, servant
 Sal, shall
 Sampleth, sampler
 Sark, shirt
 Sarra, to serve
 Sattle, a long seat
 Scape-grace, a hair-
 braided, girthed fellow
 Scalded, scalded
 Scap'd, escap'd
 Scoos, cakes made of
 barley meal
 Scuffle, struggle
 Schull, school
 Seamy lee, Scotch cow
 Scribe of a pen, line by
 way of letter
 Scrudge, squeeze
 Seame, same
 Seape, soap
 Sec, such
 Seegh, sigh
 Seer, sure
 Sel, self
 Seed, saw
 Seeben, seven
 Seery, rushy
 See 't, (contrac.) see it
 Seet, sight
 Sen, or seyne, since
 Seugh, ditch
 Selt, sold
 Seypers, those who drink
 to the last drop; im-
 moderate drinkers
 Setterday, Saturday

Shearin, reaping
 Shem and a bizen, a
 shame, and besides a
 sin; the word *bizen*
 being apparently a
 corruption of "*By a*
 sin," i. e. besides a sin
 Shoon, shoes
 Shot, reckoning, freed
 from
 Shulk, shook
 Shuttle, to scrape with
 the feet; to evade
 Shoul, shovel
 Shontle, schedule
 Short-cakes, rich fruit
 cakes
 Siller, silver
 Sinveyn, since that time
 Skale, to spread about
 Skelp, to whip or beat
 Skirl'd, scream'd
 Sleas, shoes
 Slape, slippery
 Slink, slings
 Slec, sly
 Slap, to beat
 Smiddy, smithy
 Smaw, small
 Smuik, smoke
 Smutty, obscene
 Smudder, smother
 Soaps, small round gin-
 gerbread cakes
 Sneck, latch or catch of
 a gate or door

Soell, bitter, biting
 Soiff'rin, sniffling
 Sour-milk, butter-milk
 Sowsy, lucky, generous
 Sowdgers, soldiers
 Soupy, soft, spongy,
 watery
 Souve, to plunge or im-
 merge
 Spak, spoke
 Splet, split
 Spot, a place of service
 Spunky, sparkling
 Spuin, spoon
 Starken, to tighten
 Steyle, stile
 Steeks, shuts
 Strack, struck
 Stule, stole
 Stull, stool
 Stown, stolen
 Stuid, stood
 Strae, straw
 Stibble, stubble
 Stan, stand
 Screenin, straining
 Strappin, tall
 Stoun, a sudden and
 transient pain
 Stoury, dusty
 Stowter, to walk clumsily
 Sticks, furniture
 Struive, strove
 Sud, should
 Summet, something
 Suin, soon

Sumph, blockhead
 Swapp'd, exchange'd
 Sweet, lazy, averse
 Swope, a sup
 Swat, sit down

T

Ta'en, taken
 Taistrel, scoundrel
 Tane, the one
 Tarn'd, ill-natur'd
 Tearan, tearing, a *tearaw*
 fellow is a rough, hot-
 headed person, who
 drives every thing
 before him, regardless
 of consequences
 T'e, then; to te-dai, to
 do
 Teable, table
 Teayleat, or tealyor,
 tailor
 Telt, told
 Teale, tale
 Teakin, taking
 Tease, to importune, to
 pester
 Teyney, small
 Tek, take
 Tem, them
 Teydey, neat
 Tough, tough
 Teasty, tasteful
 Thar, or thar, these
 Thoom, thumb
 Throske, a thrush

Thowt, thought
 Thick, friendly
 Theek'd, thatch'd
 Thrang, throng
 Threap, to argue, to answer
 Threed, thread
 Thropple, windpipe
 Thimmel, thimble
 Tig, to strike gently
 Titty, sister
 Tooad, to ruffle, to pull
 about rudely
 To't, to the
 Tou's, thou art
 Thou'll, thou wilt
 Toddle, to walk unstably
 as children
 Top, or topper, of a
 good quality
 To-morn, to-morrow
 Trail, slow, lazy
 Tippet, a small piece of
 wood obtusely pointed
 with which rustics amuse
 themselves
 Trimmel, tremble
 Trouncin, beating
 Trig, tight
 Trankums, useless finery
 Toddler, the other
 Tui, too
 Tuik, took
 Tuish mark, tooth-ache
 Tummel'd, tumb'd
 Tuppence, two-pence
 Twea, two

U

Unket, strange, particu-
 lar news
 Unco, very
 Uphod, uphold

V

Varra, very
 Varmen, or varment,
 vermin
 Vap'ris, vapouring

W

Wad, would
 Wackn't, (cost.) would
 not
 Wae, sorry
 Wa, dang it ! a mode of
 swearing
 Waffer, waverer
 Wale, choice
 Wan, to win
 Wanters, persons who
 want wives or hus-
 bands
 War, or wer, were
 Wark, work
 War-day, every day in
 the week, except Sun-
 day
 Warl, world
 Watter, water
 Waur, worse
 Waw, wall
 Weage, wage
 Wee, diminutive

Wey! expression of as-
sent: why

Weyte, blame

Webster, or webster,
weaver

Whack, thrack

Whart, quart

Wheyte, quite

Whye, a heifer

Whope, hope

Whorotype, hornpipe

Wherry, wherry

Whisht! hush!

Whinge, to weep

Wheelin, drawing the
breath with difficulty

Whiten, Whitehaven

Whif, a blast

Whietly, quietly

Whilk, which

Wussle, or wansle, to
wrestle

Whuzzin, whizzing

Whissenday, Whu-Sun-
day

Whoal, hole

Whey fac'd, mock fac'd

Wide-gobb'd, wide-
mouth'd

Wt, or wid, with

Windy, noisy

Winnings, money won

Worches, orchard

Worton, Orton, name of
a village

Wots, oats

Wrang, wrong

Wull, will

Wullin, willing

Wully, or Wulliam,
William

Wunnet, (contrac.) will
not

Wun, to dwell

Y

Yad, a mare

Yable, able

Yeage, age

Yat, a gate

Yek, oak

Yell, ale

Yen, one

Yer, your

Ye's, ye shall

Youngermet, younger
persons

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